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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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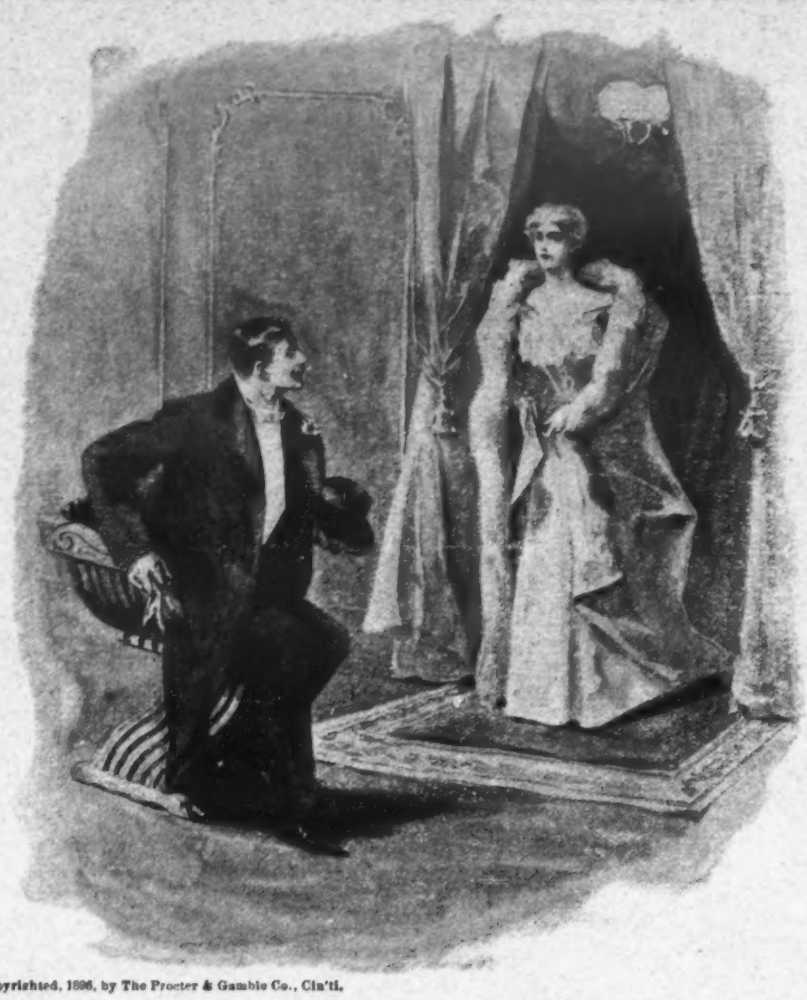

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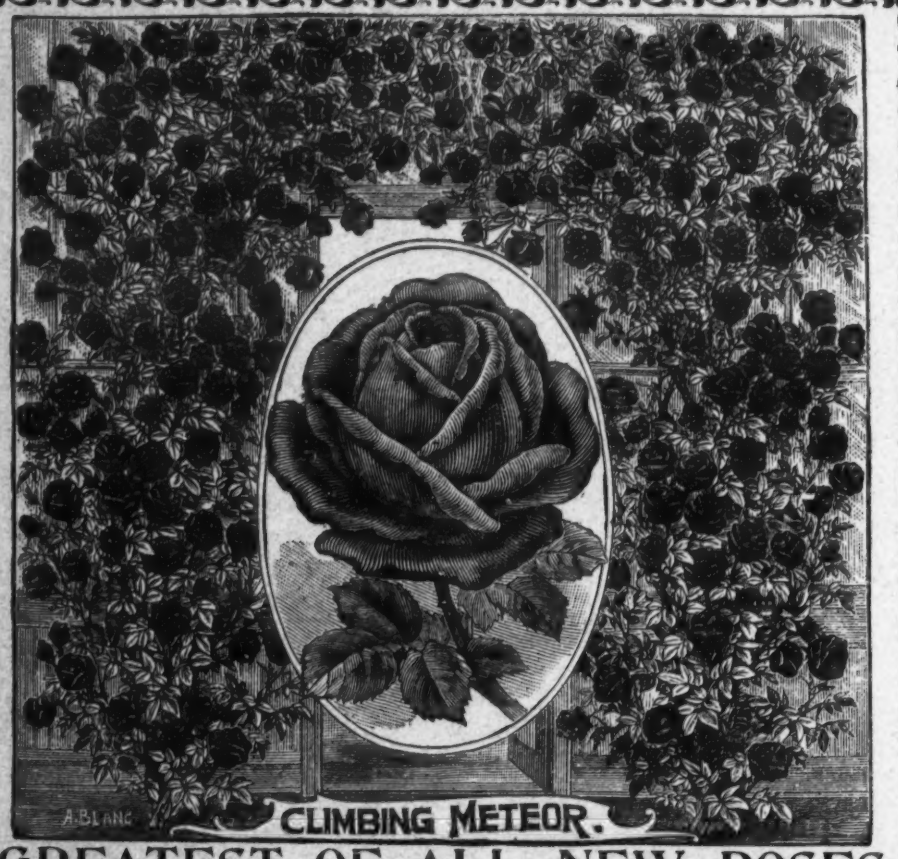

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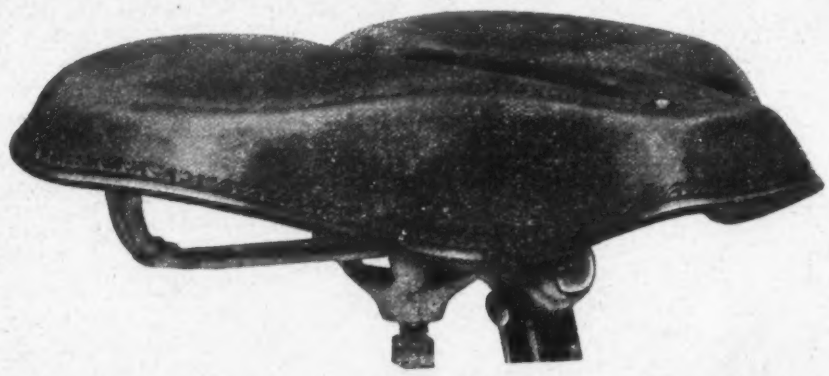

A Woman Must Not Ride

the ordinary bicycle saddle—so say physicians (see proceedings Boston Obstetrical Society, April, 1895; also *New York Medical Record*, February 2, 1895; *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, June 13, 1895; *The American Journal of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children*, January, 1895). All the ordinary suspension saddles and every saddle with a pommel which carries weight, are condemned by physicians as certain to produce serious and lasting troubles and injury.

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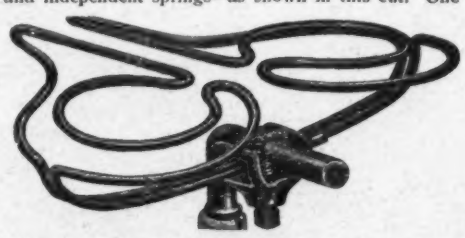

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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"The werewolf . . . . skulked for a moment in the shadow of the yews, and . . . .Yseult plucked old Siegfried's spear from her girdle"

*THE WEREWOLF

By Eugene Field

Author of "A Little Book of Western Verse," "A Little Book of Profitable Tales," etc., etc.

DRAWING BY HOWARD PYLE

IN the reign of Egbert the Saxon there dwelt in Britain a maiden named Yseult, who was beloved of all, both for her goodness and for her beauty. But, though a many youth came wooing her, she loved Harold only, and to him she plighted her troth.

Among the other youth of whom Yseult was beloved was Alfred, and he was sore angered that Yseult showed favor to Harold, so that one day Alfred said to Harold: "Is it right that old Siegfried should come from his grave and have Yseult to wife?" Then added he, "Prithee, good sir, why do you turn so white when I speak your grandsire's name?"

Then Harold asked, "What know you of Siegfried that you taunt me? What memory of him should vex me now?"

"We know and we know," retorted Alfred. "There are some tales told us by our grandmas we have not forgot."

So ever after that Alfred's words and Alfred's bitter smile haunted Harold by day and night.

Harold's grandsire, Siegfried the Teuton, had been a man of cruel violence. The legend said that a curse rested upon him, and that at certain times he was possessed of an evil spirit that wreaked its fury on mankind. But Siegfried had been dead full many years, and there was naught to mind the world of him save the legend and a cunning-wrought spear which he had from Brunehilde, the witch. This spear was such a weapon that it had never lost its brightness, nor had its point been blunted. It hung in Harold's chamber, and it was the marvel among weapons of that time.

Yseult knew that Alfred loved her, but she did not know of the bitter words which Alfred had spoken to Harold. Her love for Harold was perfect in its trust and gentleness. But Alfred had hit the truth: the curse of old Siegfried *was* upon Harold—slumbering a century it had awakened in the blood of the grandson, and Harold knew the curse that was upon him, and it was this that seemed to stand between him and Yseult. But love is stronger than all else, and Harold loved.

Harold did not tell Yseult of the curse that was upon him, for he feared that she would not love him if she knew. Whensoever he felt the fire of the curse burning in his veins he would say to her, "To-morrow I hunt the wild boar in the uttermost forest," or, "Next week I go stag-stalking among the distant northern hills." Even so it was that he ever made good excuse for his absence, and Yseult thought no evil things, for she was trustful, ay, though he went many times away and was long gone, Yseult suspected no wrong. So none beheld Harold when the curse was upon him in its violence.

Alfred alone bethought himself of evil things. "'Tis passing strange," quoth he, "that ever and anon this gallant lover should quit our company and betake himself whither none knoweth. In sooth 'twill be well to have an eye on old Siegfried's grandson."

Harold knew that Alfred watched him zealously, and he was tormented by a constant fear that Alfred would discover the curse that was on him; but what gave him greater anguish was the fear that mayhap at some moment when he was in Yseult's presence, the curse would seize upon him and cause him to do great evil unto her, whereby she would be destroyed or her love for him would be undone forever. So Harold lived in terror, feeling that his love was hopeless, yet knowing not how to combat it.

Now, it befell in those times that the country round about was ravaged of a werewolf, a creature that was feared by all men howe'er so valorous. This werewolf was by day a man, but by night a wolf given to ravage and to slaughter, and having a charmed life against which no human agency availed aught. Wheresoever he went he attacked and devoured mankind, spreading terror and desolation round about, and the dream-readers said that the earth would not be freed from the werewolf until some man offered himself a voluntary sacrifice to the monster's rage.

Now, although Harold was known far and wide as a mighty huntsman, he had never set forth to hunt the werewolf, and, strange enow, the werewolf never ravaged the domain while Harold was therein. Whereat Alfred marveled much, and oftentimes he said: "Our Harold is a wondrous huntsman. Who is like unto him in stalking the timid doe and in crippling the fleeing boar? But how passing well doth he time his absence from the haunts of the werewolf. Such valor beseemeth our young Siegfried."

Which being brought to Harold his heart flamed with anger, but he made no answer, lest he should betray the truth he feared.

It happened so about that time that Yseult said to Harold, "Wilt thou go with me to-morrow even to the feast in the sacred grove?"

"That can I not do," answered Harold. "I am privily summoned hence to Normandy upon a mission of which I shall some time tell thee. And I pray thee, on thy love for me, go not to the feast in the sacred grove without me."

"What say'st thou?" cried Yseult. "Shall I not go to the feast of Ste. Ælfreda? My father would be sore displeased were I not there with the other maidens. 'Twere greatest pity that I should despite his love thus."

"But, do not, I beseech thee," Harold implored. "Go not to the feast of Ste. Ælfreda in the sacred grove! And thou would thus love me, go not—see, thou my life, on my two knees I ask it!"

"How pale thou art," said Yseult, "and trembling."

"Go not to the sacred grove upon the morrow night," he begged.

Yseult marveled at his acts and at his speech. Then, for the first time, she thought him to be jealous—whereat she secretly rejoined (being a woman).

"Ah," quoth she, "thou dost doubt my love," but when she saw a look of pain come on his face she added—as if she repented of the words she had spoken—"or dost thou fear the werewolf?"

Then Harold answered, fixing his eyes on hers, "Thou hast said it; it is the werewolf that I fear."

"Why dost thou look at me so strangely, Harold?" cried Yseult. "By the cruel light in thine eyes one might almost take thee to be the werewolf!"

"Come hither, sit beside me," said Harold tremblingly, "and I will tell thee why I fear to have thee go to the feast of Ste. Ælfreda to-morrow evening. Hear what I dreamed last night. I dreamed I was the werewolf—do not shudder, dear love, for 'twas only a dream.

"A grizzled old man stood at my bedside and strove to pluck my soul from my bosom.

"'What would'st thou?' I cried.

"'Thy soul is mine,' he said, 'thou shalt live out my curse. Give me thy soul—hold back thy hands—give me thy soul, I say.'

"'Thy curse shall not be upon me,' I cried. 'What have I done that thy curse should rest upon me? Thou shalt not have my soul.'

"'For my offense shalt thou suffer, and in my curse thou shalt endure hell—it is so decreed.'

"So spake the old man, and he strove with me, and he prevailed against me, and he plucked my soul from my bosom, and he said, 'Go, search and kill'—and—and lo, I was a wolf upon the moor.

"The dry grass crackled beneath my tread. The darkness of the night was heavy and it oppressed me. Strange horrors tortured my soul, and it groaned and groaned, gaoled in that wolfish body. The wind whispered to me; with its myriad voices it spake to me and said, 'Go, search and kill.' And above these voices sounded the hideous laughter of an old man. I fled the moor—whither I knew not, nor knew I what motive lashed me on.

"I came to a river and I plunged in. A burning thirst consumed me, and I lapped the waters of the river—they were waves of flame, and they flashed around me and

*"The Werewolf" was originally written by Mr. Field in 1884, but did not altogether please him, and he laid it aside until 1885, when he again revised it. Within the succeeding ten years he rewrote and revised it seven times. His last revision pleased him, and he decided to give it out for publication. After his sudden death it was found among his effects, and submitted to the editor of this magazine, who now presents it exactly as it left Mr. Field's hands.

hissed, and what they said was, 'Go, search and kill,' and I heard the old man's laughter again.

"A forest lay before me with its gloomy thickets and its sombre shadows—with its ravens, its vampires, its serpents, its reptiles, and all its hideous brood of night. I darted among its thorns and crouched amid the leaves, the nettles and the brambles. The owls hooted at me and the thorns pierced my flesh. 'Go, search and kill,' said everything. The hares sprang from my pathway; the other beasts ran bellowing away; every form of life shrieked in my ears—the curse was on me—I was the werewolf.

"On, on I went with the fleetness of the wind, and my soul groaned in its wolfish prison, and the winds and the waters and the trees bade me, 'Go, search and kill, thou accursed brute, go, search and kill.'

"Nowhere was there pity for the wolf; what mercy, thus, should I, the werewolf, show? The curse was on me and it filled me with a hunger and a thirst for blood. Skulking on my way within myself I cried, 'Let me have blood, oh, let me have human blood that this wrath may be appeased, that this curse may be removed.'

"At last I came to the sacred grove. Sombre loomed the poplars, the oaks frowned upon me. Before me stood an old man—'twas he, grizzled and taunting, whose curse I bore. He feared me not. All other living things fled before me, but the old man feared me not. A maiden stood beside him. She did not see me, for she was blind.

"'Kill, kill,' cried the old man, and he pointed at the girl beside him.

"Hell raged within me—the curse impelled me—I sprang at her throat. I heard the old man's laughter once more, and then—then I awoke, trembling, cold, horrified."

Scarce was this dream told when Alfred strode that way.

"Now, by'r Lady," quoth he, "I bethink me never to have seen a sorrier twain."

Then Yseult told him of Harold's going away and how that Harold had besought her not to venture to the feast of Ste. Ælfreda in the sacred grove.

"These fears are childish," cried Alfred boastfully. "And thou sufferest me, sweet lady, I will bear thee company to the feast, and a score of my lusty yeomen with their good yew-bows and honest spears, they shall attend me. There be no werewolf, I trow, will chance about with us."

Whereat Yseult laughed merrily, and Harold said: "'Tis well; thou shalt go to the sacred grove, and may my love and Heaven's grace forefend all evil."

Then Harold went to his abode, and he fetched old Siegfried's spear back unto Yseult, and he gave it into her two hands, saying, "Take this spear with thee to the feast to-morrow night. It is old Siegfried's spear, possessing mighty virtue and marvelous."

And Harold took Yseult to his heart and blessed her, and he kissed her upon her brow and upon her lips, saying, "Farewell, oh, my beloved. How wilt thou love me when thou know'st my sacrifice. Farewell, farewell forever, oh, alder-liefest mine."

So Harold went his way, and Yseult was lost in wonderment.

On the morrow night came Yseult to the sacred grove wherein the feast was spread, and she bore old Siegfried's spear with her in her girdle. Alfred attended her, and a score of lusty yeomen were with him. In the grove there was great merriment, and with singing and dancing and games withal did the honest folk celebrate the feast of the fair Ste. Ælfreda.

But suddenly a mighty tumult arose, and there were cries of "The werewolf!" "The werewolf!" Terror seized upon all—stout hearts were frozen with fear. Out from the further forest rushed the werewolf, wood wroth, bellowing hoarsely, gnashing his fangs and tossing hither and thither the yellow foam from his snapping jaws. He sought Yseult straight, as if an evil power drew him to the spot where she stood. But Yseult was not afeared; like a marble statue she stood and saw the werewolf's coming. The yeomen, dropping their torches and casting aside their bows, had fled; Alfred alone abided there to do the monster battle. At the approaching wolf he hurled his heavy lance, but as it struck the werewolf's bristling back the weapon was all to-shivered.

Then the werewolf, fixing his eyes upon Yseult, skulked for a moment in the shadow of the yews, and thinking then of Harold's words, Yseult plucked old Siegfried's spear from her girdle, raised it on high, and with the strength of despair sent it hurtling through the air.

The werewolf saw the shining weapon, and a cry burst from his gaping throat—a cry of human agony. And Yseult saw in the werewolf's eyes the eyes of some one she had seen and known, but 'twas for an instant only, and then the eyes were no longer human, but wolfish in their ferocity.

A supernatural force seemed to speed the spear in its flight. With fearful precision the weapon smote home and buried itself by half its length in the werewolf's shaggy breast just above the heart, and then, with a monstrous sigh—as if he yielded up his life without regret—the werewolf fell dead in the shadow of the yews.

Then, ah, then in very truth there was great joy, and loud were the acclaims, while beautiful in her trembling pallor Yseult was led unto her home, where the people set about to give great feast to do her homage, for the werewolf was dead, and *she* it was that had slain him.

But Yseult cried out: "Go, search for Harold—go, bring him to me. Nor eat, nor sleep till he be found."

"Good, my lady," quoth Alfred, "how can that be, since he hath betaken himself to Normandy?"

"I care not where he be," she cried. "My heart stands still until I look into his eyes again."

"Surely he hath not gone to Normandy," outspake Hubert. "This very eventide I saw him enter his abode."

They hastened thither—a vast company. His chamber door was barred.

"Harold, Harold, come forth!" they cried, as they beat upon the door, but no answer came to their calls and knockings. Afeared, they battered down the door, and when it fell they saw that Harold lay upon his bed.

"He sleeps," said one. "See, he holds a portrait in his hand—and it is her portrait. How fair he is and how tranquilly he sleeps."

But no, Harold was not asleep. His face was calm and beautiful, as if he dreamed of his beloved, but his raiment was red with the blood that streamed from a wound in his breast—a gaping, ghastly spear wound just above his heart.

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A TRUE COLONIAL DAME*

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

STRANGELY enough—for she lived both in England and in America at a time when every dame and damsel of fortune and degree was limned for her family's benefit—not so much as a little black silhouette of Sally Cary has been handed down in the family in which she was a collateral ancestress; and she left no child to preserve the personal relics that would have been so interesting now. But we know that she was accounted a rare beauty; and, whether through nursery tradition or what not, I have always had a distinct idea that, in her heyday, Sally's coloring was of the warm auburn tint, eyes matching the hair, skin milk-white with a stain of crimson on either cheek, the mouth a Cupid's bow disposed to mocking merriment. That she was sweet-tempered, as well as witty and high-spirited, we have had attestation in abundance; and as one of four petted daughters of a wealthy Colonial magnate—who had been educated at Cambridge University in England, owned two fine houses and plantations on the lower James River, and imported every year from the mother country his books, and his girls' *falbalas* and musical instruments—she had the best culture possible in her time. Like most young women of that date she married very early, but not before she had enjoyed a measure of the maiden belleship that has always seemed an inalienable right of the Virginia sisterhood. That is a pretty story they tell of her, returning belated and overtaken by dusk into Williamsburg, when the town was under military rule, accompanied only by her negro maid-servant, and much taken aback when challenged by a sentry demanding the password for the day. Blushing, yet imperious, she stamped her little foot and said, "But I am Miss Sally Cary." "Pass," said the sentinel, and the young lady was made thus aware of the gallantry of an officer who had selected her name as the *mot du guet* for the protection of the garrison.

THE suitor, finally rewarded by Miss Cary with her hand, was George William Fairfax, eldest son of a Yorkshire gentleman who, after years of roving and of fighting for his King in Europe, had come to Virginia to found a home and a line at Belvoir plantation on the Potomac, and whose daughter Anne had married their neighbor, Lawrence Washington, of Mount Vernon.

Before Mistress Sally brought her youth and animation to Belvoir that hospitable home had already become the favorite resort of George Washington. From the lips of the old campaigner, its master, he had eagerly received lessons in the art of war; with its girls and boys he had sported in doors and out, and, from them and their guests assembled for the Belvoir house parties, he had picked up all sorts of prevailing notions about dress and fashion and deportment. For, as to this period of Washington's life, have we not the witness of a memorandum in his own handwriting, "To have my coat made by the following directions: To be made a frock with a lapel breast; the lapel to contain on each side six buttonholes, and to be about five or six inches wide all the way, equal, and to turn as the breast or the coat does; to have it made very long-waisted, and in length to come down to or below the bent of the knee; the waist from the armpit to the fold to be exactly as long or longer than from thence to the bottom; not to have more than one fold in the skirt, and the top to be made just to turn in, and three buttonholes; the lapel at the top to turn as the cape of the coat, and bottom to come parallel with the buttonholes; the last buttonhole in the breast to be right opposite to the button on the hip"? Then it was, also, that Washington compiled his quaint and dreary code of "Rules for Behavior in Company, and Conversation," which, pompous as they now seem, might yet be of service to many a modern youth, could he be induced to bestow on them perusal.

THE friendships so formed were destined to exercise upon the life of Washington varied and potent influences, while the household of Belvoir was to see the homely and bashful youth—whom they had at first made welcome among them for his brother Lawrence's sake, then through genuine respect for the power of his personality—develop step by step into the brilliant young soldier, the General to whom all eyes turned as the savior of his country's liberties, and the foremost citizen of our Republic in all time.

From the numerous and lengthy letters passing between the families of Mount Vernon and Belvoir whenever a separation warranted correspondence, a few excerpts may prove of interest here, especially in helping to establish a better understanding of events that were to follow. The time was that of the French-Indian War, and, after a season of busy musterings and gay reviews at Alexandria, the troops had marched away to Maryland, whither Washington had followed, as a member of his military family, to join General Braddock at Will's Creek. From Mistress Sally, of Belvoir, and her merry chum, Mistress Ann Spearing, had proceeded a protest, addressed to Washington, but calling to account the handsome, moody English General, his chief, for preference bestowed upon a rival belle. In his answer we first see Washington as a maker of pretty phrases for the insistent fair.

"Fort Cumberland, 14 May, 1755.

"TO MRS. FAIRFAX

"*Dear Madam:*

"I have, at last, with great pains and difficulty discovered the reason why Mrs. Wardrope is a greater favorite of Genl. Braddock than Mrs. F——x, and met with more respect at the review at Alexandria. The cause I shall communicate, after having rallied you upon neglecting the means which produced the effect. And what do you think they were? Why, nothing less, I assure you than a present of delicious cake and potted woodcocks! which so affected the palate as to leave a deep impression upon the hearts of all who tasted of them. How then could the General do otherwise than admire not only the charms but the politeness of this lady!

"We have a *favourable* prospect of halting here three weeks or a month longer, for waggons, horses and forage: it is easy to conceive therefore that my situation will not be very *pleasant* and *agreeable*, when I dreaded this (before I came out) more than all the other incidents which might happen during the campaign. * * *"

A week later the chafing soldier writes thus to his brother "Jack," who has taken up his abode at Mount Vernon during its owner's absence:

"I should be glad to hear that you live in perfect harmony and good fellowship with the family at Belvoir, as it is in their power to be very serviceable upon many occasions to us, as young beginners. I would advise your visiting there often, as one step towards it; the rest, if any more is necessary, your own good sense will sufficiently dictate—for to that family I am under many obligations, particularly to the old gentleman.

"Mrs. Fairfax and Mrs. Spearing having expressed a wish to be informed of the time and manner of my reaching this place (with my charge), you may acquaint them that I met with no other interruption than what proceeded from the difficulty of getting horses. After Mrs. F——x's grew lame, I was obliged to get a fresh one every 15 or 20 miles, which rendered the journey tedious. * * *"

ON June 7 he wrote again from Fort Cumberland to Mrs. Fairfax at Belvoir:

"When I had the pleasure to see you last, you expressed a wish to be informed of my safe arrival at Camp with the charge that was entrusted to my care, but at the same time requested that it might be communicated in a letter to some friend of yours. Am I to consider this proposed mode of communication as a polite intimation of your wishes to withdraw your correspondence? To a certain degree it has that appearance; for I have not been honored with a line from you since I parted with you at Belvoir. If this was your object, in what manner shall I apologize for my present disobedience? But, on the contrary, if it was the effect of your delicacy, how easy it is to remove my suspicions, enliven dull hours, and make me happier than I am able to express, by honoring me with the correspondence you had given me the hope of."

On the ninth of the following month (July) occurred the engagement with the French at Monongahela, from which Washington, with four bullets through his coat, and two horses shot under him, emerged in safety, as by a miracle. The tidings of the disaster and of his own brilliant share in the battle having preceded him, he returned home, reaching Mount Vernon on the twenty-sixth of July, weary and spent with illness contracted from exposure. The same day his affectionate old neighbor, and mentor in the art of war, Colonel William Fairfax, of Belvoir, pens him the following letter, sent by hasty messenger to Mount Vernon:

"Your safe return gives an uncommon joy to us, and will no doubt be sympathized by all lovers of Heroick Virtue. From our first inexpressible affecting intelligence by Colo. Innes, of the total defeat of our forces, Genl. Braddock and many officers kill'd, the whole artillery taken, we have been in torturing suspense, each one for their best belov'd. Now you are by a kind Providence preserved and returned to us, we can say the Catastrophe might have been worse. You kindly invite us over, rightly judging our curiosity wants to be informed of some particulars yet unacquainted with, and if a Satterday Nights Rest cannot be sufficient to enable your coming here tomorrow, the Ladys will try to get horses to equip our Chair, or attempt their strength on Foot to salute you, so desirous are they with loving Speed to have an ocular Demonstration of your being the same identical gent'n that lately departed to defend his Country's Cause. * * *

"Yours affec'ly

"WILLIAM FAIRFAX."

ON the same sheet with this time-worn letter, here for the first time published, is inscribed in delicate feminine touches a coquettish postscript from the "Ladys" above alluded to, *viz.:* Young Madam Sally, whose lord is absent on patriotic affairs at Winchester, and her familiars, Madam Ann Spearing and Miss Elizabeth Dent. Let us judge for ourselves of its effect upon the young warrior who received it!

"*Dear Sir:*

"After thanking Heaven for your safe return, I must accuse you of great unkindness in refusing us the pleasure of seeing you this night. I do assure you nothing but our being satisfied that our Company would be *disagreeable* should prevent us from trying if our legs would not carry us to Mount Vernon this night; but if you will not come to us, tomorrow morning, very early, we shall be at Mount Vernon.

(Signed) "S. FAIRFAX
"ANN SPEARING
"ELIZ'TH DENT."

This quotation gives us the nearest approximate date when his half-sentimental fancy for a gracious and funloving young woman could have taken serious hold of Washington's imagination. The circumstances speak for themselves. To her he was for the moment a hero upon whom to lavish the laurels women rejoice to bestow. To him she was sympathy incarnate, a balm for his wounded spirit, an inspiration to take up again the arms he had laid down, to follow the career for which he was pre-eminently destined.

APPARENTLY, so riddled by the shafts of the little god of love had been the heart of Washington, the boy, that it is hard to know how, after his sighs for the "Lowland Beauty," and his repeated addresses to Miss Betsey Fauntelroy, and his later sensibility to the charms of "the very agreeable young lady," afterward Mrs. Ambler, the passion for a woman who never might be his could have dominated him as it did for some years after this incident. But from the evidence of his own letters the love he had felt for the others was as water unto wine beside the hopeless attachment for his beautiful neighbor, that during this period threatened to assume "sovereign controul" of his ardent nature. Fortunately, thanks to time, to the lady's subsequent absence in England with her husband, and, above all, because it was made subject to his own indomitable will, the feeling was subdued, and his marriage with Mrs. Custis ended the episode happily.

The proofs are the enduring intimacy and confidence that existed between Washington, his wife, and every member of the Belvoir family during their respective lives. They may be read by any student of the writings of Washington, and will carry conviction in each line.

SARAH FAIRFAX, who was at last called to reside permanently in England because of her husband's inheritance of a family estate in Yorkshire, survived to a great age, and to the end was a woman of great distinction of person and of vigorous mentality. To her husband, an amiable and accomplished gentleman, who died some years before her (had he survived a year or two longer he would have succeeded to the title and

(CONTINUATION ON PAGE 30 OF THIS ISSUE)

*Sally Cary, referred to by General A. W. Greely in "The Personal Side of Washington," pages 3 and 4 of this issue.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM UNFINISHED PORTRAITS OF GILBERT STUART'S

[By permission of the authorities of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston]

THE PERSONAL SIDE OF WASHINGTON

By General A. W. Greely, U. S. A.

Author of "Three Years of Arctic Service," etc., etc.

DRAWING BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

FIRST PAPER: WASHINGTON'S LOVES AND MARRIAGE

THIS series of brief articles on the most distinguished of Americans, George Washington, has for its aim the treatment of the personal side of the man. That is, he will be shown as a son, brother, guardian, citizen, neighbor, master and Christian, rather than in the aspect of soldier, President and statesman, in which his life has usually been treated.

In endeavoring to ascertain the opinion of the rising generation concerning this man many American youths have been questioned as to their relative interest in, and opinion of, Washington and Napoleon. Again and again came the answer that Napoleon was fascinating and magnetic, and hence, personally attractive. While it is true, said these responses, that Washington was a great and good man, unfortunately there was nothing interesting in him, for one tires of hearing of him as an exemplar, devoid of all human minor defects that would throw into bolder relief his more manly characteristics.

I am firmly convinced that a serious injustice is done the rising generation by erroneously depicting this great man as faultless in character and action from childhood to his ripe old age. Washington gradually outgrew his eighteenth century environment. An attentive study of his private life shows that he steadily tended toward the higher standards of the present age, especially as regards habits and ideals.

The opinions here expressed, be they right or wrong, are the outcome of the perusal of more than two thousand of Washington's letters—largely in the admirable collection of Mr. W. C. Ford, in fourteen volumes, which must remain the standard source of reference until Congress shall do its duty to the American people by publishing all of Washington's writings, now nearly complete in copies through the assiduous exertions of Dr. Toner.

It is not without difficulty that the character and personality of Washington are approached from the non-official standpoint. Yet if the fame of this greatest of all Americans is to attain its proper standing, and is to abide as a potent, living force among future generations of his countrymen, this is the side from which he should first of all be approached.

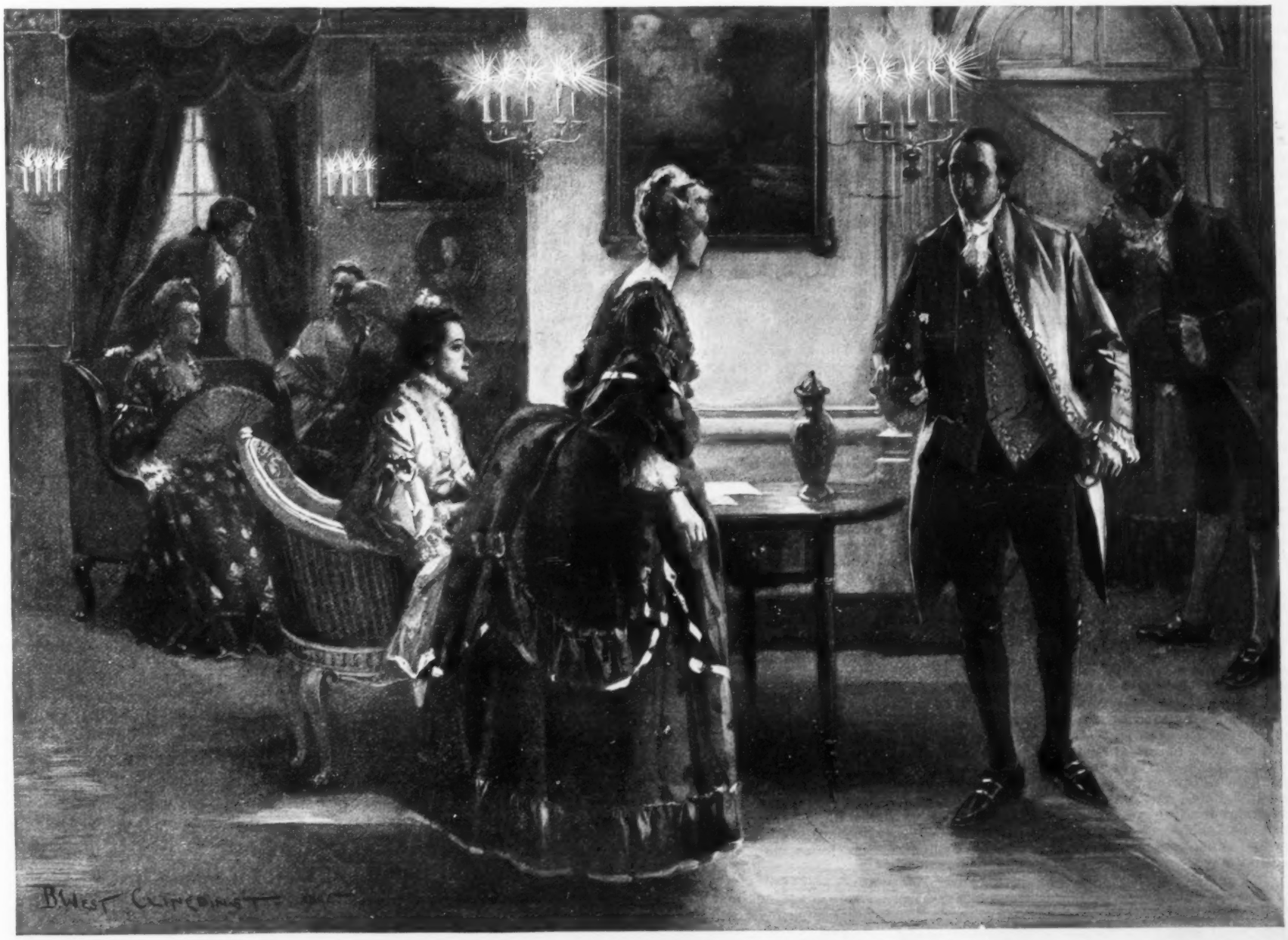
It is not within the scope or intent of these brief articles to write Washington's life, but rather to indicate, as far as possible, the opinions developed in an attentive study of the man, whereby he becomes greater and nobler as the evolution and growth of his life and character are unrolled—almost entirely, be it repeated, through the medium of his own letters.

TO judge rightly of a man's development one must know his environment—physical, mental and moral. Sparsely populated, even along the sluggish rivers that formed the highroads both to its few commercial centres and to the mother country, Virginia of the eighteenth century presented peculiar conditions, contrasting most strongly with modern phases of American life. This must be well borne in mind.

The debasing twin systems of indentured whites and African slaves formed the sub-stratum of the Colony. At the other extreme was the ruling aristocracy—royal officials, formalistic clergy and great planters with extensive estates. Between were a few traders, hunters and farmers, whose spasmodic efforts to rise into the upper class too frequently ended in deterioration through association and alliances with the whites emerging from indentures. The lordly landed gentry lived with wasteful extravagance in isolated villages. Every contrast existed between the grand mansions, London-fitted, and the clay-chinked log shanties that sheltered ignorant, idle slaves. Prosperity hung on one product, tobacco, which was often pledged to accommodating factors in advance of its planting. The country was largely wooded. Roads existed almost in name alone. Travel was rarely possible save on horseback. Visits lasted days rather than hours. The public school was an unknown institution. To these planters, separated miles from their social equals, the church, ministered to by a riotous clergy, offered a welcome break to the daily monotony. The church served both as a place for religious worship and for social Sunday gatherings, and was, in fact, an organization for governing the country. This latter phase, rather than deep religious bigotry, actuated the persecution of non-conformists.

SETTLED Virginia then comprised only the cis-mountain region. Its woods were full of game. Its waterways were stocked with fish, and its marshes haunted by wildfowl. Its southern location and proximity to the ocean insured a mild climate. This region thus offered sport and exercise of rare merit throughout the year. All men rode to hounds, shot, hunted and raced with an interest and zest that made them famous in all other Colonies.

Politics rather than religion, sports rather than learning, luxury rather than comfort, grace rather than exact-



WASHINGTON, AS A YOUNG LIEUTENANT, BEING RECEIVED BY THE LADIES OF NEW YORK

ness, exploiting rather than development, were characteristic of Virginia in Washington's time.

Intemperance prevailed, profanity and gambling were frequent. Might too often made right. Prisons, and not hospitals, opened to misery. The lash fell alike on black and white; a price was set on human scalps. It was an age of strong passions, coarse manners, violent methods and brutal harshness. In this community, while the Washingtons were not among the large planters, they could be classed among the minor gentry on the paternal side, and of the smaller planters on the maternal side.

Amid these environments, very briefly sketched, but yet adequate to the purpose of a short preface, George Washington was born and lived his boyhood.

IN gauging the moral character and determining the true manhood of any man, there is no single test better than his attitude toward, and treatment of, the women who enter into his life. And in presenting Washington's relations with women, as in other matters, my opinions are derived almost entirely from his own letters. It may be well here to say that there is nothing in any writing of Washington's which does not place woman on the highest possible plane. Spurious letters, it is true, have hinted otherwise. But these find no warrant nor suggestion in any genuine line from his pen, which never traced a word nor expressed a thought that would bring a blush to any woman's face.

Like all men of worth he loved women, and his fancy began early. One of the few authoritative reminiscences of Washington's schoolmates is to the effect that while his studies were never interrupted by boyish games, yet on one occasion he was found romping with one of the largest girls of the school. However this may be, we know not only his general interest in girl companions but also his extreme susceptibility at a tender age.

When barely seventeen he was suffering the pangs of unrequited love. He speaks in his letters of the revival of his former passion for the "Lowland Beauty," and in default of epistles from her, wrote his cousin Sally four unanswered letters, doubtless seeking information and consolation. To this period may well be ascribed two love poems, one an acrostic to "Frances," apparently of Alexandria, the other a wretched sonnet, which is only of interest as showing the love-sick and depressed frame of mind into which Washington was thrown by his youthful affairs of the heart.

About this time, when he was nineteen years of age, he courted and was refused by Betsey Fauntelroy. This later passion survived his visit to the Barbadoes, for he renewed his suit shortly after his twentieth birthday, declaring his intention "to wait on Miss Betsey in hopes of a revocation of the former cruel sentence." These losing ventures seem to have left no deep impression on Washington's heart, and there appears no special attention to women on his part until his visit to Boston in February, 1756, a journey which confirmed his reputation as the best-known man in the Colonies. He spent his money royally for fine attire, uniforms, entertainments, etc. Perhaps the most significant entry in his cash account was "for treating ladies to ye Microcosm," £1 8s., and again £1 4s. for courtly attentions offered to some lady friends in New York, among whom, as a young Lieutenant, he was very popular. If either party included in it the famous heiress and beauty, Mary Philipse, with whom tradition links his name, it is certain he did not delay in New York on his return, to confirm his fancy for her, if he ever had any.

THERE are, however, the best of reasons to believe that there had already grown up in the heart of this masterful man a fervid but hopeless love. This great passion of Washington's life was in connection with *Sally Cary, the wife of his friend, George William Fairfax, and a sister-in-law of his half-brother, Lawrence Washington. Sally Cary was already married when Washington first met her, he being a boy of seventeen. Then, from his letters, he was more interested in her vivacious sister, Mary Cary, than in Mrs. Fairfax, who was several years his senior. In time it appears that Washington became deeply attached to Sally Cary, and, despite the impossible conditions, his heart went out to her as it seems never to have gone out to any other woman.

In 1755 Washington endeavored by several letters to open a correspondence with Mrs. Fairfax, which, he says, "you had given me the hope of," and which "would make me happier than I am able to express." Later she appears to have relented, as is shown by her correspondence during the absence of her husband at the siege of Louisburg.

In his letter of September 12, 1758, Washington writes, "How joyfully I catch at the happy occasion of renewing a correspondence which I feared was disrelished on your part. . . . In silence I now express my joy; silence, which in some cases, speaks more intelligently than the sweetest eloquence. . . . Attributing my anxiety to the animating prospect of possessing Mrs. Custis, when—I need not tell you, guess yourself. . . . 'Tis true I profess myself a votary of love. I acknowledge that a lady is in the case, and further I confess that this lady is known to you as well as she is to one who is too sensible to her charms. . . . I feel the force of her amiable beauties in the recollection of a thousand tender passages that I could wish to obliterate, till I am bid to revive them. . . . How impossible this is. . . . There is a destiny which has the control of our actions, not to be resisted by the strongest efforts of human nature. You have drawn me . . . into an honest confession of a simple fact . . . I dare believe you are as happy as you say. I wish I was happy also."

Whether this is a veritable love letter is a matter of opinion, but no doubt exists in my mind, owing to its extremely distinctive character as one out of a dozen letters in three or four thousand, where Washington gave vent to strong personal feeling.

The ardent tone of the epistle evidently startled Mrs. Fairfax, for she answered it immediately in such a tone as dictated the following passage from Washington in his second letter, dated September 25, 1758: "Do we still misunderstand the true meaning of each other's letters? I think it must appear so, tho' I would fain hope the contrary as I cannot speak plainer without,—but I will say no more and leave you to guess the rest."

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*At the request of the editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Mrs. Burton Harrison, who, as Miss Constance Cary, is a lineal descendant of the Carys and Fairfaxes of Virginia, was induced to write the sketch of Sally Cary, found on page 2 of this issue of the JOURNAL, entitled "A True Colonial Dame."—THE EDITOR.

The significance of this letter depends, in a large measure, on the fact that only four months earlier he had met and become engaged to the widow Custis, the richest, as well as one of the most attractive women in the Colonies. Regarding this sudden marriage my opinion concurs with that expressed by Conway, who says: "When Washington and his wife met the days of romance were over, perhaps, for both of them, but they grew together."

Washington's letter to Mrs. Custis, written a few weeks earlier, was a model letter in its brevity and beautiful expression of affection: "I send a few words to one whose life is inseparable from mine. Since that happy hour when we made our pledges to each other my thoughts have been going continually to you as another self."

No doubt he felt the irony of fate in this matter, but he accepted it with the same courage and good judgment that ever marked his career. Three months after his letter to Mrs. Fairfax Washington married Martha Custis, on January 6, 1759.

AT the time of his marriage Washington was in the prime of his magnificent physical manhood. Fortunately, contemporaneous sources do not leave the description of his person to our imagination. Such was already his exalted standing that these pen-portraits omit entirely, or modify, what might be thought to be defects, as, for instance, the disfiguring facial marks from smallpox. Straight as an Indian, with limbs cast almost in a giant's mould,* his self-contained countenance, agreeable speech and dignified bearing made his personality most impressive. Probably half of his time at home was spent in the saddle, and this active out-of-door life gave him a glow of health and sense of vigor. We learn from his intimate friend, George Mercer, interesting details. His skin was clear and colorless; the nose straight; the face long, with high, round cheekbones; the blue-gray and widely-separated eyes shadowed by heavy brows; a large, mobile mouth, showing teeth somewhat defective; the muscular arms and legs unusually long, and a well-shaped head, gracefully poised on a superb neck. The dark brown hair was worn in a cue, and the small waist well set off by neatly-fitting garb.

The portrait that best represents the man is doubtless that as a Virginia Colonel, painted by Peale about this period. The lack of expression which marks later portraits proceeds in part from the growing tendency of repression which marked the face during the most important periods of his public career, but is also due in part to his false teeth, which unfortunately detracted from his appearance. It may be added that the early loss of his teeth was more than possibly due to his great fondness for sweets. This fondness is apparent in certain ways, particularly for orders given for them at various times. On one occasion it was advanced that the sweets were rather for Mrs. Washington than the General. But his wife's fondness for sweets may be attributed to her noted housewife qualities, as connected with the pleasure that they gave Washington. We know by his sister Betty's letter of his extreme liking for honey, which, she says, "I noted on your last visit and have sent you a supply." His fondness for a good table dates from his early life, and one of the few allusions to hardships in the field related to his unsatisfactory table. As might be expected of a large man of very active life, his appetite was excellent, and he enjoyed a good and well-served meal, over which he lingered long, indulging in nuts and Madeira. An excellent cook seemed indispensable to his comfort—as especially appears in the last years of his life, when the loss of a runaway slave affected his domestic comfort to such an extent that he broke over his resolution of several years' standing against ever again purchasing a slave, and entered into negotiations for one, so that his table might be properly cared for.

The incessant use of his eyes in writing, together with the bad light (candles) of that period, affected his eyesight so that by the time he was fifty he was obliged to use spectacles for reading and writing. But the use of these appears to have been generally confined to hours of seclusion.

The story that he never smiled is to be classed with many other unfounded legends. So much of anxiety and wearing responsibility entered into his life that he was more often serious than gay. Here and there acquaintances speak of his smiles, as a matter of course. Senator Maclay tells us not only of his smiling at a State dinner, but adds that he played with his fork. Lear mentions incidentally that he smiled during his last illness, when speech failed. From other sources it is learned that his smile gave an unusual beauty to Washington's face.

The theatre, cards and horse-racing were among the amusements to which he inclined next to his favorite sport of fox-hunting. Like the ordinary Virginian Washington was never more at home than on horseback. Chastellux says: "The General is a very excellent and bold horseman, leaping the highest fences, and going extremely quick, without standing on his stirrups, bearing on his bridle or letting his horse run wild." His extreme fondness for fox-hunting is shown by his diary for January and February, 1768, where it is recorded that he followed the hounds sixteen days, and shot on five days. Now and then his boldness brought him to grief, but these mischances failed to deter him. At fifty-five he wrote that he was still fond of the chase, which he occasionally indulged in till near his death.

IN the use of spirituous liquors from boyhood up Washington followed what was practically the universal custom. His favorite beverages were Madeira wine, porter, small beer and cider. One of the first purchases after his marriage was a pipe of "the best old Madeira." In his younger days he extended at his first election the usual post-election hospitality, which, in those days, consisted in the minimum amount of food with the maximum amount of spirits. We find him paying an account for such an entertainment for some four hundred voters, where the account was three shillings for food and thirty-seven for liquors. The capacity of the average drinker may, perhaps, be placed at three quarts at a sitting, as derived from this account, which covered one hogshead of punch, one barrel of punch, forty gallons of punch, nine bowls of punch, forty-five gallons of wine and forty-seven gallons of beer. Washington, who was not present, expressed his surprise at their moderation, and wrote his agent that he feared he had not been liberal enough, and expressed the hope that he had not neglected those who had voted in the opposition.

His reflective mind and acute observation soon noted the ravages made by drink, and doubtless confirmed that personal moderation which never permitted him to run into excess of any kind. In the Provincial army, when general charges of drunkenness were made against the Virginia troops, there was no word against Washington personally. He had, moreover, thus early deplored it as a serious vice, forbade it by stringent orders, and applied a hundred lashes to every man found drunk. Still later he wrote that "Gin-shops served to ruin the proprietor and those who make the most frequent application to them," and in advising his nephew he adds, "Refrain from drink, which is a source of all evil and the ruin of half the workmen of this country."

IN the eighteenth century games of chance and betting were universal practices in Virginia, and from Washington's earliest accounts it is known that from the age of sixteen he indulged moderately therein. That most insidious form of gambling, the lottery, was an especial favorite, being resorted to for the purpose of raising funds for charity, church use, or public improvements. Active and zealous as Washington was in promoting plans for the public benefit or in extending a helping hand to others, it is not surprising to find that the tickets of the Mountain Road Lottery in 1769 were signed by him, and that he spent fifty pounds therein. In December, 1769, we find him engaged for three successive evenings in "drawing Colonel Moore's lottery." Now and then some one who in that day was called "straight-laced," ruffled the public complacency by objecting, on moral grounds, to lotteries. But Washington evidently failed to justly estimate their demoralizing influence, countenanced, as they were, by charity and church. In the lottery authorized by Congress, for the benefit of the incipient Washington City, Washington invested, and thought it a proper present to send a ticket to a favorite child, Lincoln Lear, with the hope that he might profit largely thereby. It illustrates the eighteenth century standpoint to find Washington interjecting in a letter on public business during the war a request to his friend to "examine if any of the inclosed tickets came up prizes." He evidently did not associate lottery tickets with gambling any more than the modern stock broker associates his "puts" and "calls" of to-day with the same vice. To his nephew, Bushrod, we find him writing, "Avoid gambling, a vice productive of every possible ill."

IT would be extraordinary if a man of Washington's passionate character had refrained entirely from the use of forceful and emphatic language. As has been elsewhere said his language was always clean, and, it may be added, never was in any way vulgar beyond an occasional expletive. One or two slips mar his youthful letters, but they must be attributed to his extreme feeling when writing. From his early letters it may be assumed that the violent language which he is reported to have used toward Lee at Monmouth was a lapse into former practices. In his later writings are marked mannerisms and repetitions, but it is extremely rare that any stronger phrase than "would to God" appears from his pen. Doubtless these lapses of the tongue were trying to Washington himself, for he is distinctly on record as declaring profanity to be one of the vices that afflict the camp, and which he endeavored by orders to suppress.

These phases of Washington's life bearing on the problems of drink, gaming, etc., emphasize most strongly the inevitable trend that local customs and opinions give to the thoughts and habits of a rising generation. Accepting unhesitatingly the amusements, habits and views of those whom he loved best as a child, he discloses the innate strength of his individuality in that he fell into no sloughs of despond, but that in years of discretion all his tendencies were away from his age and toward higher ideals of thought and action.

THE marriage of Washington to the widow, Martha Custis, gave him absolute control of one-third of the Custis patrimony, one of the largest fortunes in America. The remainder of the estate came into his hands as guardian.

It has been well said that prosperity is even a better test of one's manhood than adversity. However this may be, neither the habits nor the character of Washington were especially modified by his sudden acquirement of great wealth. It simply broadened his life and enhanced his responsibilities. It extended his opportunities for agricultural experiments. It increased his power of extending aid to others, and enabled him to so enlarge his style of living as to fully comport with the dignity and standing of a wealthy Virginia planter of the eighteenth century. Educated to class distinctions, he believed that those blessed with rank and station owed much to their inferiors. Of all men, he considered it a duty to regulate his life and establishment so as to be for the lower grades of Colonial society a model in external surroundings, as well as in intellectual ability and morality.

While always neat and suitable his dress avoided all extremes of fashion. His natural good taste invariably led him to avoid the overloading of its rich material with ornament. This conduct was in line with his comment in after life, that he should prefer it to be said that his appointments were simple and appropriate rather than rich and elegant.

It is interesting to note how the natural inclinations and taste of this great man display his fondness for two diametrically opposite occupations, those of farmer and of soldier. The books which he ordered for home life were almost exclusively confined to agriculture and military history. When his bachelor quarters were transformed into a home, with ample means for adorning it, his first chosen ornaments combined the elements of war and chase alone. The statuary then ordered included two wild beasts, which, perhaps, were not inappropriately associated with Alexander the Great, Charles XII, Frederick the Great, Julius Cæsar, Marlborough and Prince Eugene. Advancing years confirmed these tastes, and the first collection of books ordered at the end of the American Revolution contained, apart from agriculture, the chase and military histories, only "Voltaire's Letters" and Locke's "Human Understanding."

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*He was six feet three inches tall at his death. His hands and feet were said to have been very large.

In his next article, to be published in the succeeding (April) issue of the JOURNAL, General Greely will treat of Washington's married life, the influence of his mother upon him, and his attitude toward her—upon which latter point so many erroneous statements have been made. Special attention will also be paid to his religious views and life.

NEIGHBORHOOD TYPES

* IV—PHEBE ANN LITTLE: THE NEAT WOMAN

By Mary E. Wilkins

Author of "A Humble Romance," "A New England Nun," "Pembroke," etc., etc.

DRAWINGS BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

LET anybody mention Phebe Ann Little in the neighborhood, and some one is sure to immediately remark, "She's terrible neat."

"Her husband often has to hold the lamp"

It is impossible to think even of Phebe Ann, to have her image come for an instant before one's mind, without reference to this especial characteristic of hers. She cannot be separated by any mental process from her "terrible neatness." It is interesting to speculate what can become of Phebe Ann in the hereafter, where, as we are taught to believe, the contest against moth and rust and the general untidiness of this earth is to cease. Can Phebe Ann exist at all in a state where neatness will be merely a negative quality with no possibility of active exposition? Will not there have to be cobwebs for Phebe Ann to sweep from the sky, if she is to inhabit it in any conscious state?

Except in meeting, Phebe Ann is scarcely ever seen by a neighbor without broom and dusting-cloth in hand.

With the first flicker of dawn light and the first cock crow, comes the flirt of Phebe Ann's duster from her window, the flourish of her broom on her front door step, and often far into the evening Phebe Ann's scrubbing and dusting shadow is seen upon the window curtains. People say that Phebe Ann's husband often has to hold the lamp for her while she cleans and dusts until near midnight. A neighbor passing the open kitchen window late one summer night, reported that he heard Phebe Ann appeal to her husband in something after this fashion: "George Henry, can you remember whether I have washed this side of the table or the other?" There are even stories current that her husband has often to rise during the small hours of a winter night, light a lamp, get the broom and sweep down the cellar stairs, or the back door step, because Phebe had awakened with a species of nightmare of unperformed duty tormenting her. She cannot remember, in her bewildered state, whether she has neglected the stairs and the door step or not, and if she has, none can say what evil seems impending over her and her house.

Once her husband, George Henry, who at times is afflicted with that species of rheumatism known as a crick in the back, is reported to have rebelled at this midnight call to the cellar stairs and the broom, and Phebe to have retorted with tragic emphasis: "Suppose I was to die before morning, George Henry Little, and those cellar stairs not swept." And that argument is said to have been too weighty for George Henry's scruples.

Phebe Ann is also said to send George Henry searching with a midnight taper for cobwebs on the ceiling, which she remembers to have seen and cannot remember having brushed away. There is a popular picture in the village imagination of George Henry Little, in the silent watches of the night, standing on a chair, a feather duster in one hand and a lamp in the other, anxiously scanning the ceiling for cobwebs.

George Henry Little, it goes without saying, is a meek and long-suffering man. If ever he had spirit and the capability of sustained rebellion, Phebe Ann must long since have scoured it away with some kind of spiritual soap and sand. Indeed, George Henry's relatives openly say that he never was the same man after he married Phebe Ann Fitch, which was his wife's maiden name. And yet Phebe Ann is such a mild-looking, little, sandy-haired woman, with strained, anxious blue eyes, and small, knotty hands with rasped knuckles, and George Henry is black-whiskered and rather fierce-visaged in comparison. Phebe Ann taught school before she was married, too, and George Henry's relatives feared that she would not make a good housekeeper, but their fears upon that head were soon allayed.

When George Henry's sister, Mrs. Ezra Wheeler, went to call at his house for the first time after he and Phebe Ann were married, she came home, surprised and a little alarmed.

"It was four o'clock in the afternoon when I got there," she tells the story, "and there was Phebe Ann in a calico dress and gingham apron (likely to have wedding callers all the time, too), scrubbing the tops of the doors. They hadn't been living in that brand-new house a week either. I don't see what she found to scrub. But there she was hard at work with soap and sand. I said then I guessed we needn't worry about George Henry's not having a good housekeeper; I guessed he'd have all the housekeeping he wanted, and more, too."

It is fortunate for George Henry that he has a reasonably neat and tidy occupation—he is Mr. Harrison White's confidential clerk and chief assistant in the store and post-office. If he had been employed in the grist mill, or if he had been a farmer, Phebe Ann might have resorted to such extreme measures as lodging him in the woodshed or on the door step in mild weather. As it is he seems to work hard to gain an entrance to his own house. George Henry always goes around to the back door—it is improbable that he has ever crossed the threshold of his front door since his wedding-day—and when there he opens it a crack, slips his hand around the corner and takes a pair of slippers from a peg just inside. Then he removes his boots, puts on the slippers and enters. The neighbors are positive that this is his daily custom when he returns from the store. But should the day be snowy or dusty or muddy, then, indeed, George Henry Little has to painfully work his passage into his own house. Phebe Ann comes forth—indeed she often lays in wait—with the broom; and sometimes, it is asserted, with the duster, and poor George Henry is made to undergo a purification as rigid as if he were about to enter a heathen temple.

"There we stand and carefully scrape and scrape"

It must be a sore trial to Phebe Ann to admit any one without the performance of these cleansing rites; but she has to submit in other cases. She cannot make the minister take off his boots and put on slippers before entering, neither can she make such conditions with the neighbors. She has always a little corn-husk mat on the door step, and there we stand and carefully scrape and scrape, while she watches with ill-concealed anxiety, and then we walk in, although we feel guilty. In very muddy weather we always, of course, remove our rubbers and all our outer garments which have become damp; but otherwise our shoes, which have been contaminated by the dust of the street, come boldly in contact with Phebe Ann's immaculate carpets.

But she has her revenge.

Not a neighbor goes in to spend a friendly hour with Phebe Ann, who does not see, after her return, if she lives within seeing distance—and if she does not it is faithfully reported to her—her late hostess fling windows and doors wide open, and ply frantically broom and duster, and she wonders uneasily how much dirt and dust she could possibly have tracked into Phebe Ann's.

But the neighbors have double cause for solicitude so far as an imputation upon their own neatness is concerned, for Phebe Ann never herself returns from a neighborly call, that she does not, it is vouched for by competent witnesses, hang all the garments which accompanied her upon the clothes-line to air. Miss Lurinda Snell declares that she turns even the sleeves wrong side out and brushes them vigorously—that she has seen her.

We all admit, with perhaps some prickings of conscience in our own cases, that Phebe Ann Little is a notable housekeeper. Her window-panes flash like diamonds in the setting sun. There is no dust on her window-blinds; one could sit in one's best silk dress on her door step; one could, if there were any occasion for so doing, eat one's meals off her shed floor or her cellar stairs. There is no speck of dirt, no thread of disorder in all Phebe Ann's house, nor upon her person, nor upon anything which belongs to her. She is certainly a housekeeper whose equal is not among us, and we all give her due admiration and respect.

She is a credit to our village, and yet it is possible that one such credit is sufficient. If there were another like her the village might become so clean that we should all have to take to the fields and survey its beautiful tidiness over pasture-bars.

"Likely to have wedding callers all the time"

* The fourth of a series of character sketches which Miss Wilkins has written for the JOURNAL, and which Alice Barber Stephens has illustrated. The others will appear in following issues.

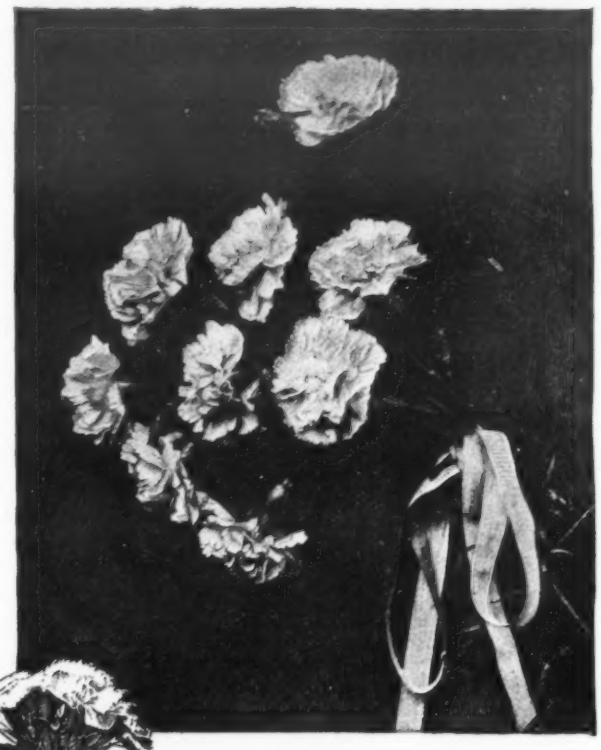
EDITOR'S NOTE—In this series of "Neighborhood Types" the following sketches have appeared:

I—Timothy Samson: the Wise Man, December, 1895
II—Little Marg'ret Snell: the Village Runaway, January, 1896
III—Cyrus Emmett: the Unlucky Man, February, 1896

THE CARNATION: THE EMBLEM OF WIT

By Nancy Mann Waddle

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



THERE is a very pretty, and, of course, authentic legend of a story-book princess, who looked across her tall white garden Lilies, and vivid, flame-dashed Gladioli, and lightly-poised blue "loops of Larkspur," and sighed: "I tire of them all; but yesterday I passed the cottage of an old village woman, and the wind that blew over her garden was laden with spice. That is what my garden lacks." Every flower-plot which is without the spicy, individual Carnation is open to the same criticism.

Dear to the hearts of our grandmothers were the old-fashioned clove and snow Pinks, and from the reticule of many a Puritan Priscilla peeped the feathery, pink heads of the fragrant May Pink. The sight of an immense bed of the snow Pinks, when they begin to bloom early in the month of May, is very well worth a pilgrimage. They are flowers of eiderdown, and their petals bear strong resemblance to so many silky feathers.

Mr. Ellwanger, in one of his delightful floral essays, calls the snow Pink a charming subject when well grown, and says that he once saw a great patch of them in front of a country home, growing so luxuriantly that their fragrance drifted far out on to the highway. He continues: "I stopped to inquire how they grew them so profusely and so finely." "I pinch them, give them plenty of water, and keep up a fresh stock from cuttings every year." "The old story"—comments Mr. Ellwanger—"care."

Perhaps it would be as well to mention here that the Dianthus are a sub-order of the large Pink family, and to this sub-order belong all of the garden Pinks. The Dianthus Barbatus includes the bunch Pinks, the Sweet Williams; and the Dianthus Caryophyllus is the original of the clove Pink, from which has been evolved "the spicy Carnation freaked with passion." Florists and growers, however, do not classify the Dianthus and Carnation together, but make a distinction between them.

The Dianthus, then, of the growers, are truly garden flowers, and are exceptionally easy to grow. Any one procuring a package of mixed seed will have no difficulty in raising a large number of plants. Seed sown the first of April will produce plants which will bloom throughout the summer, and that without any great amount of care. One of the handsomest of the Dianthus is the Crown of Perfection. The flowers are very large and extremely double; the colors are white and various shades of red. Some of the varieties are curiously marked. Fireball is as brilliantly carmine as if it had stolen the flame of that torch of the woodland—the Cardinal Flower. Midnight is very odd: the leaves are dark green, the stem and buds black and the flowers darkly crimson. White Frill is attractive: the centre of the flower is a very deep purple, contrasting strongly with its fringed white border. One of the novelties in color is the Dwarf Copper Red, which is all that its name implies. The single Dianthus are lovely. The flowers are large and perfect, and each plant seems to follow its own caprice in the arrangement of colors. Snowflake has immense, pure white flowers. Eastern Queen runs a gamut of color from pink to lavender, and the rich red of Crimson Belle is positively imperial.

But, after all, it is rather useless to particularize, for the same high authority that I have quoted before has said: "The Dianthus are all of them pretty. Leave them alone and they will sow themselves. They vie with the Auriculas in their merry eyes, and are as brilliant and as fourfold as the Poppies."

In mentioning garden favorites one must not forget the Sweet Williams. In tiny German gardens, which could be completely covered with a sheet, I have often seen more varieties than I could count. There is something quaint and sturdy about them; they are so varied in color and lavish of bloom that their place in the garden can never be usurped by more gorgeous and more capricious blooms. Undoubtedly the highest type of the Pink family is the Carnation. Within the last few years the best growers have bestowed a great deal of attention upon the Carnation, which, by-the-way, is a rather recent importation.

I do not think it has been grown in this country more than twenty years. The cultivators, however, are endeavoring to produce a flower that will be faultless in form and color, immense in size, delicious in fragrance. The size is a matter of nutrition, the color is produced by crossing; but to prevent the bursting of the calyx, which allows the petals to fall, giving the flowers a ragged appearance, and to produce stems which will more stoutly uphold the flower — that is another story.

But alas! this *mondaine* of the Pink family is subject to diseases which appall even the stout heart of the inexperienced amateur grower. Of these, fungus troubles, which invade the system of the plant through the pores of the leaves, are the most to be dreaded. Blight is serious. When upon your Carnation plants you observe a grayish spot with a dark border you may well look grave, but when a colorless swelling appears you may realize that the curse has come upon your Carnations — they are the victims of "rust." If you wish to preserve the rest of the plants from infection, uproot the afflicted ones, even though they be the best and the bravest, and burn them. The rosette is a very pretty name for a disfiguring disease. A number of remedies are advised, but for the amateur the plain Irish of the case is that the quickest way to cure Carnation disease is to discard the infected plants.

Tidal Wave is a beautiful pink Carnation. Anna Webb is a rich dark red. Silver Spray is especially handsome, being pure silvery-white. The finest three varieties of the Carnation are, undoubtedly, the Malmaison, the Columbian and the Marguerite. The Malmaisons, only recently introduced into this country, have long been grown in England. The leaves are longer and broader than those of the ordinary Carnation, and the flowers are immense, the colors extremely rich. The principal recommendations of the Columbian Carnations are their delicious fragrance, their strong constitutions and their accommodating manner of blooming. American Banner is exquisite, the white of its petals is dashed with vivid scarlet. Sea Gull, one of the most beautiful of the Columbian Carnations, is white, and Norma Dee is a lovely pink. The Marguerites are the favorites of many people; they are so healthy, so profusely blooming, that it is a pleasure to grow them. Seed sown in the spring will produce blooming plants in midsummer, and in autumn the plants may be potted and will still continue to bloom.

Carnations require excellent drainage, very rich soil and plenty of water and sunlight; their insect enemies are the green bug, and the little "Carnation twitter," as I have heard it called—a small black bug.

Of this most exalted type of the Pink family William Wetmore Story sang:

> "For you, oh passionate, bright Carnation,
> A boy's brief love, for a time, I knew."

But this is unkind. The Carnation is of too pronounced a type, too dazzling and piquant to be lightly forgotten or jestingly spoken of. The most fragrant, almost, of all the flowers, we must speak of it with reverence and respect.

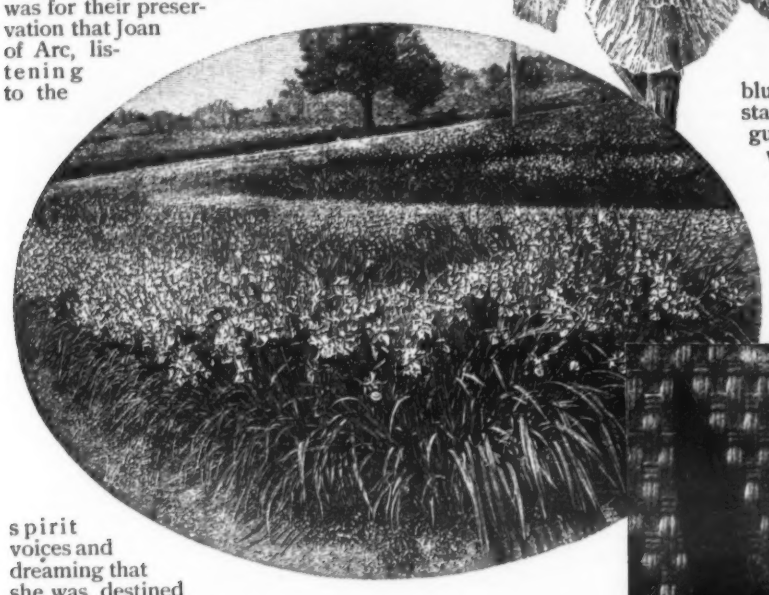
The Carnation is the "Flower of Wit." The literal-minded will at once exclaim, in the words of a famous quotation, "Since you say you are so witty I must really trouble you to make a joke," and the poor Carnation, for which I have claimed so rare a gift, can only hang its head. But we have the authority of Mr. Justin McCarthy to prove that wit "lies not all in the spoken word, the written phrase." He has said recently: "It finds its expression in a certain subtlety of simplicity, a certain discretion of daring, a certain airiness, daintiness, lightly-soaring insolence." Surely the floral symbol of wit, as it is here described, is the Carnation.

THE FLEUR-DE-LIS: THE FLOWER OF SONG

By Nancy Mann Waddle

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

AS far back as the time of Clovis the French soldiers have recklessly followed that imperious mandate which has lost neither weight nor inspiration: "Charge for the golden Lilies!" Through the centuries, on many "a hard-fought, well-won battlefield," the best blood of France has deemed it a privilege to die for what those Lilies symbolize—a nation's honor. These "flowers of chivalry," for so were called the Fleur-de-lis, were once thickly sown upon the royal standard of France. They waved above those glittering Crusades which started into life when the voice of Peter the Hermit rang through Europe. It was for their preservation that Joan of Arc, listening to the



spirit voices and dreaming that she was destined to lead a nation to victory, left forever the haunted woods of Domremy, where she fancied she heard supernatural voices commanding her to liberate France.

It is difficult to determine whether the "golden Lilies," which, far back in history, claimed the devotion of the *preux chevaliers* of France, were identical with the Fleur-de-lis adopted by Louis VII, and named in his honor, or were widely different. It was Charles VI, however, who in a moment of religious zeal reduced the number to the mystical three.

The soft pronunciation of the quaint and stately Fleur-de-lis did not come trippingly off English tongues, so it became anglicized to the equally delicious Flower-de-luce. Henry V, wooing the not unwilling Katharine, could think of no sweeter name to call her than "fair Flower-de-luce," and "Perdita," in "The Winter's Tale," recalling the spring flowers, speaks of "Lilies of all kinds, the Flower-de-luce being one."

One of the oldest of garden flowers is this same flower. The blue and white varieties were favorites in old English gardens, and it was one of the first flowers imported into this country. It was a great favorite among Colonial dames, and no garden of that day, constructed, as they were, after old-world models, was without its clumps of blue and white "flags."

A curious catalogue of the older, common names of flowers states that Iris is but the later name of the original Fleur-de-lis, given it by Protestant botanists, anxious to change the quaint, Catholic nomenclature, which comprised such names as Our Lady's Mantle, Job's Tears, etc. Thus the Fleur-de-lis became, botanically, the Iris, in honor of the rainbow-winged messenger of the gods. And the name is not inappropriate. It is not, by-the-way, a Lily, but Shakespeare called it so, and Longfellow, in his poem, "Flower-de-luce," speaks of the

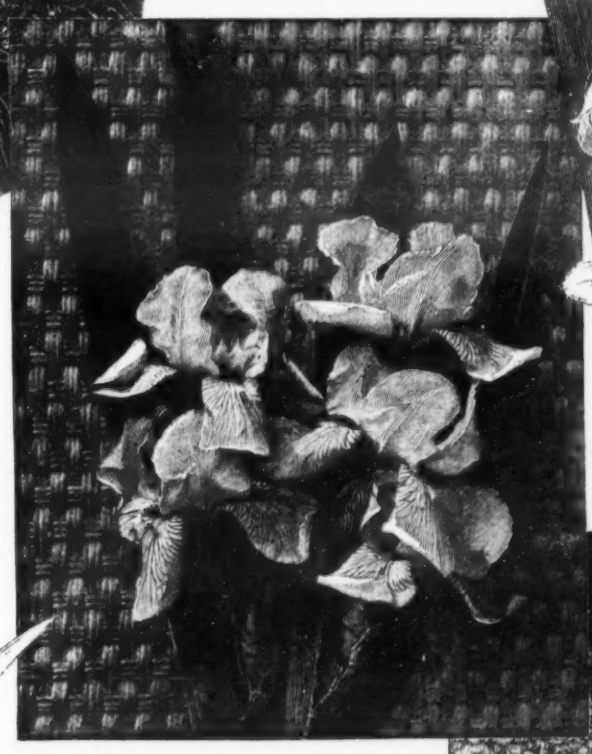
> "Beautiful Lily, dwelling by still rivers,
> Or solitary mere,
> Or where the sluggish meadow-brook delivers
> Its waters to the weir!"

The Persian Iris, another variety of the Flower-de-luce, is delightfully fragrant, and comes to us from Holland.

Closely akin to the proud Fleur-de-lis is our native blue Flag, standing with drooping azure banners among the rushes, those "outlaws of the sun." One of them, the Iris Versicolor, is Longfellow's:

> "Thou art the muse, who far from crowded cities
> Hauntest the sylvan streams,
> Playing on pipes of reed the artless ditties
> That come to us as dreams.
>
> "O Flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river
> Linger to kiss thy feet!
> O Flower of Song, bloom on, and make forever
> The world more fair and sweet!"

On an island in Lake Superior I have seen a swamp full of these blue Flags rising from the water with that stately unconventional grace which distinguishes them; the pine-scented, sun-warmed wind waved their drooping petals, their companion reeds stood guard about them, and down "the listed sunbeam rode resplendent, the dragon-fly with steel-blue mail and shield."



The sweet-scented varieties are among the earliest of spring-blooming flowers. There is one that makes its appearance with the swallows, and ventures but a few inches above ground; its recurved petals are of the palest lavender with a silver sheen upon them, and its fragrance is one of the most delicious odors that spring wafts o'er the dreaming earth. Of these early-blooming dwarf varieties Pumila, with its violet flowers marked with pale blue and gold, and Iris Odoratissima are enchantingly pretty and fragrant.

It is from the lovely white and lavender Florentine Iris that orris root is obtained. The English and Spanish varieties also bloom very early, and the members of these families exhibit a great variety of hues. They stand among their long, stiff leaves clothed in their robes of state—of blue, of gold and of imperial purple. The Spanish Iris is often prettily called the "Rainbow Flower."

The best known of the varieties of this exquisite plant is, perhaps, the Iris Germanica. It is stouter, more globular in form, more majestic in bearing than any other variety, and is indispensable for the garden, forming, as it does, great clumps. It sends up above the sword-like leaves, which seem as naked guarding blades, the flags which float their iridescent banners from tall green columns. A little later blooms the Iris Siberica; this variety has long grassy leaves, and flowers more delicate, more beautiful and more fragile in appearance than those of the Germanica.

A very old flower, much written of but rarely seen, is the Iris Susiana, which was brought from Constantinople in the sixteenth century. Gerarde gives an elaborate description of it. It is so dark in color that it is sometimes called the "Mourning Flower," the petals being of a dark grayish-blue, with markings of black and white. In July and August blooms the "king of the Iris," the magnificent Iris Kæmferi, which is a native of Japan and Siberia. The enormous flowers, often measuring from eight to ten inches across, are flat in form, thus differing from other members of the family, and the variation of hues is superb. The large petals are splashed, blotted and streaked with resplendent colors, wherein all shades of red and blue are beautifully blended.

The construction of the Iris, or "Orchid of the garden," as it is often called, is curious. The perianth is composed of six petals, three of which are deeply reflexed. These are called, in floral parlance, the "falls." The other three are, in most cases, upright, and curve together, forming a dome of petals. Over each of the "falls" are arches which appear to be another petal, but which are, in reality, the style of a common pistil; the stigma of each of these styles is a thin lip on the inner surface of the style near the tip. Adhering to the base of the styles are the stamens, which are in such a position that the pollen could never reach the stigma above them. Consequently the seed of that flower must be fertilized from the pollen of another blossom. This mission of carrying pollen is performed by bees, for whose reception the flower has cunningly adapted itself, usually wearing blue, which is the color most attractive to this insect. The flower also indicates the road to its nectaries by throwing out dark lines on its "falls," which the bee understands as accurately as the prospector can distinguish the soil in which gold is found. As the bee follows these darker markings the widely-opened hallway grows narrower, and its head naturally brushes against the stamens, which burst, discharging their contents upon it. Reaching the nectaries the honey-gatherer seizes its booty, and makes an exit. As it strolls over the "fall" of the next flower its pollen-dusted coat comes in contact with the projecting stigma, and thus the flower is fertilized.

Although the flowers of the Iris are variously hued, there is usually some touch of color about them in compliment to the preference of their insect lovers.

The Iris family is usually divided into three sections: the bulbous, the tuberous and the fibrous rooted. The bulbous varieties should be lifted every two or three years, else they are useless, and they require a light, dry soil of leaf-mould, sand and garden soil. The so-called fibrous-rooted section grow well in any good garden soil, rather sandy, and require but little attention. They should never be disturbed. The tuberous-rooted section should be planted in a well-drained, rich, sandy, garden soil.

Parkinson, in his "Garden of Pleasant Flowers," says that "there is not anything extant, or to be heard, that any of these kinds of Flowers-de-luce hath been used to any physical purposes, and serve only to deck the gardens of the curious." "Born in the purple, born to joy and pleasance," is this "Flower of Song"; and what more fitting commentary on the national genius for discerning the truest artistic forms than the choice of the Fleur-de-lis for a royal device.

The Pseudocarus, or yellow Flag, is another interesting variety, because its roasted seeds have been used as a substitute for coffee.

It is commonly supposed that the word orris is a corruption of the word iris, from which it is procured. From this variety, the Florentine, there was obtained in times past the *vertgris*, or iris green pigment, used so extensively by miniature painters.

It is interesting to learn that the remains of at least three species of Iris have been found in fossil state in rocks of the Tertiary age. This is, of course, their earliest historical discovery. The Fleur-de-lis of conventional designs is suggested by the Iris, and has a form which fits it for the terminal decoration of a sceptre, or the ornament of a crown.

In the structure of the flower is something unwonted, but infinitely stately, and in the gleam of its petals an imperial fantasy of Iris hues.

THIS COUNTRY OF OURS

By Hon. Benjamin Harrison

*III—THE DUTIES OF THE PRESIDENT

HAVING considered the manner of electing the President and his term of office let us now look at some of his larger duties. The most comprehensive power is given in these words: "He shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed." This is the central idea of the office. An executive is one who executes or carries into effect. And in a Republic—a Government by the people, through laws appropriately passed—the thing to be executed is the law, not the will of the ruler as in despotic Governments. The President cannot go beyond the law, and he cannot stop short of it. His duty and his oath of office take it all in and leave him no discretion save as to the means to be employed. Laws do not execute themselves. Somebody must look after them. It is the duty of the President to see that every law passed by Congress is executed. These relate to a multitude of things—the postal service, the internal revenue and a hundred other things. To enable him to do this, provision is made for the appointment of a large number of subordinate executive officers. At the head of these are the eight Cabinet officers: the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of War, the Attorney-General, the Postmaster-General, the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of Agriculture; and under them an army of subordinates, the number now being nearly two hundred thousand, not including those in the military and naval service. Of these about fifty thousand are in the classified civil service—that is, they are appointed after examination under the Civil Service Law and without regard to political influence. The President has about five thousand appointments.

The appointing power is expressed in these words: "He shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, shall appoint Ambassadors, other public Ministers and Consuls, Judges of the Supreme Court, and all other officers of the United States whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law. But the Congress may, by law, vest the appointment of such inferior officers, as they think proper, in the President alone, in the Courts of Law, or in the heads of departments." Under this provision the appointment of a large number of subordinate officials has been vested in the heads of departments.

THE process in Presidential appointments is for him to send to the Senate the names of the persons he has selected for particular offices. These nominations are public, as a list of them for the press usually accompanies the official communication to the Senate. In the Senate action upon the nominations is taken in what is called executive or secret session. The galleries and floors are cleared of all persons except Senators and certain officers whose presence is necessary to the transaction of business. The nominations are first referred to the appropriate committees—postmasters to the Committee on Post-Offices and Post Roads, ambassadors to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, etc. Here the scrutiny generally consists in referring the nominations to particular committee members, who usually inquire of the Senator or Senators from the State from which the nominee comes whether there are any objections. If any representations are received by the committee against the fitness or character of the nominee he is advised of the nature of the charges, and given an opportunity to make his defense, but the name of the person presenting the charges is usually withheld. If on a vote in the Senate a nomination is rejected the President is notified and the appointment fails. If the nomination is confirmed the President, on notice of the fact, issues to the officer a commission duly signed and sealed. It sometimes happens that several hundred of these commissions are presented at one time for his signature. The Constitution provides that the President may "fill up all vacancies that may happen during the recess of the Senate, by granting commissions which shall expire at the end of the next session." There are a great many such appointments made, and the commissions all run, in the language of the Constitution, until the expiration of the next session of the Senate. When the Senate meets all of these vacation appointments are sent in for confirmation. If they are confirmed a new commission for the full legal term of the office is issued. If they are rejected a new nomination should be made, and if, as sometimes happens, the Senate adjourns without taking any action, the vacation appointment expires by its own limitation and another must be made. The power of removal has been generally regarded as an incident of the power of appointment, and as necessary to enable the President to fulfill his duty to see the laws executed; but during the sessions of the Senate he cannot put any person into an office until the nomination is confirmed. Of course, the power of removal does not extend to such officers as judges who are appointed for life and are only removable on impeachment.

The sphere of the Cabinet officers is evident from the descriptive titles they bear. They were constituted in the following order: The Department of Foreign Affairs, organized July 27, 1789, was permanently established as the State Department by the Act of Congress passed September 15, 1789. The Treasury Department was constituted September 2, 1789; the War Department August 7, 1789; the Post-Office Department, temporarily, September 22, 1789, permanently, May 8, 1794; the office of Attorney-General September 24, 1789, the Department of Justice, as such, being organized June 22, 1870; the Navy Department April 30, 1798; the Interior Department March 3, 1849. The Department of Agriculture was established by the Act of February 9, 1889. All of these officers are selected and nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate. It is the first and most important duty the President has to do. They constitute what is called his official family, and their relations with him are very close and confidential. Each of them has primarily charge of a part of the public work defined by law.

THE Secretary of State, usually regarded as the head of the Cabinet, has charge of foreign affairs. All intercourse between the President and any representative of any foreign Government is through the Secretary of State. When a new ambassador or minister comes he makes himself known as such to the Secretary of State, and a time is arranged for the presentation to the President of his official credentials. This ceremony takes place in the Blue Room of the Executive Mansion. The Secretary of State introduces the minister or ambassador, who is attended by his suite in full court regalia, and he reads, usually in his own tongue, an address, and presents his letters of authority. These letters are received by the President, and handed to the Secretary of State, who stands by, and an address is made responsive to that delivered by the minister or ambassador. The address of the minister is invariably submitted to the Secretary of State in advance, and the reply of the President is often prepared suggestively in the State Department and submitted to the President for revision. These affairs are full of ceremony on the part of the foreign ministers, but the President and Secretary of State appear in their usual dress. It may happen that the President desires to say something special, and in such case he makes his address convey the special thought he has in mind. Usually such presentations are very formal, and consist of the most general expressions of good will between the nations represented.

The serious intercourse between this nation and other nations is dealt with in official correspondence conducted always in the name of the Secretary of State—for the President never appears in such matters, even if the note or dispatch is written by him; so that there is usually no direct business intercourse between the President and any foreign representative after the presentation of the credentials. Sometimes diplomatic matters are conducted by the Secretary of State directly with the representative of the foreign Government at Washington—either orally or by written notes; and sometimes our ambassador at the foreign court is used, and he is instructed what to communicate to the Government at whose court he resides.

IN all important matters the President is consulted by all the Secretaries. He is responsible for all executive action, and everything that is out of the routine receives his attention. Every important foreign complication is usually discussed with him, and the diplomatic note receives his approval. The same thing is true of each of the departments. Routine matters proceed without the knowledge or interference of the President; but, if any matter of major importance arises the Secretary presents it for the consideration and advice of the President. Only matters of great and general importance affecting the general policy of the administration are discussed in the Cabinet meetings—according to my experience—and votes are of rare occurrence. Any Secretary desiring to have an expression upon any question in his department presents it, and it is discussed; but usually questions are settled in a conference between the President and the head of the particular department. If there is that respect and confidence that should prevail between a President and his Cabinet officers this consultation is one on equal terms, and the conclusion is one that both support. There should be no question of making a "mere clerk" of the Cabinet officer; there is a yielding of views, now on one side, now on the other; but it must, of course, follow that when the President has views that he feels he cannot yield, those views must prevail, for the responsibility is his, both in a Constitutional and popular sense. The Cabinet officer is a valued adviser, and it does not often happen that his views and those of the President cannot be reconciled. My habit was to give an afternoon to each Cabinet officer, on a fixed day of the week. These meetings were chiefly given up to the consideration of appointments, but if any other matters were pending, and deemed by the Secretary of sufficient importance, they were presented and discussed. The Cabinet officer is chiefly entitled to the credit if his department is well administered, for most things he transacts on his own responsibility. The labors of a Cabinet officer are incessant and full of responsibility. His time is largely taken up with calls, and, like the President, he must, out of such fragments of time as he can secure, manage to study and decide the important questions that are daily presented to him.

Certain appointments, chiefly of a clerical character, are by law given to the heads of the departments, and with these the President usually refuses to interfere, though often urged to do so. It was my practice to refuse to send any card of recommendation to a Secretary, though I spent many a weary hour explaining to friends why I could not do so.

THE appointments in each department that are made by the President are, as I have said, a subject of consultation. All papers sent to the President relating to such appointments are referred to the proper department, and there a brief is made up showing the names of the different applicants and the persons by whom they are recommended. It has come to be a custom that in all the appointments relating to a Congressional district the advice of the Congressman—if he is of the same party as the President—is expected to be taken. This is a mere matter of custom, but it has become so settled a custom that the President finds himself in not a little trouble if he departs from it. In the Congressional districts represented by Congressmen of the party opposed to the President the custom is that the Senator or Senators—if of the President's party—make recommendations for local appointments. The practice is to follow these recommendations unless something to the prejudice of the character or fitness of the applicant is alleged. In such case the President exercises his prerogative to make a selection of his own upon such representations and recommendations as are made to him. When he does this the confirmation of the appointment, however good and unexceptional in itself, is often held up in the Senate upon the objection of the Senator whose recommendation has not been followed, and is sometimes rejected, not so much upon the merits as for personal reasons. The power and duty of selection are vested by the Constitution in the President, but appointments are to be "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate." It would seem that this power vested in the Senate related only to the competency, fitness and character of the person appointed, and not to the special selection, but this view is much varied by what is called "Senatorial courtesy."

THERE can be no doubt that the participation of the Senate in the matter of appointments is larger than was contemplated; still this usage has become so established that it is now hard to break through it, and as the President can, in the nature of things, know but little about the applicants for local offices, and must depend upon some one better informed than he to give him the necessary information, it is quite natural that he should give great weight to the advice of the Senator or Congressman. It ought, however, to be admitted that as the responsibility rests upon the President he must be satisfied as to the fitness of the appointment. This being satisfactorily established, the public interests are saved, for the choice between men equally fit is not very important. If there is any objection to the appointment, growing out of the character or habits of the applicant, it is pretty sure to be brought out; and on the whole, considering the number of appointments the President is required to make without any personal knowledge of the appointees, the public service is well and honestly conducted. There is no duty devolved upon the President that takes so much of his time or is accompanied with so much annoyance and even distress of mind as this matter of making appointments.

At the beginning of every administration Washington fills up with persons who desire some office either in the States, in the departments or in the foreign service. Many of these persons have a limited purse, and as the days pass on this is exhausted, and impatience and ill temper come in. Many of these persons are deserving and well fitted to fill the offices they desire. But it is impossible to find places for all the deserving, and the position of the President is full of trial. The suspense and uncertainty that the office-seeker suffers is illustrated by the case of a man from my own State who thought he had good reason to expect an appointment from President Garfield. After he had been weeks at Washington, and had brought to bear all the influence he could command, I met him one day on the street and asked him how he was getting along. His answer was, "Very well, very well, but there is nothing focal yet." It was wonderfully expressive, and has remained in my memory as a type of the state of uncertainty which accompanies office-seeking. "Nothing focal yet," but a hope that is hard to kill.

There are few offices at Washington the salaries of which enable the incumbent to save any money, and the average experience of those holding places in the departments, I am sure, is, if they would express it, that private business offers better returns and gives a better chance for advancement. The civil service has given a measure of security to the department clerk, but even with this protection there is a sense of insecurity and dependence which is not found in private pursuits. But for many persons there is a fascination about the National Capital, and a zest and excitement in life there that will continue to attract many a young man who could make a much greater and more brilliant career at home.

THE need of a better consular service has been getting a strong hold upon the public mind. The practice has been to make frequent changes in these offices—indeed an almost complete change upon the coming in of an administration of a different party. The duties of a consul relate almost wholly to our commerce with the country where he serves.

Consular officers are required to keep detailed lists of all seamen shipped and discharged by them, specifying their names and nationality, and the names of their vessels; to report to the Secretary of the Treasury full information concerning all vessels arriving at or departing from their stations, giving tonnage, the nature and value of cargoes and the number of seamen; and to verify and certify invoices or shipments of merchandise to this country. They are required to procure and transmit detailed commercial information concerning the country in which they are stationed, and to report prices current of all merchandise usually exported to the United States from their stations, and also to keep posted a copy of tariff rates in force in our country.

An acquaintance with the language of the country is so important as to be nearly indispensable to the full discharge of a consul's duties. For he should be able to go into the shops and offices of commerce, familiarize himself with all new processes, and discover any openings that may present themselves for the extension of our trade. The recent movement by Mr. Cleveland and in Congress for a better qualified and permanent consular force is to be commended.

IT is remarked that changes in the home administration in other countries, such as England and France, do not involve changes in the ministers or ambassadors or consuls, as they do with us. The English Ambassador at Washington holds right on whether the Liberals or the Tories are in power. He represents his country, not a party, and carries out the instructions from the home Government loyally. He is never heard to make speeches attacking the policy of the opposing party—or criticising his own people. Perhaps one of the chief difficulties in our getting a permanent diplomatic and consular service grows out of the fact that the tariff question is one that is always acute in our politics, and the reports of our

(CONTINUATION ON PAGE 30 OF THIS ISSUE)

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*The third of a series of papers upon our Government and its functions, its relations to the people, and their relations to it, which ex-President Harrison is writing for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. The articles began in December, 1895, and will appear in successive issues during the year.

Of these articles have already appeared:

Introductory Paper	December, 1895
"The Constitution"	January, 1896
"The Presidential Office"	February, 1896

MARY ANDERSON AS SHE IS TO-DAY

By Edward W. Bok

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

MARY ANDERSON OF TO-DAY

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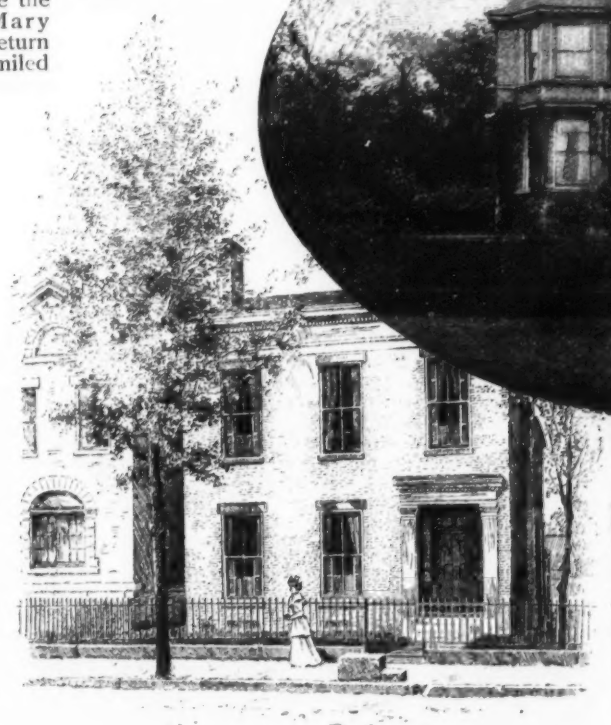
IT WAS early in 1889 that the American public saw Mary Anderson for the last time on the stage. The effects of overwork had shown themselves during the latter part of 1888, but the actress did not heed Nature's demand for rest, and persisted in fulfilling the professional engagements already made for her. When she reached Washington from Cincinnati in March, 1889, she was a sick woman, but she played her week's engagement at the Capital, notwithstanding. Then she journeyed to Baltimore, where she was to appear, but the physician who was called to administer to her ills forbade her from further work, and ordered a long rest—absolute respite from physical effort and mental care. This advice her broken health impelled her to accept, and Mary Anderson's career as an actress was ended then and there. She laid aside the sceptre as "Queen of the American Stage," which she had held unchallenged for several years, and has never since regretted her action nor sought to take up her professional work again. From Baltimore she proceeded directly to Philadelphia to consult Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. That physician readily diagnosed her ailment to be a breaking down of the nervous forces. She was, in short, the victim of overwork, and was not, as was cruelly reported at the time, and has since been more cruelly repeated, threatened with mental disorder.

A few weeks later came the announcement that Mary Anderson would never return to the stage. People smiled knowingly and said, "Oh, she will come back; she cannot keep away from the footlights." Others in her profession had retired and returned, and Mary Anderson would, they thought. But it is seven years now since she made her declaration, and she has kept her word. Nor is it at all likely that she will ever change this decision. Offers, princely in their nature, are repeatedly being made to her, but she turns a deaf ear to them all. Only the past summer overtures came to her from an American manager which insured a big fortune if she would consent to return to the stage for a brief period. There were six figures in the amount stipulated, and the first figure was equal to the total number of numerals in the whole amount. But it had no effect upon her. She turned away from it easily and without an effort. "No," she said, "I am through with the stage." And that was all.



HER LOUISVILLE HOME

THE statement has been made, during the publication of Mrs. de Navarro's autobiographical articles in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, that the writing of her memoirs was, in a sense, a reversal of her determination to retire from public life. The facts in the case are that the work was commenced while she was still Mary Anderson, and while England and America were at her feet in adulation of her as an actress. Eight years ago the first chapter was written, and she promised an American friend that she would finish it then. But her illness intervened, and it was laid aside. After her marriage and retirement from public life the friend again urged her to finish the task, and once more she made a promise to do so. But her reluctance to appear before the public in any sense reconquered her, and she wrote only two more chapters. Then the friend who had urged her to write her memoirs, died, and she determined to fulfill her promise to him. The autobiography was again taken up, and completed last summer. It was her wish to have the book appear very quietly. But the persuasions of friends finally prevailed, and although she had put aside the offers of nearly all the American magazines she was finally induced to make an exception in favor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, a magazine of which she had always been a reader. She wished that her words might reach the largest audience, so that while telling the story of her life she might reach the ears of hundreds of thousands of young girls and disillusionize them with the glitter and glare of the footlights, and possibly dissuade them from undertaking a career on the stage. This may not have made itself as definitely apparent in the articles published in the magazine as it is in her complete autobiography which is published this month under the title of "A Few Memories." But even in the articles published in the JOURNAL it has been quite clear to the discerning that while Mrs. de Navarro pictured the bright side of her career she never missed a chance to present the contrasting one. Her autobiography simply echoes her wish to dissuade as many young girls as she can from entering the theatrical profession—no matter how gifted they may be. She does not, from any standpoint, believe in the stage as a career for girls, and few can speak from a brighter experience than can Mary Anderson. But even the unusual success which she attained showed her the other phases of an actress' life—those phases which confront ninety-nine out of every hundred girls who go upon the stage. And these phases are so dangerous, so full of pains, trials, disappointments and griefs, that the results, no matter how brilliant, are not worth the ordeal necessary to reach them. It is to Mrs. de Navarro's lasting credit as a woman that she has the courage of her convictions, and gives them utterance openly and fearlessly. I have digressed from my story with this paragraph because I think that what I have said here is due to Mrs. de Navarro and her purpose in giving the interesting story of her life to the public.

And now to resume the story I started out to tell:

THREE VIEWS OF HER TUNBRIDGE WELLS HOME

A MONTH'S complete rest, combined with Dr. Mitchell's professional care, did much for the prostrated actress. On April 3, 1889, she left Philadelphia, and sailed from New York and away from her native land on the following day. For an entire year she sought seclusion in England and devoted herself to mending her badly-shattered health. Then, on June 17, 1890, she was married, without the least ostentation, at the Roman Catholic Chapel of St. Mary's, in Hampstead, to Mr. Antonio de Navarro, a friend of over ten years' standing—both of herself and of her family. The young couple traveled in Europe for awhile, and then returned to England to settle in a cozy home of their own at Tunbridge Wells, an hour's ride from London.

In 1893 death came into this happy young woman's life, and carried off her stepfather, Dr. Hamilton Griffin, who had been both father and manager to her—her own father, Charles Joseph Anderson, having died in America in 1863, when he was but twenty-nine years of age, and the future actress only four. The following year, on December 7, 1894, death came even closer to Mrs. de Navarro, taking from her her new-born son after but a few hours of life. For a long time Mrs. de Navarro was seriously ill, and for a few weeks the gravest doubts of her recovery prevailed. But she rallied, and safely passed through the only sorrow that has entered into her married life.

FOR one need only spend a few hours with the Mary Anderson—it seems strange to call her aught else, so I adhere to the familiar name—of to-day to see how thoroughly happy is her life. There is no mistaking true married happiness when one meets it, and one certainly finds it in the Navarro household. Husband and wife have spent nearly six years together, and they are lovers still. Their life seems a continuous honeymoon. It is a world for two in which they live—not a selfish, contracted world, but a world of perfect understanding, perfect union and ideal love. Their interests are one; their thoughts seem to belong to each other. It is the life of true comrades which these two lead, and it has the strength of true affection about it. To picture such an ideal, sacred union as exists here in cold type seems incongruous; surely, it is impossible. One can only see it, and almost catch its glow. But there the pen must cease. It is a memory to carry away, but not a recollection to describe.

A little more than a year ago their home at Tunbridge Wells was leased, and since then Mr. and Mrs. de Navarro have been wanderers upon the face of the earth, so to speak. They go where they please; they stay as long as they please. Sometimes the fancy of the one or of the other takes them across the Channel for a stay in Paris. At other times their tastes lead them further into Europe, and they wander on the continent. Last summer they chose a quiet nook at Malvern Wells, one of those idyllic spots in the Worcestershire country of England where life seems well nigh perfect. Here, in a comfortable but unostentatious private hotel resembling a French *pension*, the Navarros spent three months, crossing over the country now and then to Broadway, a place made famous as an artists' resort by Frank Millet, John Sargent, Edwin Abbey and Albert Parsons. After the beauty of autumn left the hills of Worcestershire they journeyed to London, and spent a couple of months with Mrs. de Navarro's mother and sister, whose home is

there. And so their days are happily spent: it is a season in one ideal spot, then a season in another, and with friends at hand wherever they may choose to go they can enjoy their own company, or that of others, as may best suit their pleasure.

Mrs. de Navarro's love of woods, fields and streams, in which her husband joins, will doubtless lead them to finally settle in one of those idyllic rural spots in which England abounds. In fact, there is now such a place to which their inclinations tend—a spot in the south of England, a typical English snuggery, nestling in a beautiful country, where bowery lanes, and round green hills, and thatched-roof cottages abound. It is a picturesque house, smothered in roses and concealed among trees. Once it was the home of a great painter. To point it out on the map would be to reveal a confidence, while to present a picture of it is not. Hence, one of the illustrations to this article portrays the nook which some day, most probably, will be the spot selected by the happy young couple for their home.

BUT to see and to talk with Mary Anderson as she is to-day brings one no suggestion whatever of the once-famous "Queen of the Stage." Nothing about her recalls her past triumphs in the histrionic art, unless it be her beauty and her manner. She is now thirty-seven, in the full flush of perfect, mature womanhood. One not having seen her since she abandoned her professional career will observe that her tall, graceful figure is more rounded—with a slight tendency toward stoutness. Six years have made no changes in the beauty of her features except to ripen and soften it. The girlish fairness has been transformed into a more mature, womanly beauty. Her vivacity of manner—always one of her most delightful characteristics—has not been modified in the slightest degree; the same heartiness of spirit and healthy enthusiasm, so well remembered by those who knew her intimately; the same wholesomeness of thought; the same merry laugh—as if she laughed because she enjoyed nothing better in the world; the same quickness and readiness of speech; the same animation of the eyes are unchanged unless they be further accentuated, and in their development made more winsome and attractive. But of the actress nothing remains.

Her past is her past, and unless one recalls it neither its trials nor triumphs seem to come back to her. And even when the past—her stage career—is brought up the results are not exactly satisfactory, considered from a conversational standpoint. She recalls her successes, of course; Mary Anderson is not the woman to forget the kindnesses that were showered upon her. But that part of her life is past—to her—and nearly lost sight of. Not a portrait in her surroundings presents or suggests her as an actress. Of all the hundreds of character photographs taken of her she does not possess a single one. Nor has she a program of one of her performances. The names of the American theatres where she scored even her greatest successes she can recall only with apparent effort. So thoroughly blotted out are the details of the most important epochs in her stage career that when she was asked, only recently, the date of her last appearance, she replied that it was at the time of the inauguration of President Hayes, twelve years wide of the actual occurrence! Nor does she seem in any way to incline toward refreshing her recollection of the chief incidents of her brilliant dramatic career. She is simply too happy in the living present to pay much heed to the dead past.

IT is only natural to believe that one who figured so prominently in the stage history of this generation should, even when retired from it, feel an inclination to see the efforts of others. But in this Mary Anderson also differs from her fellow-actors. The theatre does not even appear to hold for her any unusual degree of fascination. In fact, she may be said to attend the theatre very rarely. She is more frequently absent from the conspicuous or noteworthy theatrical productions than she is in attendance upon them.

"But you must enjoy the play keenly when you do attend!" I suggested to her.

"I enjoy it, but not more so than my husband, or my mother, or any one else who likes to see a good play well acted," she replied. And there was no enthusiasm in the voice whatever.

"And you never long for the life again when you see it before you?" I asked.

"Oh, dear, no! It doesn't appeal to me in that way at all. When I see a Shakespearean play the thought never occurs to me that I played a part in it myself once. I guess it must be that I never played that part very well. And now, come and I'll show you a grand view. Come on, Tony"—to her husband. The prospect of a climb up a steep hill seemed to interest her more than all the plays and players on the stage.

"Now, isn't that grand; isn't that sublime?" she said enthusiastically as one beautiful afternoon we stood upon the summit of a hill, and miles of English landscape lay in the valleys beneath us. Neither her husband nor myself could talk after the exertion of the hour's climb. But she could and did. We simply nodded, and puffed and sparred for breath. Then, for just a single moment, the actress came up before me, as she recited, in the sweet-toned voice with which so many are reminiscently familiar, some beautiful lines of Tennyson's. And as she stood there with God's sunshine pouring full upon her face, her figure erect, her eyes sparkling in appreciation of the delightful landscape, and her cheeks flushed from the exercise, she presented a picture that I wish all Americans could have seen.

"I love to see acres of blue sky," broke in upon my reverie. "I just adore God's pure sunshine. Oh, it is so good to live! But, come on! Now we'll do some climbing," and looking far down the path ascended, we men wondered by what name our fair companion called what we had been doing to reach that present height!

But no outdoor exercise seems too much or too great for Mrs. de Navarro. She delights in the open air, a vigorous walk, a hard climb, a drive in the teeth of the wind, or a brisk gallop in the saddle. Lord Tennyson, who was one of the warmest admiring friends of the fair American, always found delight in having her accompany him on his strolls over the great rolling downs near Farringford, in the Isle of Wight. Lord Tennyson's family became greatly attached to her upon her first visit, and are her closest friends. Each summer she visits the family, who look forward always with the pleasantest anticipations to having her as their guest. The present Lord Tennyson himself aided her and her husband in preparing her memoirs for publication, and read the entire manuscript, proffering many suggestions which the authoress gladly availed herself of.

As I have said, Mrs. de Navarro is happiest when outdoors. She attires herself for her outings in a costume which has greater regard for the comfort of its wearer than for style or appearance. "I look disreputable, I know," she said one day when starting for a walk, "but we don't care for style, Tony and I, do we, Tony? We go in for comfort." And they get it, too. The weather, however bad, never deters them from taking their walks or drives. They simply dress to discount the discomforts it offers.

SOCIETY—the society with the large S—sees next to nothing of Mrs. de Navarro now. When she goes to London from the country the society she cares for is that of her own family circle, and the little groups of friends, the painters, poets and authors, who were among the first to give her greeting when she came to England. Her chief amusement is to go to the picture galleries of every town she visits. The gray old cathedrals of England, and the quaint streets of gabled buildings interest her immensely. Her enthusiasm is greatest when she can ramble about the places where history was made. Under competent guidance she explored old London to its very core not long since. She enjoys that sort of thing much more than the fêtes which were once held in honor of her as a tragedy-queen. It was better fun for her to dine off beefsteak pudding at Dr. Johnson's old haunt, the "Cheshire Cheese," than to be the chief guest at a banquet in Mayfair. There was more delight in rambling through the precincts of the Temple, and visiting Middle Temple Hall, where, as they say, a performance of "Twelfth Night" was given under Shakespeare's direction before Queen Elizabeth, than to enact a Shakespearean heroine to a cheering audience. And such are her chief delights and diversions.

THE PROSPECTIVE HOME IN DEVONSHIRE

MARY ANDERSON'S loyalty to the church of her faith has always been one of her most prominent and beautiful characteristics. Never during her stage days did she permit her fatiguing work to interfere with her devotions. Sunday morning, in whatever city or town she happened to be, found her at worship. The nearest Roman Catholic church was her temple, where she passed at least two hours invoking spiritual guidance. It is the same now. If anything, her devotion to the church is greater. During all of last summer each Sunday morning she attended the little Catholic church at Malvern Wells, at early mass, singing in the choir while her husband supplied the accompaniment on the organ. She has a rich, liquid quality in her voice that is easily and prettily distinguishable in a quartette. When she was first attracted to a public career, as she has made clear in her autobiographical papers in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, it was to the operatic stage her mind first turned. Now, with leisure at her command and only her own inclinations to follow, she has undertaken the cultivation of her voice under one of the best vocal teachers in London. This talent, she explains, she means to use in the future in singing in small Catholic churches wherever her travels may lead her. In this way, fortunately, perhaps, the public—or a small part of it—may see her again.

NOT a little of the happiness which is Mary Anderson's to-day comes from the fact that she married the right man. That her husband has proven his right to her affections admits of no doubt. For nearly ten years he was her suitor; for six years he has been her devoted helpmeet and inseparable companion. The two are never apart. Charming a woman as Mary Anderson is, her husband, Antonio de Navarro, is none the less attractive in his strong and manly character. He comes of good stock, and his gentle breeding manifests itself. Although generally called Antonio de Navarro, his full baptismal name is Antonio Fernando Navarro de Viana. On his father's side he comes of noble Spanish and Italian lineage, one of his ancestors, Pedro Navarro, accompanying Columbus on his second voyage to America in 1493. In statecraft and military and naval history the Navarro family is prominent in three countries: Spain, Italy and America. Antonio Navarro (appointed by Philip II) was Admiral-in-Chief of all the naval forces in America in 1579. On his mother's side the husband of Mary Anderson comes of old Dutch stock: the Dykers family. He is the eldest son, and is now thirty-six years of age. He is a graduate of Columbia College, in New York, a member of the New York bar, and previous to his marriage practiced law. In personal appearance he is the exact opposite of his wife. He is shorter in stature, with dark eyes and black hair strongly suggesting his Spanish lineage. He can truthfully be called a handsome man. His manner is retiring, his whole style of deportment being typical of that quiet reserve and modesty which distinguish good breeding. He has linguistic accomplishments, speaking three languages with equal fluency. In music he shares his wife's fondness, and performs on several instruments, excelling upon the organ. He is well-read, widely-traveled, and, in consequence, a delightful conversationalist.

WHEN she is in London Mrs. de Navarro is always surrounded by members of her own family. Her mother, Mrs. Griffin, lives away up in the northwestern part of the city—Haverstock Hill. When she comes to town Mrs. de Navarro and her husband make it their stopping-place. Her younger half-sister, Miss Blanche Griffin, even prettier of face than her fond and famous sister, lives with her mother, while her eldest brother, Joseph Anderson—who, it will be remembered, married one of the daughters of Lawrence Barrett—lives not far away in a home of his own. Like his sister, he also renounced the stage some years ago, and is now attached to one of the English newspapers. Her stepbrother, Frank Griffin, likewise lives in England. So that on her side it is, indeed, a reunited and almost complete family whenever Mrs. de Navarro finds her way to the English metropolis. Mr. de Navarro's family resides in America—most of the time in New York City. This fact, and her love for her native land, will not unlikely bring Mrs. de Navarro back to America on a visit some time, perhaps soon. She has a wish to come, and so has her husband. But naturally they prefer spending most of their time in England. Rural life is so infinitely more pleasant there than anywhere else in the world, and when she wishes to see her mother and family she need only go to London. She has property there; her closest affiliations are now there. Who can cavil at her, then, for staying where she finds life so ideally happy?

AND so one must leave the Mary Anderson that was and the Mrs. Antonio de Navarro that is, happy as a queen in the love of her husband, and with her kin close to her. Happier by far is she as a wife than when, as an actress, she received the plaudits of two continents. She presents, unquestionably, the most remarkable example ever known of voluntary and contented relinquishment of a brilliant career crowned with fame, wealth, the homage of the public and the favor of great men and illustrious women. Mrs. Kendall, a close friend of the Navarros, spoke truthfully when not long ago she said: "Mary Anderson's retirement is the most absolute that has been heard of in our profession or in any other. It entitles her to public respect quite as much as any of the brilliant work she ever did. It is characteristic of her. She has kept her word. She has not coquetted with the public. She never did that. But she has done what we all say we will do, but what so few of us, perhaps none of the rest of us, ever do, she has maintained the privacy of her retirement. She has resisted all the attractions of publicity, and strictly maintains the sanctity of private life. We should honor her for her consistency."

THE idea must not be had, however, that it is from any disrespect to the public that she withdraws from its gaze. She simply believes (and who shall deny her the right to the belief?) that she gave to the public an adequate return for its liberal bestowals and loyalty; she yielded to it as much of her life as she felt she could or should spare. The rest of her life she gives to her husband and those who are dearest to her. If the urgent persuasions of her friends prevail she may write occasionally for the public, since she has demonstrated that she can interest and charm with her pen. A diary, in which she has kept a record of her life since her marriage, is delightful reading, and it is not improbable that she will allow this to be published. But whatever other talents, gifts or charms may be hers they will be given expression only for her family and her friends. No one can say this is selfishness, for I venture to say that not a more generous woman lives to-day than Mrs. de Navarro. Were she vain she would not have retired while the world was ringing with praise of her beauty and talent. Had she felt the fascinations of publicity she would not have divorced herself from the public. For Mary Anderson is not an ascetic. She enjoys living, and that is what she is doing to-day.

"A voice that was beautiful indeed"

THE VIOLET

By Julia Magruder

Author of "A Beautiful Alien," "The Princess Sonia," etc.

DRAWINGS BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

VII

IN spite of Violet's determination to seclude herself she could not altogether escape notice, as her position compelled her to be seen with her young charge, in driving, shopping, etc., and she always appeared at the entertainments which Louie gave at her own house. Grandmamma could by no means be got to sit through a fashionable function, and so Mrs. Bertrand had always to take her place when Louie had guests to dinner or tea.

Her manner, however, on these occasions was so coldly reserved that those of Louie's guests who made any effort toward anything going beyond the most formal acquaintance were unsuccessful. When one is very resolute to accomplish an end it is apt to be accomplished, and there are always leaves for a violet to hide behind; and so, as the winter passed, Mrs. Bertrand had the satisfaction of feeling that she had been measurably successful in gaining her end. People talked of her to Louie, of course, and praised her beauty and spoke admiringly of her charm of manner, and asked some questions, but these developed so little that was sensational or exciting that there was nothing to feed curiosity, and it languished, if it did not quite die.

Every day the bond grew sweeter and stronger between Louie and her older friend, and their intercourse had come to be a quite unlooked-for delight to the latter. It was also a pleasure, which she did not deny, to have established an easy and delightful friendship with Pembroke Jerome. He alone, of all their visitors, was free to come as he chose to the little snuggery up-stairs, where they had their tea on such evenings as there were no visitors, and where very often he joined them. This privilege he enjoyed greatly; the calls afforded him genuine delight.

One afternoon when he knocked at the door he was surprised to hear singing within to the accompaniment of a guitar. The voice was low, gentle, tender, thrillingly clear and sweet. It stopped suddenly at his rap, but he entered in time to see that Mrs. Bertrand was the singer. She hastily laid aside her guitar and stood up in some confusion. Louie, however, clapped her hands in a childish glee and loving exultation, and, turning toward the unannounced caller, said sweetly:

"Oh, how glad I am! She's found out! She is such a tyrant over me that she had made me promise her solemnly that I would tell no one that she had a voice. I don't know how she forces these concessions out of me, but, somehow, she does. I've been aching to tell you, Cousin Pem, and now you've simply got to make her sing for you."

"Well, decidedly," said Jerome, "I should think so!"

"Oh, please, please let me off!" said Violet. "Who could have foreseen that you would come in such weather as this? I never dreamed of your coming in while I was singing."

"The weather is just of a sort to make me long for a cozy experience like this, and appreciate it when I get it. Now," he added, with an air and tone of great deliberateness, "I have been thwarted long enough, and I am going to have things exactly my own way. Mrs. Bertrand, you are to sing me a song, while I sit here and listen, and be happy."

Louie, delighted, handed the guitar to Violet.

She did not say no; she hesitated visibly.

"You will not refuse," said Jerome earnestly and decisively. "It is a favor which you can confer upon two people who would do their utmost to please you."

Violet took the guitar, and he saw that she yielded. Indeed, she felt it impossible not to yield to such an appeal as this.

"Sing the song that I interrupted," said Jerome. "I have hauntings of it that make me long for more."

"You do not know it then?" she asked.

"Jerome stood and watched them"

"The Violet" was commenced in December, 1895, JOURNAL.

"No—it was unfamiliar," Jerome said in reply.

Violet struck a chord and began, with a voice that was beautiful indeed, these words:

"Love me, sweet, with all thou art,
Feeling, thinking, seeing—
Love me in the lightest part,
Love me with full being.
Love me with thine open youth,
In its frank surrender;
With the vowing of thy mouth,
With its silence tender."

It was in a silence tender that she played a little interlude, and then went on:

"Love me with thy voice that turns
Sudden faint above me;
Love me with thy blush that burns
When I murmur, 'Love me!'
Love me with thy thinking soul—
Break it to love-sighing;
Love me with thy thoughts that roll
On through living, dying."

Jerome was enchanted. He was a fastidious man and here he recognized something rare—and the lovely voice was also perfectly trained. Added to this, the melody—that exquisite one from the Russian—was soothing, stimulating, delicious. The words, moreover, fascinated him.

Violet sang on:

"Love me in thy joyous airs,
When the world hath crowned thee!
Love me kneeling at thy prayers,
With the angels round thee;
Love me pure as musers do,
Up the woodlands shady;
Love me gayly fast and true,
As a winsome lady."

Could a picture of man's longing in love be more deliciously put? The words, the music, the voice, the singer together made up perfection.

Jerome felt himself deeply moved, and bade the feeling welcome. It had been his belief, and his regret, that he could be moved so little, but this song and this singer seemed to be giving him back a passionately-desired boon—a whiff of the "wild freshness of morning." He bent eagerly to hear more. It seemed to be the very voice of his own heart that spoke. And the thrilling voice went on:

"Through all hopes that keep us brave,
Further off or nigher;
Love me for the house and grave,
And for something higher.
Thus, if thou wilt prove me, dear,
Woman's love no fable,
I will love thee—half a year—
As a man is able."

The expression, half-sad, half-mischievous, with which she looked up at him, as she ended, was a revelation of herself to him which he had never had before. The conclusion of the song piqued, stimulated, irritated him, and filled him with strong impulses to which he knew he might not dare to yield.

While Louie joked about the song and its unexpected conclusion he suddenly grew grave, and rather abrubtly took his leave.

It happened, the very next afternoon, that Jerome was knocking at the sitting-room door, where Violet sat alone by the fire. Louie had gone to a tea, and Mrs. Bertrand had given the servant orders to say that all the ladies were out, so when she called, "Come in," in answer to the tap at the door, she was greatly surprised when Jerome entered.

"So this is the veracious lady who calls herself not at home!" he said. "I came up, all the same, to get warmed and rested, and now that I'm here you won't refuse to let me stay?"

Violet, who was all in black, and looking unusually frail, fair and *spirituelle*, got up and shook hands with him formally. There was not the shade of a resemblance between this gently passive, sad-looking woman and the sprite of the day before. She was scarcely less lovely, however, and the variousness of her moods and phases was stimulating to him rather than discouraging.

He had seated himself near her, and was looking straight into her face.

"I know I am bold," he said, "too bold, perhaps, but I will have to trust you to forgive me. Whether you know it or not, I am your friend, and I must act up to my lights of friendship, and these lead me now to speak to you very frankly, and to remonstrate."

"About what?" she said, her voice listless and her whole expression dispirited.

"Because you are doing the thing which I so continually have to find fault with in people all about me. You are not living up to your privileges."

"My privileges! I was not conscious of having any!" she said with a dreary little smile.

"Then you are wrong—and ungrateful to God and man," he said. "The most wretched of us have our privileges, but yours are unusual ones."

"What?" she asked.

"That of making Louie happier, in the first place; of making me happier, in the second—of making yourself happier, in the third."

"Myself! I have nothing to do with happiness," she said. "We said farewell and parted company long ago."

This man had very penetrating eyes and a very direct and searching way of looking straight at one, so that there was no escape. They were handsome eyes, too, and his definitely well-cut mouth and resolute chin made a combination with them that looked not easy to be resisted. He paused a moment and then said firmly:

"You have an immense capacity for giving happiness to others—this you are bound to realize. That is one of your privileges. You have an equal capacity, whether you know it or not, of being happy yourself—and that is another privilege—both of which it is my ambition to see you live up to."

Violet shook her head.

"You are wrong," she said, "whatever I may have had once, I have no capacity for being happy now. I killed it with my own hands, so I have good reason to know that it is dead."

"Don't you want to be happy?" he said

"Not now. I remember that I once did—in the days that I wanted the moon!"

"Those were wiser days than these, I fancy," he answered, "but think what you are saying. Why should you not have a happy life, as another woman may?"

His voice had changed and softened.

"You ask me a plain question," she said, "to which I must give a direct answer. There is a reason why that cannot be. And now will you prove that you are really my friend by not asking me any more?"

Looking into his eyes she saw that he was strongly moved.

"Do you lay this command of silence on me?" he said. "It will be difficult for me to obey."

"But you will obey," she said. "Life is difficult for us all. You would only make it infinitely more so for me, if you pressed me to answer questions about my past."

"I will never do that," he said, "and if I yield to you in this you will grant me, will you not, so much of your favor as lies in your power, by letting me feel that I really am your friend, whose services and friendship you will avail yourself of, as you can? Will you promise me this?"

"Ah, yes, I promise it," she said. "I have few enough friends to be slow to relinquish such a thing as you offer me. It seemed to me that Louie made life over to me."

"That is what I should like to do," he said, looking straight into her eyes.

He saw her look around her rather helplessly, as if for some means of escape. Her guitar was close at her hand, and almost automatically she took it up and struck a chord.

As she did so Jerome sank backward in his chair, in the depths of which he was out of the glow from the fire, his face being quite in the shadow.

"Sing," he said. "I feel I can be, and do, and refrain from doing, whatever you wish. You need have no fear of me. There is a song that I have longed to hear you sing since the first note I heard you utter. If you know it will you promise to sing it for me—in token of our mutual compact of friendship? It is a song which has a peculiar quality for me. I can't even attempt to say what that quality is. But will you, for our friendship's sake, sing it for me if you know it?"

Violet, without hesitation, promised. She was glad to have the opportunity to show her will to please him, within her own limits.

He mentioned the song, and, with a little start, she struck the chords. It had a peculiar quality for her also. So strange and dominant a one, indeed, that she would not speak to him of it. The fire had burned low, and twilight was gathering, so that they sat almost in darkness as she sang.

The song was "The Garden of Sleep," and she sang the first verse through, dead silence and stillness all about her. The song and the singer, the poignantly sweet voice and the subtle charm of the words were, to the man who listened, absolutely enthralling. He leaned back in his chair, watching her through half-closed lids, his whole being aroused to a keen delight that was at least as much of the nature of pain as joy. When the full, rich, carefully-modulated voice swelled out at the close of the first verse, and then repeated the refrain with a deepened sweetness and soared into more passionate fervor, he closed his eyes and trembled.

After the strain of that soaring sweetness the voice fell gently, and the low, controlled, reserved tones of the second verse began:

"In my garden of sleep, where red poppies are spread,
I wait for the living, alone with the dead,
For a tower in ruins stands guard o'er the sleep
At whose feet are green graves of dear women asleep.
Did they love as I love when they lived by the sea?
Do they wait as I wait for the days that may be?
Oh, heart of my heart,
On the cliffs by the sea,
Near the graves in the grass,
I am waiting for thee."

Again there was the repetition, passionately full and sweet, of those last lines, and then the voice died into silence.

Neither spoke. Violet put by her guitar and leaned back in her place among the green cushions.

The silence gave to each a sense of confidence and of intimacy, which neither cared to disturb.

After some long moments had passed the man spoke.

"I tried once to explain myself to you," he said; "strangely enough it was the first time we met. I have never made the effort with any human being except you, and I am, therefore, the more anxious that you should understand me. I never hear that song but it makes me think of my little childlike wife in her grave in the grass. I don't know why it is considered an indignity for a man to speak of his dead wife, when he is supposed to have outlived her loss. To speak of her ever without sacredness and reserve would be so, but I can speak of that bright young creature, who died the veriest child, without the faintest feeling of disloyalty. I loved her passionately and truly. If she had lived that love would have grown and deepened. She died—twenty years ago—and where is that love? Is any one so wise as to pretend to know? I am a man—a very human man—and that being exists no longer in human form. When I become a spirit I may see her and recognize her again. Whether or not I shall love her as we loved here will be determined, in my belief, by the proof of whether or not she is my soul's mate. I often have a longing that some one shall comprehend me in this. You do feel that you understand me, do you not—and that I am only fulfilling my resolution to be true above all things when I tell you this?"

"I think I understand you perfectly," said Violet. "You are a very honest man."

"And, Violet, a sad one."

But he paused abruptly, noticing that she winced and caught her breath when he called her by her name.

"Forgive me," he said, "that shall not happen again. But let me say this one thing: I have felt it a positive need that you should know and understand me and my life—my present and my past. You wish me to know nothing of yours, and it shall be as you say. But change is always possible, and the time may come when you will feel that you can tell me what I humbly long to know. If that prompting, that possibility ever comes, promise me that you will remember that it is the dearest wish of my heart to possess, not only your friendship, but your confidence."

"I promise it," said Violet, "and oh, do believe that I am grateful, though I seem not to be so! The pain, the misery, the horror of my life I cannot bear to tell to any one. A man cannot suffer in marriage as a woman can."

"Not in the same way, perhaps! God pity you. I wish that the abundance of desire which I have to comfort you and make you happy could avail you something. It lies here, a burden on my heart, and I feel that it can do you no good, though I'd give my life to serve you. Give me your hand one instant, dear woman and dear friend, and let me pledge to you my utmost devotion, whether it can avail you anything or not."

She held out her small slight hand, and he took it into his, then raised it to his lips and kissed it—looking over it into her eyes with a look which haunted Violet's sleeping and waking hours for many a day to come.

VIII

SOME time passed, in which Jerome did not see Violet again. He came to the house, but she was always either lying down or engaged, and he had to pay his visits to Louie and the old lady, with whom he was a favorite.

At last came the evening of the ball, which was to be given for Louie at her guardian's house. She had a smart new gown for it, and more bouquets than she could comfortably carry, and she went off radiant with joy, the one cloud in her sky being her friend's persistent refusal to be present, from which she could not be moved.

When that image of youthful bloom and joy had gone Violet sat alone by the fire in the little sitting-room. In her plain black dress, with smooth, parted hair, there was something almost nunlike in her appearance, a suggestion due, perhaps, in part, to the expression of her eyes. Sad renunciation was written in her eyes to-night. She had looked at Louie, the embodiment of all that was hopeful and pleasant in a woman's lot, and she then turned to face the vision of herself, deprived of all this, and with no ray of expectation that it would ever come.

She had not sat so long when a quick tap at the door was followed by the entrance of Pembroke Jerome.

He was in evening dress, with a gardenia in his coat, and a certain look of energy and excitement in his face which made his good looks far more striking than usual.

As Violet got up to receive him she caught a glimpse of their figures in the mirror opposite, and the contrast between them struck her very forcibly. Perhaps he saw it too, for he said:

"You look like a little *réligieuse*, in your severe black with your Madonna-like coiffure. Why are you not dressed in a gown like Louie's, and ready for the bright evening, which a young and lovely thing like you should find far more to her taste than sitting here alone over the fire? However, you said you wouldn't and that settled it. It was a bitter disappointment to Louie, and a serious one to me, too, but we'll both forgive you if you grant us a very small favor instead of the big one that we asked."

"I will do anything that I can do——" began Violet.

"That settles it. This you can certainly do, with no trouble of any kind. You've simply got to get your cloak and run quickly down to the carriage with me and come around to see the house. Louie is much pleased with the decorations and the table, and has set her heart on your seeing them before the people begin to arrive. Be quick—and you have plenty of time."

She got up at once and went to fetch her cloak, and in another moment they were seated in the carriage and rolling swiftly over the snow-covered streets.

Both of them thought of their last interview, and Violet felt that it was his memory of this which caused him now to lead the conversation away from personal topics and to talk altogether of Louie—her delight in this ball.

When the carriage stopped at the door of the brilliantly-lighted house, and the footman held the door open for his master to alight with his companion, and Violet found herself walking by Jerome's side through the long carpeted aisle under the striped awning, which led from the carriage to the house, a little of the intoxication of the occasion entered into her, and she half wished that she had a ball dress on and was going to stay. Such thoughts as these were, however, with her never more than momentary, and this one scarcely lived before it died.

The hall, as she entered it, was odorous as a hothouse with the breath of roses, violets, carnations and pungent greenery. It was skillfully lighted with lamps, candles and gas, which gave brilliancy without glare, and already a small string band was tuning up and sending forth tentative snatches of a dreamy waltz tune.

Louie came eagerly forward to meet her, spreading her white arms and gathering her against the great bunch of lilies-of-the-valley which ornamented the front of her gown. Violet yielded to the embrace for a moment, drawing in comfort from the touch of the arms as she drew in sweetness from the odor of the flowers.

"I never saw anything half so lovely," she said. "Oh, Louie, Louie, you must be happy! It will break my heart unless you are, child. You have so much to make you so, and your heart is so kind and true I can feel your happiness to-night."

"Darling! I wish I could feel yours," Louie whispered.

"At least you need not feel the contrary, for I'm not unhappy to-night. There is a reflected joy, you know."

When they had inspected the dining-room—its quaint beauty more charming than ever, now that its sombreness was a background for such a superb display of flowers and foliage, and the conservatory beyond the fireplace was lighted with lamps that were almost as beautiful as flowers—they crossed the hall and went toward the empty ballroom. Just as they stood at its entrance the band, now exquisitely harmonized, struck up an alluring waltz tune, played softly, but seductively, and Louie, quick as a flash, passed her arm around her friend's waist, and, before she knew where she was, Violet found herself floating over the smooth floor, and enjoying, to the tips of her toes and fingers, what had once been a source of great delight to her.

Jerome stood and watched them—the slight black figure in its severe short dress, and the taller white one with its floating train and draperies. He could see that the former had thrown herself into the dance with quite as much *abandon* as the latter.

As the figures presently reached him again they stopped, but the music went on, persuading, alluring, compelling.

"Take my place, Cousin Pem," said Louie, "I must not crush my dress, and the waltz is not half finished. Go, Violet!" she said urgently, and Violet, who was under the spell of sound and motion, which had always been powerful with her, was gliding on next moment with Jerome's arm about her and her hand in his.

He had almost given up dancing lately, but he had been known once as one of the best dancers in society, and not an atom of the ease and grace of it had left him.

They floated on together, swaying, bending, turning to the music's voice. The perfect harmony of their steps made them move as one. Beyond the mere pleasure of the dance, Violet had the sweet, strong sense of being supported, guided, led, and all with tenderness, protection and care. And he, beyond it also, had the sense—as keenly sweet—of supporting, guiding, leading her, and having her to trust to his protection.

Down the long room they went, alone together; even Louie had withdrawn from sight, and the musicians were

(CONTINUATION ON PAGE 30 OF THIS ISSUE)

IGNACE IAN PADEREWSKI

[From the photograph preferred by Mr. Paderewski]
Copyright by the London Stereoscopic Company

PADEREWSKI IN HIS DAILY LIFE

By John J. a'Becket

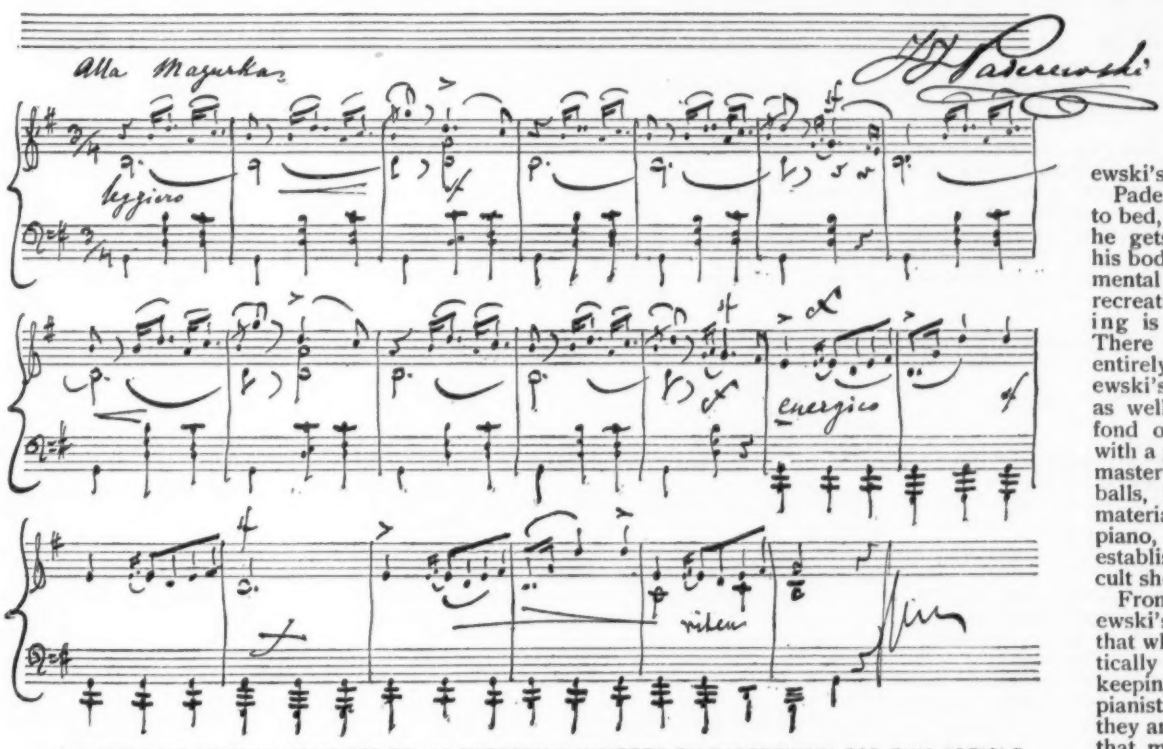
With Illustrations Kindly Loaned by Mr. Paderewski for This Publication

THERE are thousands who know Ignace Ian Paderewski only as a man of forceful personality, who plays the piano better than any being on earth. As he meets the public only as a pianist and a composer the public has no right to know anything more of him than is revealed by his activity at the keyboard and by his own personal appearance. But the public would like to know more of the man, and the suggestions of Paderewski's personal character which are stirred in the observer by his appearance on the concert stage will be confirmed by this knowledge of how the man lives. Refinement, delicacy, strength, and a suspicion of grave reserve, which almost touches on melancholy, are written on his immobile face, and in his tall, slender, wiry physique. His compositions bear out the impressions gained from these sources. There is a sobriety in their gayety, a noble sort of dignity in their seriousness, a fine mastery in their passionate phases.

His life warrants all of these. Born in Russian Poland thirty-six years ago, of parents moderately supplied with earthly goods, but rich in integrity and fine instincts, he lost his mother when very young, the mother from whom he inherited the musical nature which has made him famous. At nineteen he married, only to have death wound his heart once more with awful bitterness a year later, when his young wife died. But he gathered one solace from his brief married life, though even this joy was not unfreighted with sorrow—for the baby boy whom the dying wife left to the young father is a cripple. Here is enough to induce a serious strain in the most sensitive nature, and Paderewski has the exquisite sensibility of the highest artistic temperament. No wonder, then, that his classic face wears a look of gravity.

How, then, does this man live in his daily life—the daily life of his concert tours, when he is traveling from city to city, and giving the recitals which mean pleasure for thousands, fame and wealth for him, and an assured future of comfort and peace for the crippled boy in Paris? Paderewski rises, as a rule, about ten o'clock on days when he does not give a concert or is traveling. On days when he is to play in the evening he rises at one. By way of morning meal he takes a cup of coffee or tea—nothing else, not even a roll or morsel of bread. He practices usually for five or six hours each day on a piano which he has sent to his room in the hotel as soon as he arrives in a city. When he has an afternoon concert he does not practice at all, however, and if the concert is an evening one he devotes only two or three hours to exercising on the keyboard. In order to strengthen his fingers he plays only five-finger exercises. Like a prize-fighter who is in training this musical athlete devotes himself to a systematic course of gymnastics for strengthening all of the physical powers which are called into play by his performances at the piano. Those long, slender, "piano" fingers are put through their paces until they acquire strength, flexibility, agility and staying power. His magnificent technique is not maintained without this constant fostering and lubricating of its springs. This little band of five faithful servants which each hand commands is in tenure to a wrist like steel. But his arms also have to be strengthened. For this purpose he employs an apparatus which he designed and had made himself. What this is he knows, and nobody else. For a general tone to his system he uses, when resting, a pair of light dumb-bells, weighing twelve ounces apiece.

AS A BOY PIANIST AT FOURTEEN

[Taken during his first concert tour, as a pianist, in Russia]

A SAMPLE OF ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT, AS EXPRESSLY WRITTEN BY PADEREWSKI FOR THIS ARTICLE

On the day of a concert he eats nothings until it is concluded except one soft-boiled egg! When it is over he takes a hearty meal, which he enjoys thoroughly, as his appetite is excellent though he is so abstemious. During a concert he drinks a soda lemonade made without sugar. It need hardly be said that this is not intended as a stimulant. Nobody would detect the presence of that weak little drink in his system from his playing after the intermission at his concerts. After the concert he permits himself a draught of some malt beverage.

When he is making a concert tour he devotes himself rigorously to business. He is fond of society, and when he is at home in his comfortable, well-appointed residence in Paris, he takes pleasure in mingling in the best society the French capital possesses. During his tour he does not go out nor take part in any social functions. There is only one exception to this: he will sometimes go to a children's party. He is very fond of children, and where he will promptly decline some big social function he will accept an invitation to one of these gatherings of little folks. Although Paderewski does not care to play at a social gathering of which he is a part, preferring to enjoy it on the same level as the other guests, yet at these children's parties he willingly, and with a sympathetic pleasure, sits at the piano and plays.

In all that he does Paderewski is serious. He lives up to the expression marked on his face. He is fond of reading, but he never reads novels, and never reads a newspaper. This seems a little astonishing in a man who could find in their columns so much of which, not vanity, but a healthy regard for honest praise, could make pleasant digestion. He reads as a student. At present he is going through the English classics. He is very fond of Heine. This is slightly singular, for the venomous sting with which Heine loves to suddenly pierce his finest poems has no analogue in Paderewski's nature, one of the mainsprings of which is a strong, persistent desire to benefit others, to make life better and more endurable for those whom it may be his fortune to influence. Paderewski's favorite poet, however, is one of his own Polish countrymen, Miskiewicz. However favorably this gentleman may have cultivated the muse "in the fair land of Poland," he is not sufficiently known on these cis-Atlantic shores to make the great pianist's regard for his poetry any clew to Paderewski's own character or tastes.

PADEREWSKI AT THE AGE OF SEVEN

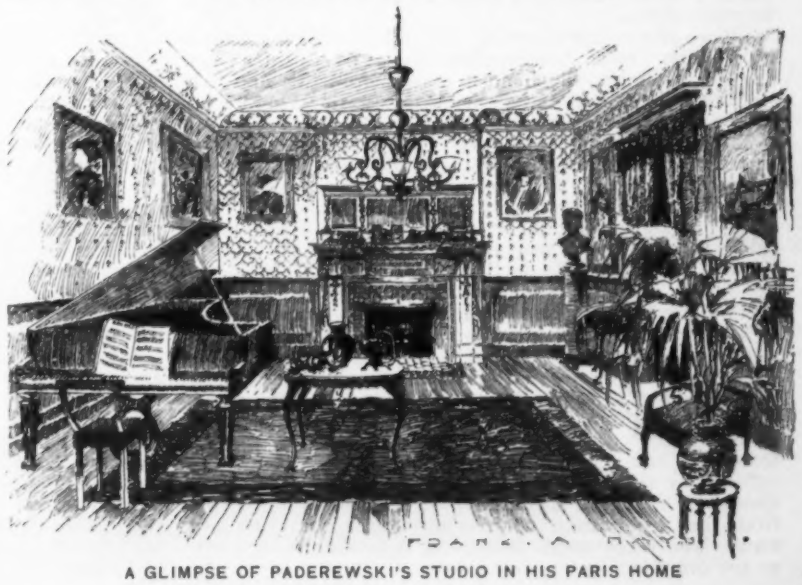
Paderewski reads after he has gone to bed, and reads in the morning before he gets up. In this way he can give his body rest while he is employing his mental faculties profitably and for his recreation. When he is *en tour* reading is almost his only amusement. There is, however, one other, more entirely an amusement, for Paderewski's reading is more or less study as well. This is billiards. He is very fond of the game, and handles a cue with a good deal of skill. If he could master ivory, in the shape of billiard balls, as well as he does the same material when it veneers the keys of a piano, there would be a new record established in billiard runs and difficult shots.

From what has been said of Paderewski's daily routine it will be seen that when he is making a tour he practically devotes his whole energy to keeping himself in "condition" as a pianist. Though he has his pleasures they are of so quiet and serious a kind that most men would chafe under them as irksome. He is fond of walking, and every day takes a constitutional of several miles, and takes a pleasure in it apart from its value as a health-giving exercise.

It is not surprising that Paderewski should be more or less sensitive to surroundings. He could hardly be the kind of pianist he is and be utterly insensible to them. Some phases of the American "lightning-change artist"

AS HE WAS AT NINETEEN

[From a photograph taken on the day before his marriage]



A GLIMPSE OF PADEREWSKI'S STUDIO IN HIS PARIS HOME

of a climate are exceedingly depressing to him. The nasty Saturday on one of his first weeks in New York affected him a good deal, though no one in the audience would have suspected it from his playing. There is where his will power and virtuosity stand him in good stead. Often when he has felt that his subjective mood was impairing the quality of his playing, the critics have found it of his best.

The most difficult thing that Paderewski does is to play in public. What he would like to do would be to give himself entirely to composing. Music-lovers the world over will hope that it may be many a year before he feels that he can do this. Although his ability as a composer is great it is not to be compared to his supreme worth as a piano player. That "moderately-responsive instrument," as George Eliot once called it, under his hands shows what can be wrung from it as it does under scarcely any other's. By acclamation of the majority Paderewski is the greatest of pianists.

WHILE he is *en tour* he rarely attempts to compose. This is the pleasure of his leisure—his vacation. He composes with great facility, and his musical creations are very spontaneous. His "Polish Fantasy," the most ambitious work he has yet produced, was accomplished in five weeks of a summer sojourn at Yport, on the French coast, two years ago. During his Christmas holiday vacation he spent several days of his time in the composition of a new piece of music, which he has written expressly for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, the only work in that line he has found time to accomplish since his "Polish Fantasy" was finished and given to the public.

It seems, also, a little singular that Paderewski never heard Liszt. One would imagine that he would have made a long journey and have undergone much for the sake of listening to this supreme master of the instrument which he plays with such consummate ability. He heard Rubinstein but once. As a composer he regards Liszt as the greater of these two. His own favorite composers are Beethoven, Bach and Chopin. Beethoven he holds as the greatest of composers.

NOTHING keys Paderewski up so much as a sympathetic audience. Of course, there is nothing more natural than this. But, on the other hand, he is not depressed nor irritated by adverse criticism, or a failure on the part of his hearers to seem to grasp adequately what he is generously and richly putting before them. He has no critic so severe as himself. Anything short of what he regards as a perfect intellectual perception on his own part of a composition, the full emotional conception of its character, development and subtlest *nuances*, and the most just, rhythmic, colored evocation of the same from the piano, leaves him dissatisfied with his presentation of it. He has the artistic conscience in the highest degree. He has an unflagging, merciless energy in mastering the most facile virtuosity possible to his powers, but he is too great and thorough a musician not to regard even the perfection of virtuosity as not the primal excellence of musicianly achievement. What he cannot carry off by that higher merit to which virtuosity should be tributary and subordinate he will not condescend to win by relying on that alone.

Such is the daily life of Ignace Ian Paderewski, pianist. If his soul had not been saturated with that strong trinity of sorrows, a motherless boyhood, a premature and youthful widowerhood, and a paternity which found its one object an invalid boy dependent on him for support and happiness, it is possible that Paderewski's playing would have a different and not so potent a charm as it possesses to-day. His life might not be so charged with a certain Spartan-like sobriety and reserve while rich in a warm, earnest spirit of beneficence toward his kind. This is a flight into the realm of conjecture, but it is based on reason and is corroborated by facts.

FINISH IN SINGING

By Charles R. Adams

THE word "finish" implies completion, and in singing, as in many other things, designates the condition of perfection which marks the complete mastery of a subject. The idea which to some extent obtains that such perfection is intended only for a select few is an erroneous one. Perfection should be the goal for which students of every art should aim, and to which they should attain. This is true in the highest degree in the art of singing. Every vocal student should determine to consider his or her studies complete only when he or she can interpret a composition or a character so as to leave nothing to be desired by the listener. But how seldom is this the case; how frequently young women consider themselves "finished" after three months' study with an unknown instructor, supplemented by a half dozen lessons with some famous teacher. The phrase has come to have an entirely false measure of value.

Before proceeding to a discussion of all that is entailed by genuine "finish" in the vocal art, let us consider what are the conditions which must exist before this end can be attained, what the student must recognize before he or she can secure such excellence.

The first requisite for a singer is, of course, a voice; the second, capable instruction. They are actually of about equal value. Possessing the voice the best way to secure a good instructor is to ask the assistance of the singer of highest repute in your neighborhood in your selection. Select a teacher remarkable rather for a knowledge of voice production than for "style," as in the beginning correct instruction in tone production and method are of supremest importance to the student.

It is amazing how few good voices ever reach the maturity of their powers, and especially how few American voices are ever given or realize their proper opportunities. The habit of school singing, as it usually exists, is a pernicious one, and one which should be discouraged until instruction is made to accompany it. Children will force their voices beyond their registers and beyond their volume by singing, or more properly, screaming, in a chorus. One of the special evils of chorus singing arises from the dependence upon other voices for note and tune. The voice needs individual dependence as much as any other faculty.

CHORUS singing is excellent when there is some knowledge behind the singers constituting the chorus, but where they are untrained and ignorant it is harmful in the highest degree. This early destruction of the voice in untrained chorus singing is one of the obstacles in the way of successful vocal training. A second is the incapable instructor, who, knowing nothing of the science underlying the art he attempts to teach, does an infinite amount of harm by rendering proper vocal development and training impossible. A third is the laziness of the average pupil. Even when excellent and competent instruction is given, the pupil, upon whose coöperation with the teacher everything depends, is so lacking in application that he prevents his voice from ever receiving a fair chance for existence and accomplishment.

Given voice, proper instruction and application the next point for consideration will be the correct placing or posing of the voice, *i. e.*, the recognition of its kind and class. This, of course, includes its register as well as its quality. If it be a soprano it will command recognition as to which of the three classes, leggiero, dramatic or mezza-carrattere, it belongs, and if it be a contralto whether it be a low alto or of the mezzo variety. Each such division of voice has its special powers and its special work, and requires its special training.

When the voice is properly classified the serious study of single tones, scales and general exercises must be entered upon. These are also an important step in the foundation for "finish," as they will give the voice flexibility and place it under control, just as the fingers acquire agility and learn to respond to the mental command of the brain in finger exercises in piano practice.

Repose in singing must be acquired, and in accomplishing this the study of oratorio music, and especially the singing of recitative, is to be recommended. Self-confidence must be secured and self-consciousness eradicated. The former will come as the result of a good method, sufficient practice, or to summarize, as a result of a correct knowledge of the art of singing. But it must be a confidence without conceit. Anything more inartistic, and therefore more unfinished, than to permit so personal and objectionable a quality as conceit to be apparent in an impersonal matter it would be difficult to discover. A complete and accurate knowledge of her song will aid much in establishing this sense of confidence in the singer—indeed, it is almost indispensable to it.

The value of operatic training to the singer must be recognized. By vesting herself with another personality she loses self-consciousness, and learns to think of what she is doing, not of who is doing it. The training given the body tends to gracefulness and a lack of bodily consciousness, which adds greatly to the effect and style of the singer.

A sense of imitation is of great value to a singer, but the ability to think and act for self is of greater. This sense of imitation is a natural and limited gift, but it can be assisted and turned to good advantage by the faculties of originality and observation.

Distinct enunciation and correct pronunciation of words are essentials of an artistic, and later of the finished, presentment of a song.

The value of some especial incentive for work cannot be too highly appreciated. The general aim of excellence is good, but it is not constantly efficacious. The effect of some specific engagement to sing is a marvelous aid to accomplishment, and it might be well for both singers and teachers to consider the value of more frequent preparation for especial public or semi-public occasions.

IT is of supreme importance that a singer shall follow exclusively her own individuality in the matter of interpreting a song or a character; that she shall work out for herself the phrasing and points of a composition which will best suit her powers, provided, of course, that the efforts made shall be always musicianly and in good musical taste. The sentiment of the composer must, of course, be respected, but within these limitations the singer's personality and genius have opportunity for asserting themselves. That vague spectre known as the "tradition" of a song or rôle must soon be laid aside. Its period of residence in this world should soon terminate. Originally it represented a most excellent thing, but it has come to be so completely misunderstood that safety seems to promise only in its complete extinction.

The faults most common to the average singer, even when he or she may possess correct tone production and technique, are an inability to phrase correctly, a want of appreciation or knowledge of the song being rendered, and an absence of repose. When to these are added any tricks of manner or of position the absence of "finish" is emphasized and intensified.

A singer may sing a song artistically and yet may miss the conception of the composer or lack some other requisite element of absolute finish. This distinction may be more readily appreciated in the art of painting. A picture may be artistic and still lack finish, which may be described as the sum total of excellence, beyond which nothing more is possible. It is the result, not the accompaniment, of artistic singing. If a singer renders a song artistically, and to this artistic rendering adds repose and the absolute ease which comes from familiarity and confidence in her ability to give the composition its proper effect and correct interpretation, the artistic performance becomes a finished one.

Finish is the greatest factor in public success, although an audience rarely realizes what the element is which makes the performance so entirely enjoyable. It recognizes the effect at once, but is ignorant, as it should be, of the means which produce it. The machinery must remain hidden.

Finish, then, is the result of thorough technique, and of musical intelligence and expression showing themselves in an interpretation of a song or character so perfect throughout that criticism of it is impossible.

Infrequent as is such performance it is far more usual now among both amateurs and professionals than was the case a dozen or so years ago.

Finish has been said to mark the distinction between excellence and mediocrity, and who that lives and strives in art with any real love for his mistress but would prefer the honor and glory of the former to the self-confessed inferiority of the latter? The times change, and our standard for the singer, as for the individual, advances with them. The advance is steadily along all lines—toward perfection, toward completion, toward excellence—and although the goal in art, as in humanity, is still distant, yet each personal advance increases the possibilities and hastens the time for the entire race of mankind.

IMPORTANCE OF SINGING IN TUNE

By Emma Nevada

IT may seem that to dwell upon the importance of singing in tune is unnecessary. But the not infrequent occurrence, and the condoning of this most unpleasant defect, convinces the unbiased mind that such comment is justified by existing conditions. When singers of repute are found

"Dwelling afar from the key,"

and when critical audiences not only endure such performances, but will sometimes even go so far as to assert that it is a matter of no importance whether the singer is in or out of tune, the realization comes that the time is most certainly ripe for a few direct words upon this topic.

The absolute natural requisite of a singer, as of a violinist, is a true and accurate ear. For persons whose musical ear is defective, and whose love for music is keen, there are instruments in which the tones are ready provided, such as the piano or organ, but to them the career of the singer is closed. Lacking that requisite no person should attempt to sing, no teacher should attempt to train. Where the fault of singing out of tune arises from causes other than a defective ear it can often be eradicated, but where it arises from the inability to distinguish the correct note from the incorrect one the case is hopeless. This hopeless condition then exists wherever singing out of tune or off the key is a matter of habit. Where the imperfection is simply an occasional or accidental happening, various causes, which I will enumerate, may account for it, and the fault be overcome.

ONE of the most frequent causes for an occasional false note is that of physical disability. All singers recognize the necessity for keeping themselves in as nearly perfect physical condition as is possible. They realize that the voice is the organ most easily and visibly affected by weakness, weariness or illness. Often the constitution is at fault, and requires a systematic upbuilding and renovation. Sometimes structural malformation must be remedied. But in either case the physical well being must be secured and retained. The fault may also result from a poor method, or from a lack of method, of vocal instruction. Again it may be traceable to an incorrect posing or placing of the voice, where, for instance, either pupil or teacher attempts to train the voice in work for which it is by nature unfitted. When this is the case a change of instructor may be as efficacious as a change of method. Often a good method may have poor representatives. Here the only test possible of application by the pupil is that of personal advancement and improvement. If the voice improves and its powers increase under instruction the training is proper. If, on the other hand, the voice becomes hard and worn, and execution continues increasingly difficult, something is at fault in the teaching. This, of course, applies only to pupils who carry out their masters' requirements intelligently and accurately, as the best of teachers often have incompetent and careless pupils.

ANOTHER cause of false notes is the bad habit, which so many singers cultivate, of attempting to sing notes out of their reach. To sing a high C so that it can scarcely be distinguished from a B natural in alt, is certainly neither artistic, musical nor desirable. Therefore, avoid high notes until they are securely within your grasp. Nervousness and fear have also a paralyzing effect upon the vocal chords, and may cause a flatting, which is as unpleasant as it is distressing. When a singer is frightened, therefore, she may sing out of tune, but she must overcome this nervousness if she wishes to succeed. An audience may excuse it on a first appearance, but it should not endure it thereafter. Nervousness and fear must be as completely eradicated from the singer's art as any other bad habit.

There is a still further reason for singing out of tune, and this is distinctly in the nature of an excuse for a seemingly inexcusable thing—that is, the fact that there is no universal standard of pitch in music. Where a singer has learned her songs or her rôles, to the accompaniment of an instrument or orchestra tuned to the low or French pitch, training the voice to accommodate itself to the instruments, and taking her higher notes—the ones most usually untrue or flat—in a certain fashion, it is most disconcerting to be required to sing with a piano or an orchestra tuned to the higher pitch. This raising of the pitch will sometimes render the work done valueless, and new points and a new accommodation necessary. It is often quite impossible to do this at a moment's notice, and a consequent flatting and unsureness—a lack of confidence—become apparent and affect the performance. The need for a universal standard of pitch is desired by all musicians, but by none more fervently than by singers.

THIS most unpleasant fault may have been accentuated and encouraged by the somewhat chaotic character of musical compositions during the past decade. The tendency to relinquish melody and form—two essentials of true music—for the discord and formlessness which have been the inevitable accompaniments of the much that is good in our later nineteenth century music has surely tended to make the vocal art less vocal and less lyric. Fortunately sanity and clearness are again appearing, and melody—the subject of a musical composition—is again recognized as an essential and underlying requirement. With the return to melody must come its proper interpretation and an end of discord.

All that I have written has been especially addressed to the singer, but it seems to me that a few words to our musical audiences may not be amiss. It is upon their patronage and favor that the professional singer subsists, and upon their kindness that the amateur counts. I would, therefore, urge upon them consideration of the fact that the increase and spread of this habit is the result either of their own ignorance or carelessness. If they do not appreciate the difference between tune and discord they are, like the singer lacking ear, hopeless. But if they do appreciate this distinction, and excuse habitually the exercise of this fault, they are to blame if singers become first careless, and later incorrigible. It is proper that an audience should be lenient with the faults arising from a first appearance, or with the very rare accident of a false note, but it tends toward the destruction of all that is best in the vocal art when it endures and excuses ignorance, laziness or habitual carelessness.

OFF FOR DANCING SCHOOL.

Drawings by Kate Greenaway. Verses by Laura E. Richards.

These words can be sung to the Elizabethan air "To all you ladies now on land," etc

I

We started off for dancing school,
My sisters Twain and I;
The night was lovely, clear and cool,
The moon was in the sky.
I wore a gown of sarcenet blue,
And Madge and Kitty had them too,
For to trip and to skip,
And to skip and to trip,
And be merry all the glad time through.

II

The girls were pranked as gay and bright
As peacocks in their pride;
The parson's Rose was all in white,
Most like an April bride,
Her sister Nell in gown of green,
Good lack! she thought herself a queen,
For to trip and to skip,
And to skip and to trip,
And be merry all the glad time through.

III

The lads in corner huddled close,
Just like a flock of sheep:
Beneath their lids at Nell and Rose
They scarcely dared to peep.
But yet, "How fair so e'er they be,"
Methought, "There's one will come for me,
For to trip and to skip, And to skip and to trip,
And be merry all the glad time through."

IV

The master tapped his fiddle-bow,
And bade us rise to dance.
The girls stood perking in a row,
All waiting for the chance.
And up comes Ned with beck and bow,
And says "Wilt be my partner now,
For to trip and to skip,
And to skip and to trip,
And be merry all the glad time through?"

V

I dropped my curtsey wide and deep,
And gave to Ned my hand.
Pit! pat! my feet the time did keep,
The while we took our stand.
Then ting! tang! ta! the notes did play,
And Ned and I set quick away,
For to trip and to skip,
And to skip and to trip,
And be merry all the glad time through.

VI

Now hop! hop! hop! we all did go,
A slide and then a bounce.
And Rose flew by, a wreath of snow,
And Nell did flaunt and flounce.
"But best," cried Ned, "I like the blue!
And oh, there's none of them all like you,
For to trip and to skip,
And to skip and to trip,
And be merry all the glad time through!"

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

MARCH, 1896

THE AMERICAN LITERARY CENTRE

WHENEVER the literary writer for the editorial pages of our newspapers finds himself without a topic he brings to life one of two subjects: the profits of authorship, or the particular American city best entitled to the distinction of being regarded as the literary centre. Of late, the last-named topic has been made to do duty again in various editorial quarters, and, of course, Boston has come in for the usual number of derogatory remarks as to its literary prestige. This literary preëminence of New England's principal city is either refused it by these editorial writers or it is challenged. The claims of New York are then generally brought forth, and if it is a New York writer who has the pen in hand—which is generally the case—it is settled, to his satisfaction at least, if not to the conviction of his readers, that the literary palm belongs to the Empire City. Not an author of repute can die in New England, but the question is brought to the fore; nor can an author remove his residence from Boston to some other city, but the discussion, so far as it concerns Boston, is renewed. All this discussion of the question of literary ascendancy, so far as cities are concerned, rests between Boston and New York. Naturally New England people hold out for Boston, while New Yorkers "root," as they say in base-ball, for their own city. Of course, controversies of this sort result in settling nothing definite; frequently their only value lies in the suggestion of interesting thoughts which they bring out. It must be confessed that if this result were not attained, the repeated discussions of this subject would savor very strongly of monotony.

THERE was a time in our literary history when we were accustomed to look upon Boston as the centre of everything literary—the wellspring whence all that was best in literature emanated. There was no dispute about the city's right to preëminence in a literary sense. The foremost authors congregated either within or around its borders, the leading literary periodicals of the country belonged largely to Boston and bore the imprints of its publishing houses. An American school of literature was fostered, such as this country never had before and has never had since. It was a brilliant school, too, when we regard such a list of authors as Hawthorne, Emerson, Theodore Parker, Winthrop, Margaret Fuller, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Parkman, George Ripley, Prescott, Thoreau, Sumner, Longfellow, Palfrey, Seba Smith, Phillips, Agassiz, Webster, the Alcotts, Everett, Mrs. Stowe, Dana, Gray, Phelps, and a score or more whose names now escape immediate recall. But, one by one, in the natural course of events, these men and women passed away, until now only one of those whose names are mentioned remains with us. As time went on another, if lesser, school of writers took the places of those departed, and the literary prestige of Boston has been sustained. But, as happens with cities so close to each other as are our American cities, the growth of New York as a commercial centre turned the eyes of the author to that city as a market for his wares. Magazines were started there, publishing houses multiplied, and, as a natural sequence, authors flocked to the metropolis to be closer to what promised a better market and a more productive avenue for the disposal of their writings. Twenty years, let us say, have rolled by, and where do the cities of Boston and New York stand to-day in a literary sense, considering them impartially?

NEW YORK undoubtedly offers the largest market for literature of any city in America. This is naturally so, as must always follow in the case of the largest and wealthiest city of any country. Where the most money is the best brains of a country will, by force, be attracted. The Empire City controls the largest number of publishing houses, even though it cannot claim all the principal ones. It has a larger number of magazines and periodicals of all kinds than any other city, even though it is deprived the right to the first and foremost of all American literary periodicals, the leading eclectic magazine of the world, or of the most widely-circulated channels of serial literature. But, unquestionably, it has the majority, and a powerful majority it is. It has libraries galore, one might almost say, yet the two principal libraries of the country are in other cities. Its list of authors, resident of the city or near it, is long and representative, embracing some of the most gifted pens which make contemporaneous American literature. All these things New York can lay claim to, and justly. It is the first, the most profitable, the most lucrative American literary mart. For the sale of an author's wares it offers more channels than any other city. If all our best writings do not emanate from its immense places of output, a goodly portion undeniably do. But because a city is a great literary mart does it, by that fact, necessarily become a literary centre, in the true sense of that word? Has New York, because of its greater number of publishing houses, periodicals, libraries and resident authors, a truer claim to be regarded as the American literary centre than Boston, with a lesser number of similar institutions? In the eyes of New York Boston is barren of literature and literary talent. But is it barren in reality? For, after all, much as we all must respect New York's opinions, they cannot always be said to be infallible. The most powerful of cities is apt sometimes to err in its judgment of people, or be prejudiced in its opinion of other communities.

IT is, of course, true that an Emerson, a Longfellow, a Parkman or a Lowell no longer lightens the New England horizon. But what horizon does any successor to these masters of essay, poetry, history or prose illumine to-day? Where, in any American city, have we a Longfellow or an Emerson? So far as authors are concerned Boston is hardly barren. We would scarcely so designate a city which has for residents such men and women as Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Edward Everett Hale, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Margaret Deland, Julia Ward Howe, Horace E. Scudder, W. R. Alger, Mrs. James T. Fields, President Eliot, General Walker and John Fiske. And one may even continue such a list with the recital of such names as Robert Grant, F. J. Stimson, Arlo Bates, Frank B. Sanborn, Henry Cabot Lodge, Maria Parloa, Maud Howe Elliot, Mrs. William Claflin, Louise Chandler Moulton, Hezekiah Butterworth, Nathan Haskell Dole and scores of others who have a rightful place in the same connection. Nor, when we speak of Boston's authors, can we stop at those living within its immediate city limits, any more than New York does when it recites its list of literary spirits. No one speaking of Boston literary people could very well omit naming Mary E. Wilkins, who is so fast winning her way to the first place among American writers. Nor can we overlook the fact that Boston can even more rightfully claim Rudyard Kipling, who chose a spot in the New England hills for his desk when he settled in America to strengthen his fame as the foremost writer of the day. Surely Boston can, likewise, claim Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward and Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney as belonging to it—two women who have done so much to dignify and sweeten their country's literature. Only a little farther from Boston's gilded-domed State House, but as closely in touch with it, are Sarah Orne Jewett and Harriet Prescott Spofford, who, with each piece of work they do, add to New England's literary reputation. And one might go on in this way, naming Edward Bellamy, George W. Cable, Edna Dean Proctor, Nora Perry, J. T. Trowbridge, William T. Adams, Susan Coolidge, Sophie Swett—all living close to the centre of New England.

BUT, aside from the men and women who grace and dignify her life, Boston's chief hold upon the cultivation of our country lies, I think, in that literary atmosphere which surrounds her and makes her positively fragrant. Go where you will in Boston it becomes manifest to you that her people are a literary, artistic and cultured people. This cannot be said of many other of our American cities. If a thousand other influences in her life or a score of her institutions did not point to this fact her noble Public Library would alone attest it. One is in no fear of contradiction when he speaks of the new Boston Library as the most magnificent library structure in the world. But it is in its significance that its greatest value rests. It stands as the pioneer of free American libraries supported by general taxation, and as such it is Boston's greatest monument. No two millions of dollars were ever so well spent. Go outside the city and through any of the hundreds of towns in the commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the smallest of them sustains a library, always well selected. Where other States must make offers of contributions for the establishment of libraries in their smaller communities, and make them without acceptance, Massachusetts has a centre of literary knowledge fixed in the smallest hamlet, village or community within its borders. Such things inspire intellectual vitality, from which the true kind of literary atmosphere springs. Things such as these one must consider when any section of our country is spoken of as a literary community or a literary centre. I do not speak at all now of Boston's publishing houses or its periodicals. It has not as many as New York, it is true, but it need not be ashamed of those which it has. It must never be forgotten that the most distinctively American publishing house is in Boston—a house which has done more than any other in this country for the dissemination and upholding of pure American literature. Nor must the fact be overlooked that we are still compelled, when we speak of American magazines, to point to Boston as issuing the most meritorious literary periodical printed in this country. And there are other factors in Boston's literary life equally as commanding. But I do not think their recital is necessary. It does not seem to me that Boston depends upon these factors for her literary standing. Her literary supremacy comes not so much from her institutions as from her people. It is something more than bricks and mortar.

A CONGLOMERATION of publishing houses or a settlement of authors does not make a literary centre by any means. It is the life of the people of a community which gives a place the stamp of intellectuality, a ganglion to which run all lines of influence—literary, artistic or scientific. It is as often in the history which it has made as in the history it is making. An intellectual basis for a literary centre is not made in ten, fifteen or even twenty years. A literary centre is not shifted from one place to another by the removal of some of its principal personages. Authors may move from a certain section, but they cannot carry its literary atmosphere away with them. That remains. Literary history has a way of sticking close to its original environment. This does not mean that Boston or any other city, having been the cradle of a school of literature, can rest upon its laurels and do nothing for the perpetuation of its early influences. Influences can die out, and they do run out unless they are nourished and kept alive. And so far as Boston is concerned no city in America is truer to its repute of the past, nor more careful and watchful of the extension of the influences of that past to its present. It cannot be expected of it, any more than it could be expected of any city, that it shall give two distinct schools of literature to a country. Boston, with New England, has given us one, and a notable school it was and is. The influence of that school is still alive and fresh in every New England home. Every child inhales it and imbibes it. No section has given our country stronger men; no section is yet as marked or as strongly defined in its contribution to American manhood or womanhood of to-day as New England. She sends her people to the West, and centres of cultivation spring up about them. She sends them to the Northwest, to the Southwest and to the Pacific coast, and they at once make an impress upon the intellectual life of the community in which they make their new homes. Such is the influence of Boston and of New England that wherever her people go, there reading, a love of the arts, an understanding of the sciences begin.

IT is not the purpose of these words to contrast Boston with New York to either the advantage of the former or the disadvantage of the latter. They are written to give voice to the thought that a literary centre cannot be created in a single night. And when New York or any other city chooses to establish itself as a literary centre in the minds of its own or any portion of the American people, this fact should be borne in mind. The literary supremacy of Boston over any other American city is not disposed of when it is coupled with ridicule as to the passing away or removal of its authors or literary people. Its literary institutions, its intellectual atmosphere, its scholarly interests remain, and cannot be wiped out nor dimmed by any other community, however larger in population or more powerful in the wealth of its people it may be or become. All nations have their transitory periods, their times of lassitude, in literature as in all other things. Every art has its storms to weather, its periods of stagnation to pass through, its new votaries to educate. So with communities. Because Philadelphia had its period when it was the centre of literary interest of America, it does not make the Quaker City of to-day a barren and unproductive literary waste. The influences of that period, though long past, are still felt in the institutions which are supported in that city at present. Because Boston is resting from its work in building up the great school of literature which it gave to America, and is not by any means finished in giving, is no indication that its literary strength is fading away from it. Its very life, its people, its environments, its institutions are the best indications that this is not so. It is possible that New York may be preparing to give us the next school. It is possible, I say.

I DO not say that Boston is the American literary centre any more than I would care to say it of New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago or San Francisco. Boston, however, has come closer to giving us a literary centre, and comes closer to it to-day than any American city, the same as Philadelphia came close to it at one time, and New York may in the future. But this country is so peculiarly constituted and formed that it can scarcely maintain any single literary centre. One portion of it may be more productive of good literary work than another. But America is unlike France, which has its Paris; or Germany, which has its Berlin; or England, which has its London. In this country we have too many Parises, Berlins and Londons, and we are constantly making new ones. And so when we speak of an American literary centre we are speaking of what, in our present conditions, is a practically impossible thing to maintain. We are too sectional as yet, in our literature as in all other things. We are too prone to speak of things, literary or otherwise, as being Eastern, Western or Southern. The waters of American intellectual life swirl and eddy, and no man can prophesy whence they come or whence they will go. All we can say of our cities or portions of our country, so far as literary strength or eminence is concerned, is that one may be more productive than another. And if we take such a glance to-day the fact cannot be gainsaid that Boston, with New England, has done more for the tone, quality and maintenance of American literature than any other city or portion of our country. And that she will continue, for some time to come, to contribute the best in quality to our reading there is every hope, with very little room for doubt.

WOMEN AND "TIPPING"

FOR some time it has been apparent to men that the "tipping" system in America is fast becoming a nuisance that cannot much longer be tolerated. There was a time when, in America, we were accustomed to speak of the "tip" given to a servant as a foreign custom, and as a thing to be dreaded whenever business or pleasure compelled us to go abroad. But now the custom has not only come over to us, but it exists here in an exaggerated form. In England a waiter receives a sixpence or in Paris a half-franc with a show of courtesy; in fact, for ordinary service, such a fee in either country is considered generous and somewhat American. But in America things have gotten to such a pass that one hesitates to give a waiter anything less than a quarter as a gratuity for even the most trivial service. In some places, in fact, our high and lordly waiters, cabmen and maids consider the proffer of anything less than that sum as an insult to their position, and even receive twenty-five cents not as a courtesy but as a matter of course. I liked, in this connection, the spirit of a friend, who, upon finishing a simple lunch, handed ten cents to the waiter, and receiving no acknowledgment nor nod of thanks for the courtesy, called the waiter back and asked for the return of the dime.

"Now, my friend, the next time," said he, "when you get a fee receive it as such, and thank the person who gives it," and pocketing the coin my friend walked out, leaving the waiter dumb with chagrin. Next day he received a call from the proprietor of the restaurant, who thanked him for enforcing the lesson of politeness.

THE root of this growing evil of "tipping" is not difficult to find. Restaurant keepers and proprietors of public places of all kinds, for the larger part, employ their help at such small wages that it is dependent for its livelihood upon fees from patrons. And the remedy must be found with the employer, who should be compelled to pay his helpers commensurate with the services rendered, and not demand that his customers pay a share of their wages. This is what the public must demand, and what a goodly portion of it will demand if the feeing evil continues to grow. Be that as it may, to apply the best remedy for this obnoxious abuse will be more difficult if women insist upon becoming victims of it, as of late they have shown a tendency to do. As things are at present, and until they can be remedied, a man is more or less expected to fee. But a woman is not. This has always been an understood fact among the class of help which expects fees and gratuities. Recently some women have departed from this line, and if their innovation is followed to any extent the sex as a whole will soon fall under the yoke of the "tipping" system just as men now are. As the matter now stands women have it in their own hands. They are free from the annoyance of the "fee-giving," and they should remain so. The simple rule is to refuse to fee any servant in a public place. The tipping nuisance is one now confined to men; let them abolish or modify it, as soon they must and will. But for women to come under its thraldom will only complicate the matter. It is bad enough as it is; let not the women make it worse.

THE BEST THING IN THE WORLD

By Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D.

NO thorough handling of the matter with which this series of papers is concerned can afford either to ignore the body or to treat it with mere cavalier regard. There is what might be called an intellectual superciliousness, that prides itself on its disdain of what is physical, and that affects to maximize the personal element in our make-up by minimizing the dignity and authority of the body. The fundamental thing to be said about all this matter is that so far from the material part of our nature being an accident, or even a necessary evil, it is a substantial ingredient of our manhood. When God wanted to make the best thing He knew how to make He composed it of one part spirit and one part matter—one grain of deity to one of dust. There is nothing in the history of that transaction to indicate that man without body is man, any more than man without spirit is man. All such reference to the body as that it is a casket for the occupancy of the jewel, or a cage for the temporary retention of the imprisoned spirit, is sheer gratuity, and is like the language that the more favored classes sometimes use of those less favored, who forget that those who are at the top are so in considerable degree because those who are underneath furnish the foundation and make the opportunity. Animalism is an ingrained factor, and we shall be a great deal more sensible and far better off if we accept the situation with serenity. The whole doctrine of the resurrection is a way that scripture and the church have taken to record the importance they attach to the body as an inalienable element of our being.

THE body is so framed in with the other elements of our being that they will not be at their best unless it is at its best, which will not be the case except as consequence of the respect we show it, and dignity we accord to it. Any man who regards his corporeal self as a mere accident, and an awkward appurtenance that has to be temporarily endured, will consider indifference to its requirements as almost a religious duty, and physical excesses as scarcely savoring of the immoral. Asceticism and debauchery are companion branches sprung from one stalk. It is interesting to notice how with characteristic thoroughness scripture comprehends the entire matter when it says, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" The body is the fundamental thing in manhood; and it is one of the facts that ought to arrest and fasten attention that the apostle who did more than any other to build men up was the one who held the regard of his followers to the physical basis upon which such upbuilding could securely rest.

My main contention is, then, that the body is the groundwork upon which the edifice proper has to be reared, and that, as in the case of structures in general, that which is laid at the bottom determines and conditions whatever is afterward put upon it. It is a fact, to which it behooves every earnest reader to give heed, that however far the process of mental or spiritual development may be carried there is little likelihood of its escaping the limitations imposed by the physical premise. So that a sound body is the first prerequisite to a vigorous intellect, a pure heart, and general wealth and ennoblement of spirit. In manhood, as much as in house-building, the foundation keeps asserting itself all the way from the first floor to the roof. The stones laid in the underpinning may be coarse and inelegant, but, even so, each such stone perpetuates itself in silent echo clear up through to the finial. The body is in that respect like an old Stradivarius violin, the ineffable sweetness of whose music is outcome and quotation from the coarse fibre of the case upon which its strings are strung. It is a very pleasant delusion that what we call the higher qualities and energies of a person maintain that self-centred kind of existence that enables them to discard and contemn all dependence upon what is lower and less refined than themselves, but it is a delusion that always wilts in an atmosphere of fact. Climb high as we like our ladder will still require to rest on the ground; and it is probable that the keenest intellectual intuition, and the most delicate throb of passion would, if analysis could be carried so far, be discovered to have its connections with the rather material affair that we know as the body.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The second of a series of articles by Dr. Parkhurst addressed to young men, which began in the JOURNAL of February, 1896, and will continue throughout the year.

IT is, I believe, conceded that those various anomalies of intellect classed under the general term of insanity have their grounds in some abnormal condition of the physical organism. It is presumable that there is no such thing as mental derangement apart from some correlative derangement of the physical factor. Now that which holds in cases of extreme anomaly it is safe to suppose holds as accurately and fixedly where the intellectual aberration is slight or even infinitesimal, and that every mental idiosyncrasy is the reflection of some probably unsuspected derangement having its seat in the body proper. In all this I am seeking only to set forth in a way to be appreciated the delicacy and intimacy of connection subsisting between what we are as animals and what we are as persons, the dependence of the latter upon the former, and the distinct necessity we are therefore under of making the body the prime and persistent object of regard if we have any ambition of a sort that looks higher than the body and transcends it. Not only is there a recognition of this dependence of intellect upon physical conditions, but considerable of what used to be known as wickedness pure and simple is coming to be referred to the body, and recognized as bodily defect or bodily degeneracy. Without trespassing in any dangerous way upon the domain of ethics it is still prudent to say that there is a very true and serious sense in which alcoholism, for instance, is a disease, and in which sensuality in all its varieties is a good deal more matter of the body than it is of the heart. I am not in this apologizing for sensuality, and am going no farther than seems warranted by the plain interpretation of the seventh chapter of Romans. My only purpose in all these references is to have it felt that whatever is distinctive of man in the higher range of his possibilities is bound back into material grounds, and largely limited by those grounds. That is true here which is true in architecture, that the character of the foundation decides both the horizontal and the vertical dimensions of what can be put upon it. Wherever we look, delicacy in the finish has to stay itself upon something corporeal in the start. Camilla Urso and Ole Bull could melt an audience to tears because the wooden case upon which they strung the vibrating catgut was made of Alpine pine. The object I have in this is not to intimate that musical sensibility is any the less fine for being stirred into passion by coarse implements, or that a man's intellectual action or æsthetic or religious enthusiasm means any less because depending for its support upon the foundation of animal body. My only concern is that those who are thinking about the superstructure of earnest intelligence and an elevated and vigorous personality should never forget the fact of such dependence, but should, with sagacious and conscientious fidelity, devote themselves to bone, flesh, muscle and blood as measuring the possibilities of personal power which human animalism is appointed to support.

IF we needed any further illustration of this principle it would be furnished by the familiar fact that physical conditions are continually asserting themselves, and sometimes very imperiously, in the complexion which the world wears to our eyes, and the aspect under which realities, particularly of the finer sort, address themselves to our thoughts, tastes and consciences. Hardly more does the condition of the body determine the quality and strength of our appetite for food than does that same condition determine the zest with which we appropriate the bestowments that reach us from the realms of the beautiful, the true and the good. The body is a kind of sleeping partner in every act of cognition, appreciation and faith. It is an interesting fact that all of those to whom Christ made His revelations were out-of-door men—men, therefore, presumably whose anatomy and physiology were not of a kind to interfere confusingly or becloudingly with their apprehension of the realities tendered to them. Temperament is almost as important a factor in opinion as is the mind itself, and temperament is an affair of the body. Any man who is himself in any degree the subject of tidal oscillation knows that his own little world is liable to have its day marked off from its night by a transition almost as sharp as that which cuts in two the twenty-four hours of the terrestrial day. I am not saying that this latter is a natural or a necessary order of things, but that it is a common order, and that it is only one of the many ways in which mind's dependence upon body asserts itself. For a man to be told under such circumstances that he ought to break loose from the body's domination would be a good deal like telling a man who wears blue glasses that he ought to mutiny against the domination of his spectacles and have the indigo eliminated from his perceptions.

IT is a little singular, moreover, that the higher the range which thought takes the more dependent upon physical conditions its action seems oftentimes to be, something as the higher a house is carried the more evident becomes any deviation which the foundation makes from the line of horizontal. Whether a man has a sanguine or a melancholic temperament will make little difference with his apprehension of the multiplication table, but will make a world of difference with his appreciation of Isaiah and St. John. What we know as old-schoolism and new-schoolism has its roots neither in piety nor in mentality, but in physiology. It will be interesting to discover what effect will be produced upon doctrinal divergences by fitting out the saints at the resurrection with a new set of bodies. It is almost comical to imagine what the effect would be in the next world if those who are radical here should be furnished with conservative resurrection bodies and *vice-versa*. Doctrinal contractedness and sour piety are principally a matter of the liver: they are another and more euphonious name for biliousness that has struck up into the region of doctrine and experience.

Now there is only one conclusion that can be reached from all this illustrative preliminary, which is that the body is the key to the entire situation. I do not mean that taking care of the body is itself the promise of intelligence, or of personal vigor and proportion, any more than any other substructure guarantees an appropriate superstructure, but it is the one only thing that makes such educated, vigorous and wholesome personality perfectly possible. Fidelity to physical conditions is the first thing for a man to think of who has any ambition to be a personal success, and not only the first thing for him to think of but the thing for him to seriously continue thinking of.

IT is, therefore, encouraging that our schools and colleges are making physical culture obligatory; and the encouragement lies less in what such institutions have already done in the way of cultivating the body than it does in their making it part of academic confession of faith that a man can never altogether get over being an animal, that there is no inconsistency between intelligence and dust, and that the more a man wants to make of himself in the upper strata of human possibility the more careful he must be to keep in wholesome condition of repair the platform of tissue and blood corpuscle, into which, as so much bud into so much stock, later unfoldings are inseparably knit. I should be sorry to have this interpreted as an approval of all or nearly all of what passes under the name of college athletics. It is one thing to train the body for the sake of the man, and it is another thing to train the body for the sake of the body. I regret that there is so much tendency among college authorities to shape the physical curriculum to the end of producing physical experts—foot-ball, base-ball, rowing-match professionals. That kind of thing is a craze at present, and it is a pity that among our college presidents, trustees and professors so many have so far succumbed to the mania as to be willing to endorse it as a form of advertisement and as a drawing card. Venerable institutions of learning ought not in this way to go into the catering business. Any emphasis given to academic gymnastics that goes beyond the point of developing a man's animalism for any other purpose than to give the best possible support to his enlargement as a rational and moral possibility is a perversion of the purpose of human discipline, and to that degree blocks the wheels of all proper college intention. Nevertheless, the real animus of the athletic tendency is wholesome, marks progress and is a wholesome augury of a better breed of men.

I have not attempted to prepare a schedule of hygienic rules. I am both indisposed and incompetent to prescribe a system of diet, exercise or rest. My only purpose has been to crowd home to the practical regard of young men the truth that whether they do or do not relish the idea of being fundamentally animal, that is their condition and is probably their destiny, and that how much they will be able to become, over and above that, will in very serious measure be determined by the amount of dignity they accord to the animal factor, and the virtuous respect they show it as basis of those more distinguished capacities and faculties which the body is ordained to sustain.

C. H. Parkhurst

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THAT BOY OF MINE

By Ruth Ashmore

THAT boy of mine is the one who is busy all day, but who enjoys going out into the world seeing and talking with pretty girls, and who hopes, some day, to have a home of his own, and a dear little wife as the mistress of it. He may be sixteen, he may be twenty-one or he may be thirty—some men are boys all their lives.

I wouldn't give a snap for a boy who hadn't an ideal, and who did not hope to make much of himself and his future. If he is satisfied with what he is he will stay where he is all his life, and while other boys, apparently boys less bright than he, go up the ladder of success, he will be left at the bottom because he is satisfied to remain there. This boy of mine is not dissatisfied in one sense; that is, he is not a growler, but he is hopeful and he is ambitious; he means to succeed in business, he means to make a home for himself, and he means to live the life of a good man. But sometimes, though he is very clever at the office, and perfectly at ease in his own home, he is a bit embarrassed when he goes out. He is not quite sure of himself. His sister, unfortunately, has told him how the girls laugh at awkward boys, and he feels a flush on his cheek, is provoked at himself for blushing like a girl, and wishes he had stayed at home, for he is altogether uncomfortable. He looks with envy at the other fellow—that one who appears quite at home, who understands how to enjoy himself, to make the girls like him, and who seems to have succeeded in attaining an ease of manner that is really most desirable. My boy says the other fellow is a fool as far as work is concerned, and he tries to make himself feel better by underrating him. Understand, I do not blame him, but I want to tell that boy of mine about some of his own mistakes, and I want to suggest to him how he may make himself perfectly at ease in the social world.

IN THE FIRST PLACE

DO not be conscious of yourself. Do not stammer and feel certain that your tie is wrong. As I said before, the first thing you must do is to forget yourself and think about other people. Don't stop in the hall to wonder about your overcoat and hat, but take them off and leave them there, and go on to where the ladies are waiting to greet you. Don't try to talk too much, but make some pleasant remarks, and be very certain that these will be caught up by your hostess, and gradually an easy conversation will ensue—you will forget how it began and you will also forget yourself. And that is most important. But if you should start in and carry your overcoat into the room, or wear it there, try and laugh off your blunder, but don't let it happen again. You once wrote to me and asked me if your hostess should help you on with your coat. Now, my dear boy, in all the history of the world a lady has had nothing to do with a gentleman's coat, except when she put her foot on that one which was offered by Sir Walter Raleigh. A gentleman is her servant, consequently he must care for his own belongings.

The art of success in social life is to keep one's eyes open. See what other people do and imitate them. If you are at a dinner or a supper, and a strange dish comes to you, chatter with your neighbor and watch how the others eat it, and then begin. I want you to be in the society of girls—to be among nice girls—but do not be foolish enough to be led astray by the girl who is inclined to be free in her manners. She will be of no advantage to you, and the people who are interested in you, the desirable people, will think less of you when they hear who your companions are, and surely you want to keep your name without spot or blemish. A good girl can do much for you; a bad one, alas, can also do much for you, but in the wrong way. Be always looking for the ideal girl, keep her before you, and you will not be apt to cast your lot among those whose hands are not clean enough to touch her skirts. Do I advise you to go with a prude? No, but there is a happy medium between the prude and the fast girl. The nice girl reserves her confidences for the man she gives her love to, she keeps her kisses for him, and she does not permit any acquaintance to call her by her first name, for that is too sacred. Still she does not, like the prude, find real, honest pleasure improper, but she joins in the fun, and is happy because she is innocent and good.

AS TO GOING OUT

IT is good for you to wish to hear the best music, to see the finest dramatic representations, and to hear the story of some wondrous land told by a good lecturer. But be honest in your enjoyment. You may find greater pleasure in the music, in the play or in the lecture, if you have a girl friend with you, but unless you can afford to take her, unless it means leaving a clear balance sheet, don't do it. Mr. Almighty Dollar, whose father is a millionaire many times, can afford to take the pretty girl you admire to the opera, pay five dollars apiece for the tickets, come after her in a carriage, and send her a huge box of flowers when flowers are worth their weight in gold. But you cannot afford to imitate him—honestly. But send your tiny bunch of violets, with your card attached, if you like, ask her to go to the theatre, and either walk there or go in the street cars. But, because the other fellow does it, don't be small enough to feel that no pleasure is worth offering unless it is offered in the most extravagant fashion.

If this girl is worth your admiration she will appreciate your tiny posy, she will appreciate your reason for entertaining her in the simplest manner, and, if she does not understand, don't waste your time with her—she doesn't come near your ideal. The girl who talks to you a great deal about the sweets one man sends her, the flowers that come from another, and the way another takes her out, is the girl who wants to have a pencil mark drawn through her name on your day-book, and opposite you should write, "Unprofitable, not worth cultivating." You are not living just for to-day, consequently in making friends you are making them for life, and silly girls, foolish girls and extravagant girls are not worthy of consideration. By-the-by, if you have the time and can spare the money, I would advise you to go to dancing-school. Probably you laugh when I say this, but you need only take a few lessons, and you will learn to carry yourself well, to be easy in your movements, and then, too, you will not have to sit alone when in some pleasant house an informal dance is gotten up.

ABOUT YOUR APPEARANCE

IT should be good. You owe that to yourself. And whether it is at the office or when you are out visiting you should be a clean, wholesome-looking young man. Cleanliness does much toward godliness, and a clean body aids a clean soul. It may not be in your power to possess a dress suit, but if you should not, don't borrow one and don't hire one. Brush up the best clothes you have, make them immaculate, and then enjoy yourself and forget your clothes. Your linen can always be fresh and clean, and your tie can be in good style and properly knotted. Never wear a loud scarf and never wear imitation jewelry. Gentlemen select plain gold buttons, and simple gold links, and scarfpins of the most modest pattern. If you can afford dress clothes, remember never to appear in them until after dark. You may wear, as you like best, either a lawn tie or a black satin one, but the stiff little bow should be looped by yourself and not bought ready made.

SOME SMALL VIRTUES

ERR, my friend, if that is possible, on the side of politeness. I do not think many men have died from colds caused by hats being removed when ladies were in an elevator. Usually, because you are strong and young, you can stand in the street car better than a woman, so consider your strength, and do not sit while she stands. It may happen that she does not thank you, but her lack of manners does not excuse you.

After dark if you are walking with a lady you offer her the protection of your arm—the left one, for the right is reserved for defense—but you do not commit such a blunder as to take hers, that is too great a familiarity. It is true that you may take the arm of an elderly lady, or an invalid if she needs to be helped through a crowd or across the street, but these are exceptional situations. Never jest about a woman. The old-fashioned or illy-made gown worn by some young girl may look queer, but how do you know the why of her wearing it? Do you know of the mortifying tears that came when she saw herself in the old dress, but—well, there was no money for a better one. Make that girl happy by your polite attentions, and make her realize that a gentleman does not judge womankind by the finery worn.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION

HE was a dear boy, and at the end of one of his letters he said, "Ought not a man to be modest?" It set me to thinking, and there rose up before me those perfect gentlemen, Sir Philip Sydney, Bayard, General Gordon and a long list of men who were brave, and sweet, and modest. Don't be deluded into the belief that it is smart to know things that you wouldn't like to tell your mother. Don't think it is smart to listen to stories that are not nice and which are about women. Gentlemen never unite in deriding women—that is a peculiarity of cads.

Never read a book that you could not share with your sister, and never look at a picture that might not be framed and hung in her room. What? You think somebody will call you "girly"? Oh, no, my dear boy. If anything is said about your conduct there will be approbation given you, and the chances are that the older man will say of that younger one who is properly modest, "Brown is a nice fellow; I should like him to come and see my daughters." It is not necessary for you to see the folly of anything. That is an exploded theory. Why should you sow a crop of wild oats? Why not sow a crop of wheat and get a harvest worth having? From day to day, my boy, you make up the story of your life, and it is the little things, the little honest things, that will make you a man, mentally as well as physically, and make you, as well, a gentleman. That is what I want you to be. It is simply a gentleman at his best.

EVERYTHING MATTERS

INDEED it does. And you need, therefore, to silently pray always, "Deliver me from temptation." Be strong enough to get over longing for that which you lack the money to buy. Then there will be no danger of your becoming a thief. "Embezzling" is a word often heard, but stealing is what it means. Be brave enough not to say words, that if they are not profane, are very near it, and lead to oaths eventually; swearing will not make wrong right, but instead, a little more wrong. In those old days when bad language was rampant there were few fine gentlemen, for by his speech shall you know him. At the office do not know more than your employer nor offer unasked-for advice. If you think your services are worth more than you are being paid, ask for higher wages, but do not chat with your companions about your great value and "old Moneybags' meanness." Usually good work is recognized by good pay, but ordinary service can be gotten anywhere, and for it nothing but an ordinary salary can be expected.

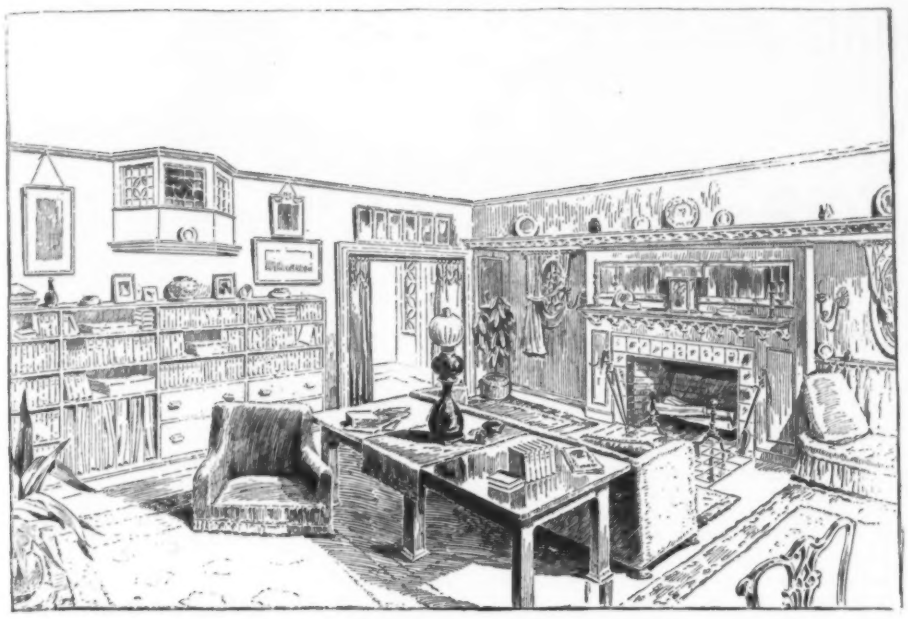
THE QUESTION OF RELIGION

NEVER be ashamed of your faith, and pray God to let you keep it always. The men of importance in the world to-day are almost all men who have decided religious beliefs. It is right for you to wish to succeed in the world, to succeed in your work and make your life a success. But you never will do this if you allow your faith to slip from you, and if you let your religion drift into a habit, or, worse still, be entirely forgotten. Don't be afraid or ashamed to pray, and don't be afraid or ashamed to do what is right. If you are a stranger in a strange land, and are thrown among many men, don't flaunt your religion, but live it. Be honest in your dealings with man and God, and as you would not forget to pay what you owe to the one do not forget it to the other. Duty, unfortunately, has been made an unpleasant word, and yet if you do your duty honestly you will undoubtedly be a happy man. Ask yourself, "What is my responsibility? Is there my mother to care for? Have I a sister for whom I must provide, or is there some one bound to me by ties of blood who is old and miserable and has nobody but me to look to for help?"

Don't shirk these duties, and, my dear boy, when you give, give with a glad heart. If you do your duty smilingly it will seem very much less of a burden and very much more of a pleasure. Possibly you may have no such duty, but always there are some. If you are away out in the world, and the dear old folks are at home, don't forget them. Let them hear from you often, and remember in this respect how good God is. He calls your attention to a duty, and He offers you a reward when He says, "Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." A good son will certainly be a happy man.

To that boy of mine I have preached this little sermon with a loving heart. I want him to succeed; I want him to be a good man and a good citizen, a good son and a good husband. I want him to remember this: nothing is gained by sitting down and wishing for it; nothing is gained by resting and dreaming about it, and to make yourself a man, a gentleman, you must realize one great truth, and that is this, that "The secret of success is constancy to purpose."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 39 of this issue of the JOURNAL.



*A $3500 SHINGLE HOUSE

By Edward T. Hapgood

IT is rather a complex problem that confronts the builder of a low-priced house, because at the very outset he must make up his mind to do without a great deal that has always seemed to him absolutely necessary. And yet, though such a house must necessarily be small, it does not follow that all the rooms need be so. Indeed, if he will do without the time-honored parlor—the sort of room which really has no place in the house we are considering—and if he will consent to make his hall a little smaller than at first sight would seem to be wise, it is possible to have one room on the first floor that will offer many advantages over the usual arrangement. If in addition to its size we can add to one living-room a generous fireplace, one or two bookshelves, and perhaps a few drawers, and a cupboard or two, in which to store the numerous articles needed in such a room, it would seem to me that we have provided at least one place in the house that without much effort can be made homelike, livable and valuable.

The accompanying design of a suburban house, the first floor of which has for its principal feature this large living-room, is not offered as the plan of a perfect house, but as that which would seem the most sensible and attractive plan for the amount of money that is intended to be spent. If you are fortunate enough to have a lot on the north side of the street, having, therefore, a southern exposure, and if your neighbor to the east of you has placed his house far enough away from your lot line to allow of plenty of morning sun, you are indeed fortunate.

Under these conditions the disposition of the several rooms will be easy. The dining-room will naturally fit itself into the east side, back of the living-room, and will be protected from the street by the veranda. So located it will have morning sunlight, and be sheltered from the late afternoon sun, while the living-room being in front with three sides unobstructed, will have the sunlight whenever there is any. The veranda should preferably be located on the east side, because, except, perhaps, for a short time in the morning, it will always be shady.

The entrance to the hall will then be in the centre of the east side, and be most attractive there, because in entering one need not look straight through the house, but across it at the stairway opposite, while on either hand interesting views may be had of the living-room and dining-room. The stairway as planned will not seem narrow—indeed the first flight is five feet wide, and though it is between walls it is relieved on one side by the rail and balusters, that lead from the landing to the second story, while on the other, as the stairs are ascended, a pretty glimpse may be had into the living-room through the leaded windows of a small bay-window, the shelf of which will make a good place for a bowl of flowers.

The two openings from the entrance hall

are made very wide, so that the effect will not be at all crowded, and the large openings enable the rooms to be thrown together. It will be necessary, even at the expense of something else, to have sliding doors to close off the dining-room from the rest of the house, because, though the kitchen is shut off from the front part of the house by two doors, in serving a dinner the odors of cooking will come through, and it is often pleasant to have more seclusion in the dining-room than can be had with a screen or portière.

The living-room being long, have low ceilings at each end three feet across, finishing at the top of the windows seven feet six inches from the floor. On the front edge of these low ceilings it may, perhaps, be well to build simple shelves running clear across, on which any bits of old blue china and the like will show to advantage. In the centre of the east side is the fireplace, having an opening three feet eight inches wide, flanked on either side by the oval windows.

Common red bricks make a very good fireplace both for use and to look at, or for a facing a few antique Dutch tiles in blue and white, which, with the brick lining and unglazed red tile hearth, make a charming effect. If desired, an "ingle nook" may be made of this side of the room, with box seats on each side of the fireplace. Such seats do not cost as much as furniture, and the space inside is very useful for stowing the logs for the fireplace. In the front side of the room may be a square bay-window that can have a seat or not, and the west side may be provided with little corner cupboards, stopping under the low ceiling, in which will be provided shelf and drawer room. The kitchen is two doors away from the other part of the house, and is light and well ventilated. It has its store-pantry and porch, and easy access to the cellar and second floor. The serving-room, between the kitchen and dining-room, is conveniently located, and has a slide to connect its counter with the drainer board of the sink. By this arrangement no pantry sink is needed. In the second floor are four bedrooms, a bathroom, numerous closets, and an ombra on the east side. The third floor contains a good-sized playroom, a servant's room and trunk space.

Shingles are, of course, the logical covering for the walls and roofs of a low-priced house. On the side walls they are much warmer than clapboards, and look infinitely better. By making simple designs with them a very nice effect can be had without a great outlay, and their soft, irregular lines lend themselves to the picturesque. Our inland climate is not conducive to the best effects upon shingles, so unless the house is situated near the ocean I would advise the staining of them.

The plumbing should be as good as is possible for the money, and very simple. The fixtures should be arranged so that one line of soil pipe will do for all, and if careful to use good large waste pipes and simple "S" traps with good-sized vents, no trouble need be anticipated.

The choice of a heating system is narrowed down to hot air because of limited funds. I should myself prefer a hot-air furnace in a house of this size, because it would do abundantly the work required of it. Indeed, I have found the heat from a properly-managed hot-air furnace very nearly as satisfactory as that from hot water.

For the finished interior woodwork I would choose pine or whitewood throughout. Either will take paint well, and painted woodwork, even where we can have hardwood, is often to be desired.

If you can afford it you will find that a coat or two of enamel will greatly improve the painted work, making it much more durable and very much better to look at.

Wall papers of good design and color can be had so cheaply that the walls should be painted or tinted without delay, so that the house may present a homelike and pleasing appearance from the first—first impressions count for so much. The popular idea that walls must be left in all their white nakedness till they have stopped cracking is hardly a sensible one, and the small sum required to decorate in a simple way when we move in, even if the work has to be done over in a year or two, which is not at all likely, would still be well spent.

This, in brief, is what may be done with thirty-five hundred dollars. Its principal recommendation to the prospective house builder is that in the vicinity of New York such a house may be built for that amount of money. Of course it must be understood at the outset that in building a house for that sum care must be taken with all the estimates, and that the plans as first outlined must not be departed from; any deviation from them will be certain to mean much expense, as well as much extra work, and consternation when the bills come in.

*The third in a series of plans and ideas for suburban houses of moderate cost which the JOURNAL proposes to publish, the first of which appeared in the JOURNAL of December, 1895. Other plans for houses costing, respectively, $3000, $3500, $4000 and $5000, will be given in subsequent issues,—all drawn, expressly for this magazine, by leading architects in different parts of the country.

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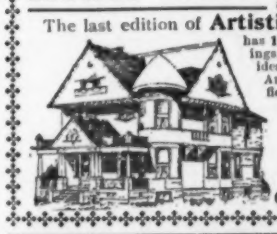

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THE EARLY SPRING BONNETS

By Isabel A. Mallon

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ABBY E. UNDERWOOD

THAT plaited straw, yellowish in tint, will form the fashionable bonnet there can be no doubt. But the shape selected will depend this season, more than ever before, on that fancied by the wearer. Since the Directoire, First Empire and Louis Sixteenth styles are all in vogue, with a suggestion of the large bonnets fancied during the early part of this century, and the small bonnets such as were in vogue among the beauties of the Second Empire, it would seem as if every face should be suited. The fact that the stock and the jabot are growing nearer and nearer to the ears means, so say the milliners, the coming in of ribbon ties, and broad ones at that. Importers announce that the enormous straw hats will be tied by inch-wide ribbons under the chin, while the small bonnets will be put on securely with three-inch-wide ties. This, however, is a prophecy, and the truth of it will depend entirely on the taste of the general woman.

THE FAVORITE TRIMMINGS

WHITE satin in the piece and in ribbon is counted a favorite trimming, and is specially smart when yellow straw lace is combined with it. Stem-green, all the lavender shades, the various pinks, indeed all the colors that are well developed in flowers of the field or of the hothouse, are offered to adorn the bonnets of women all the world over, in bunches or wreaths, in single flowers, or in trailing blossoms. Velvet flowers are greatly liked; carnations in pale pink and chrysanthemums in the yellow of the sunshine are particularly

effective in velvet, and especially so when velvet leaves closely imitating nature, frame them. Deep purple and yellow pansies claim popularity, and the violet, modest as it is, has attained a smartness never given to it before. But there are violets and violets. The violet of fashion is the single one, with its wee buds framed in green and many of its green leaves about it. Entire bunches of the buds and leaves are also seen and the effect is extremely artistic, for one is impressed with the idea that one is looking at a bunch of leaves, with here and there a purple fleck upon them. Dead white roses, large pink roses, cornflowers, and especially mignonette, inasmuch as it can be developed in stem-green, are among the blossoms favored. Orchids, so true to nature that it seems an insult to call them artificial, or to suggest that they may be purchased for money, are prominent, and those showing the green tones are specially liked.

Where flowers are not used the only touches of color upon the fashionable bonnet are seen in the ties which some women find so becoming, and in the large Alsatian bows of ribbon, satin or velvet, which fashion, with its constant desire to effect a change, has, for the present, removed from the front to the back of the bonnet.

THE FASHIONABLE RIBBONS

DOUBLE-FACED satin ribbons in black, dead white, cream white, stem-green and violet are all liked either for bows or ties; the Persian ribbons, though they may have a certain vogue during the early spring, will not achieve the popularity given to the Dresden ribbons, for they are not as generally becoming. Ribbons showing a white ground hair-lined with black, and with an inch-wide stripe of pink, blue, violet or green satin upon them, are rich in effect and make specially smart bows on small bonnets.

A very delicate chapeau to be worn on Easter Sunday is of yellow Tuscan, the shape being one of the rather large capotes. A bandeau is under the brim, and around it is twisted a dead white satin ribbon that terminates at one side near the back in a tiny rosette, and on the other side in a small bow immediately at the back, resting almost, in curtain fashion, on the hair. On the left side near the front is placed a rather high bunch of small white roses framed in their green leaves, while on the other side is a stiffened pompon of white lace thickly spangled with tiny green emeralds. The ties are narrow ones of white satin ribbon, and may or may not be worn, as is fancied.

Paste gems, noticeably emeralds, amethysts, rubies, pearls, and, of course, Rhinestones are liberally used upon fashionable bonnets, decorating them sometimes as if they were spangles, or forming clasps or

buckles, tiaras or combs. The comb design in jet is specially smart, and on all jet bonnets it will, undoubtedly, be in favor. A dainty little bonnet that is quite flat, and of cut jut, has the high Spanish comb of cut jet standing up in the back, while around the edge, to make a soft framing, is a band of tiny feathers, and just in front is a large double bow of black satin ribbon caught in the centre with a round clasp of emeralds. This bonnet needs to be worn well forward.

AN ORIGINAL COMBINATION

STRINGS of pearls, very small seed pearls, are draped over lace frills on elaborate bonnets, especially those that are made of stiffened lace. The Tam crown made of silk or velvet with a brim of stiffened lace will be worn during the season, especially because of its becomingness. A chapeau which cannot be called either a bonnet or a hat, inasmuch as it has a Tam crown and a bonnet brim, displays the favored black and green combination. The flattened crown is pulled over to the front, making it not quite round, and for it stem-green velvet is used. The brim, which is about two inches wide at the front, and narrows at the sides into nothing at the back, is made of coarse black lace carefully wired. On the left side are three orchids, apparently fastened to position by pins with emerald heads. Under the crown is a twist of stem-green ribbon and a tiny bow of it. This is barely seen from the front, but the bandeau makes the bonnet set better and much more comfortably. Ties may or may not be worn with this.

AN ARTISTIC BONNET

UNDOUBTEDLY the most artistic bonnet of the season is the small poke, but whether it will obtain here as it has in Paris remains to be seen. A particularly pretty one is of white chip with an inner facing of rose-colored velvet. On one side, standing up high, but pointing toward the front, are two large pink roses, with their stems and foliage, while twisted around the crown is a scarf of soft pink chiffon. Pale pink ribbon ties, at least three inches wide, are on the bonnet and must be looped in rather a prim bow just under the chin. In brown straw with cornflowers upon it, in gray with white or pink roses, in dark blue with mignonette, or in yellow with blue forget-me-nots the poke shape is seen and is admired.

Another shape which will, undoubtedly, be favored is shown in the fancy straws, and suggests nothing so much as a child's cap with the corners turned up. This permits either of a trimming on each side or one just in front with a handsome paste ornament at each side. The small bonnet has, properly enough, a very strong hold on the affections of the average woman. She knows she looks well in one, and she knows that generally they are becoming, so that their popularity is easily accounted for. Some small bonnets of lace straw are made elaborate by being spangled with crystal drops that look like dew, but, unfortunately, I am afraid that like the dewdrops the spangles will quickly disappear, and this effect surely will not be desirable.

Chip, in stem-green, trimmed with black satin and black tips, constitutes a fashionable chapeau, and one showing the contrast is noted. The bonnet itself is of the green chip, an elongated capote in outline, with an edge finish formed of green straw braid fancifully plaited and with emeralds set in at regular intervals. At the back, on each side, is a rosette made of black satin, and from the heart of each rosette stand up

two short stalks of mignonette. In front, mignonette like that at the back, only with very long stalks, is laid crosswise, and has a cut jet clasp fastening it down just in the centre. The flowers are so arranged that while the stems do not look awkward, still they show, and show very plainly. Two sets of ties are with this bonnet, one of black velvet and one of stem-green ribbon, but the wearing of either is, as I have said before, entirely a matter of personal becomingness.

SOME OF THE MOURNING BONNETS

THE widow's bonnet in mourning continues to be either the Mary Stuart or the capote shape simply covered with English crape, having the white ruching in front and with dull black ties. The veil, of course, hides all but the extreme edge of the bonnet. For lighter mourning, where no veil is worn, the small poke shapes are seen, having their edges defined with dull jet and decorated with high loops of dull black ribbon. The silk bonnets, no matter how light the mourning may be, are no longer counted good form. The French milliners are using quantities of dull jet and much silk crape upon crape bonnets, but this rather elaborate style of trimming for mourning is not counted good form by either the English or American milliners. One rule always stands: a mourning bonnet should always have ties, and it goes without saying that the ties should always be of the dull shade of black, and of ribbon of an extra good quality.

THE JAUNTY SPRING COATS

By Isabel A. Mallon

WITH ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK O. SMALL

THE coat intended for early spring wear is marked by an air of jauntiness. Unlike the elaborate wrap designed for service at receptions it bears the imprint of the intention of the maker, *i. e.*, street wear. It is oftenest smooth cloth, and beside the regulation mode shades there is shown a dark blue, a faint steel with a blue tone hovering over it, dove-gray, Lincoln green, and, of course, dark blue and black. The absolutely new color is that light shade of pearl, very, very close to white, which is peculiar to gloves. Naturally a coat made of smooth cloth in this faint shade seems very delicate, but the well-dressed woman has learned the art of so caring for her belongings that much wear can be gotten and little wear shown even upon faint-hued garments.

Materials like those which are used for gowns are again seen in coats, and it is no longer uncommon for skirt and bodice to be unlike while the coat matches the skirt.

This rule applies not only to the mixed suitings in cloth or flannel, but also to the black light-weight materials, such as Eudora cloth in the silk and wool mixtures, corded silks and satins.

THE STYLE OF THE COAT

AFTER an era of glove-fitting coats, which are too often assumed with the assistance of a shoe-horn, the semi-loose coat is received with approbation. Some show a fitted back with a ripple skirt, and a loose front which may button over to the extreme of one side, down the shoulder and under the arm to the end of the jacket; or with the fitted back the more simple double-breasted effect is as often seen. Sometimes the loose front has its fastening in the centre, but the hooks and eyes are concealed and a decoration of straps and buttons is arranged. It would seem from their appearance as if the sewing-machine were only utilized to make the seams firm, for every other part of the coat presents invisible stitching that is done by hand. Fancy silk linings, especially those of Persian and brocade designs, are liked, but I think it rather better form to have the silk lining of one tone.

Buttons are large and small; they may be the size of a sixpence, of a sovereign, or of the miniature of some famous beauty as depicted by the court painter. Raphael's cherubs, one on each button, are noted, and so is the head of Josephine, that of Marie Antoinette, of Marie Louise, of the gay Pompadour and of Henriette of England. When these very large miniature buttons are used two are frequently counted enough, and then they are arranged like brooches, fastening straps or collars. Many of the very large buttons are framed in Rhinestones, but the smarter ones have no framing at all.

A VERY SMART GARMENT

A VERY smart coat, button-trimmed, is made of mode-colored cloth, light of weight and with a smooth surface. The lining is of silk the same color, and the coat is made with a close-fitting back and ripple skirt, with the loose front buttoning on the side. On the shoulder portion the buttoning is accomplished by four large pearl buttons. Under the arm the closing is with hooks and rings that are not seen, but outside, and in line with the buttons on the shoulder, are two rows of tiny pearl buttons; down the centre of the front extending its full length are three rows of these buttons, and on the other side of the coat are two rows matching the side that is fastened. The sleeves are full, but following the received fashion droop very much. Five rows of buttons extend over the fullness in seam fashion, and matching them are five rows over the cuff portion where the fullness has been drawn in in tucks. The high collar is of mode velvet with two pointed sections imitating a turn-over collar made of silk like the lining, stiffened and entirely covered with small pearl buttons. A coat like this might be developed in any color, and if the small buttons were not cared for straps of coarse silk could take their place.

ANOTHER STYLE OF COAT

A SIMPLER coat is one of steel-blue rough cloth. This is somewhat shorter than the coats of the winter, has a fitted back that ripples, a double-breasted front, and for use and decoration, large silver buttons engraved with a flat rather than high decoration. The shawl collar and lapels are faced with velvet matching the cloth, a fashion much effected by the men tailors, and copied direct from men's coats.

Another coat shows the loose effect at its best. It is made of Eudora cloth and is to be worn with a skirt of the same with a silk bodice. The back consists of a yoke of black satin overlaid with cut jet in the spider-web pattern, with here and there, as if it might be the spider himself, an imitation emerald; from under this yoke falls the coat portion, which is quite full, and in two box-plaits. If you make one of these coats yourself, and you can, remember that it is two box-plaits and not a double box-plait. The front is loose and entirely of the cloth. The high collar is of the black satin with a large bow of the satin made in four loops, two standing up and two down, while a very handsome button is just in the centre. This button has an emerald at its heart and a framing of cut jet. The full sleeves are untrimmed and shape in to the wrists where there is a tiny piping of jet, and just on top of each sleeve and very near the wrist part is a large button like that in the bow. The lining is of emerald-green silk.

A COAT FOR EVERY-DAY WEAR

THAT is the coat that you and I want. We need have no trouble about it, for while simplicity stamps it as its own it still has a certain style that makes it pleasant to look upon. The one that I commend to you is of golden-brown rough cloth, fitted in the back and front, and with a short ripple skirt. The shawl collar at the back is faced with velvet the same color, but the pointed, flaring revers are faced with the cloth. Two enormous, black gutta-percha buttons close it, but do not come below the waist-line. A stock and bow to be worn over one's bodice, but with this garment, is of white satin ribbon with a flaring bow of the same in front rather than behind. Of course, as one's bodice collar shows with this coat, the stock and bow may be as simple or as elaborate as one fancies. If white happens to be becoming to you, however, choose it always, as in contrast with the dark coat it looks particularly smart. A stock of white silk, a flaring bow of white chiffon finished by a jabot of white lace is effective as a background for any coat that is made after this style and which is dark.

A FEW LAST WORDS

DO not permit the maker of your coat to give it an old-fashioned air by forcing the sleeves to stand up, or by putting pockets on the outside. It would seem as if the sleeves drooped with regret because of their past high standing, and as if the memory of jackets that had been ruined by over-full pockets had caused their total extinction. A pocket in a lining large enough to hold one's handkerchief and a little silver is permitted, but that is all that the tailors allow.

Shapeliness is the great merit of a coat, and the shapeliness is quickly lost if one's coat does not receive proper attention. Tailors may put in, if they fancy, a loop at the neck, but she is an unwise woman who hangs her coat up by that undesirable link. It surely causes the coat to sag at the neck and gives it a dragged sort of look. If you must use loops have them put in the armholes, not across them, but so that they stand up, and then when they are used they do not pull the cloth. The best way to keep a coat, however, is to put it on the wooden, not the wire, hangers furnished for this purpose, or if you are fortunate enough to possess huge boxes, to stretch it out at its full length in one, always remembering if the coat is folded that its sleeves must be stuffed with soft paper, and that nothing must be laid upon it.

And when you go to choose your coat think of two things, and be governed by them in your choice: first, whether this is to be your only coat, and second, the wear that you will demand from it. If your wardrobe contains coats that can be given every-day wear then this one may be the latest style in color, the most elaborate in design and fitted only for special occasions. But if one coat is to do for all times and occasions then choose a plain cloth, dark in color, good in style, but not noticeable in design, simple in decoration and plain in lining. Then you will not weary of it, and you will not be forced to shiver when you go out on business because your coat is too elaborate to wear, nor to stay at home when you are asked to an afternoon reception because your coat is not nice enough. A happy medium in the choice of one's clothes is the secret of dressing and of appearing well when Midas does not fill one's purse, and all of one's time cannot be given to society.

the sharp shells of the ocean could not harm their dainty fingers—the "Tips" of the

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are made so that there is no ***wear through*** to them; they wear as long as the gloves, and should they not, the **guarantee ticket** that is in each pair is good for a new pair **Free.**

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Mrs. Nella Daggett, of Boston, has recently written a book, "Fancy Work and Art Decorations," that gives practical instructions for making doilies, table-covers, scarfs, tray-cloths, pin-cushions, etc., etc., with fifty illustrations. This book, together with "Successful Home Dyeing," will be sent free to any reader who forwards the attached coupon and a 2-cent stamp to Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

COUPON No. 161

This entitles any reader of The Ladies' Home Journal to one copy of "Fancy Work and Art Decorations," and "Successful Home Dyeing."

The above liberal offer is made to advertise the reliable Diamond Dyes, and to get their book upon home dyeing into the hands of women who want to dress well by making their old clothing look like new.

The fact that Diamond Dyes have been the standard home dyes for nearly twenty years, and that their sale increases from year to year, is proof positive that they have never had an equal.

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HOME GAMES AND CARNIVALS

New Ideas by Experienced Entertainers

A LITERARY CARNIVAL

By Agnes Carr Sage

EACH winter seems to find the charitable world more and more alert for fresh and novel ideas suited for philanthropic entertainments, and the plan of a "Carnival of Books and Book-Makers," recently drawn up in the "City of Churches," may offer some suggestions for a fair that may be varied and enlarged to an almost unlimited extent.

Popular authors and their works give the keynote to the affair, each chosen one being, as it were, the presiding genius of his respective department.

THUS the refreshment-room, with its neatly-spread, flower-decked tables and tempting menu, might well do honor to Mr. Stockton—a little stuffed gray animal over the door immediately announcing "The Squirrel Inn."

The fancy-tables should be divided among different writers, one named for William Makepeace Thackeray being a veritable "Vanity Fair," with its bewildering collection of gay knickknacks. A second booth would be charming if built in Gothic style for Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables," the wares being prettily exhibited on broad sills at the windows; while a third, glittering with gold paint or covered with gilt paper, would brilliantly represent Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's "Golden House," as well as a veritable "paradise of dainty devices."

The aprons and iron-holders, the dusters and tins, the jars of home-made pickles and preserves, and all the other practical articles might fitly be domiciled in a structure quaintly modeled after a Knickerbocker cottage of olde New Amsterdam, and disposed of by Dutch maidens, garbed in the rainbow-hued petticoats, trim bodices and quilted caps of the early Colonial belles, and so paying a graceful tribute to dear Washington Irving.

There is little doubt that a candy-table served by a band of Palmer Cox's Brownies—half a dozen boys and girls dressed like these fantastic wee folk—would do a thriving business and attract a goodly crowd, while the color scheme should be further emphasized in the decorations and by a preponderance of chocolate bonbons, which, by-the-way, are the best-selling of all sweets.

A DOZEN books might serve as sponsor for the flower bower, but perhaps the most unique idea is to fashion it of sheaves of grain and the white lilies now so perfectly imitated in crimped paper, naming it after Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies." The subdued tints of the framework, too, would help to throw out to advantage the bright-hued blossoms there offered for sale. Not so new, but strikingly appropriate, would be Samuel Woodworth's "Old Oaken Bucket" for the lemonade well, if it could be arranged with rough stones, ferns and moss filling in the crevices, and graceful vines trailing over the rocks.

A prominent feature of our modern fairs is the mysterious package-table, where various things, of more or less value, are purchased blindly, and surely for this no one could choose a more fitting title than W. D. Howells' "World of Chance"; while the "Battle of the Books" might be waged at the counter where the attractive literature of the day tempts all purses, the name of the author, perhaps, proving a happy augury for "swift sales and swift returns" in the desired coin of the republic.

But no carnival of this sort should be without its cozy corner, where visitors can find comfortable seats, and where tea and chocolate are served, together with a dainty wafer or sandwich. This pleasant nook may be dedicated to the genial "Autocrat," Oliver Wendell Holmes, and here guests are bound to linger to rest awhile and enjoy a chat "Over the Tea-Cups."

Side shows help materially to swell the fund, and an "Old Curiosity Shop" would likely prove very attractive, whether the curios were veritable antiques loaned for the occasion, or whether it took the form of a burlesque art gallery, which is sometimes exceedingly clever. A blonde maid as Dickens' sweetest character, "Little Nell," might receive the admission money and sell the catalogues, while an aged man hobbling with a cane might describe the exhibit in a cracked and quavering voice.

Over each department should appear its selected name in fancy letters, and, when possible, a portrait of the chosen author.

A FLOWER-GUESSING EVENING

By Margaret Gray Brooks

DURING the past summer I was invited to take part in a most bright and interesting entertainment, given at the country home of a friend who is the happy possessor of a large and beautiful picture-gallery. The invitations were for the afternoon, and when we had all assembled we were ushered into the picture-gallery, where we were surprised and mystified by a most novel sight. On the bronzes, marbles and picture frames hung white cards, similar in size to dance programmes; they were tied with dainty ribbons, each card having a number and question written upon it. The ladies were to guess the answers, which were the names of flowers, both wild and cultivated. Each guest was handed a card on which were numbers in rotation from one to thirty. A pretty, narrow ribbon held the pencil to the card.

This beautiful "Flower-Guessing Game," seemingly difficult at first, after being thoroughly explained became very easily understood, and deeply interesting and enjoyable. It was new to every one present, and each had an equal chance. Our hostess explained by reading from card number one, on which the following was written—"My first wears my second on her foot." The answer, of course, "Lady's slipper," our hostess then told us to write on our cards opposite number one. Then reading card number two—"A Roman numeral," the answer being "Ivy" (IV), she asked us to put Ivy opposite number two on our cards.

THE greatest amount of merriment was had as we gathered the questions which remained, from the marble headdress of an Italian girl, the bronze arm of an Egyptian water-carrier, the frame of an etching. When the cards were collected we had a delicious luncheon on the wide piazzas, and after its close our hostess counted the correct answers on each card and it was surprising to see how many there were. One lady had twenty-six, and she received the first prize. The prizes, four in number, were most appropriate. The first was a large, fancy work-basket, in the shape of a half-blown rose, lined with pink satin, and filled with delicious bonbons. The second, a Limoges flower-bowl, was full of sweet peas, with "Fragrant Letters" painted on a white satin ribbon tied around the top. The third was a dainty piece of Dresden china: a flower-girl with her lap filled with forget-me-nots. The fourth, the consolation prize, was a bouquet of artificial flowers, one each of every answer tied with ribbons bearing the questions painted in different colors.

Before giving the party the hostess had received many of the questions and answers from friends who had attended a similar entertainment; many were her own, however.

THE questions were simple, and the answers flowers that are all familiar. Below is given a list of those used:

3. The hour before my English cousin's tea.—Four-o'clock.
4. Good marketings.—Butter and Eggs.
5. A very gay and ferocious animal.—Dandelion.
6. My first is often sought for my second.—Marigold.
7. A young man's farewell to his sweetheart.—"Forget-me-not."
8. Her reply to him.—"Sweet William."
9. The gentler sex of the Friend persuasion.—Quaker Ladies.
10. Its own doctor.—Self-heal.
11. My first is as sharp as needles, my second is as soft as down.—Thistledown.
12. My first is a country in Asia, my second is the name of a prominent New York family.—China Aster.
13. My first is the name of a bird, my second is worn by cavalrymen.—Larkspur.
14. A church official.—Elder.
15. A very precise lady.—Primrose.
16. A tattered songster.—Ragged Robin.
17. My first is sly but cannot wear my second.—Foxglove.
18. The color of a horse.—Sorrel.
19. A craze in Holland in the seventeenth century.—Tulip.
20. My first is an implement of war, my second is a place where money is coined.—Spearmint.
21. A disrespectful name for a physician.—Dock.
22. Fragrant letters.—Sweet Peas.
23. My first is a white wood, my second is the name of a yellowish Rhenish wine.—Hollyhock.
24. What the father said to his son in the morning.—"Johnny-jump-up!"
25. My first is a facial expression of pleasure, my second a woodsman's means of livelihood.—Smilax.
26. An animal of the jungle is my first, my second is the name of a tall, fair lady.—Tiger Lily.
27. My first is made in a dairy but is seldom served in my second.—Buttercup.
28. My first wears my second on his head.—Coxcomb.
29. A close companion.—Stick-tight.
30. A fashionable evening shade for dresses.—Heliotrope.

A FLORAL LOVE-STORY GAME

By Catherine Young Glen

THE following little "Floral Love-Story," original with the writer, has proved itself more than a success for an evening entertainment. Let the hostess make as many copies of the following verse as there are friends to be entertained, leaving blank all the names of the flowers that are in parentheses, and indicating by dashes where they should be filled in. These verses, written or printed on any nice paper or cards, with pencils attached by ribbon, should be distributed as soon as all the guests have arrived, and a reasonable limit of time set for the filling out of the blanks.

The cards should be collected as soon as the time expires, and two persons be delegated to compare them with the key. To the one who has the greatest number of correct answers may be awarded the first prize; to the one who has the least, a "booby" prize.

A handsome bouquet of flowers is a graceful first prize; a package of mixed flower seeds may be presented to the unfortunate "booby," with an injunction to plant them, and thus extend his acquaintance with the floral kingdom. Or the gifts may be left entirely at the hostess' discretion. The following is the "Love-Story," in which the indication by context, and the necessity of rhyming the words will call most of the flowers to mind.

A FLORAL LOVE-STORY

Fair (Marigold) a maiden was, (Sweet William) was her lover;
Their path was twined with (Bittersweet), it did not run through (Clover).
The (Ladies' Tresses) raven were, her cheeks a lovely (Rose),
She wore fine (Lady's Slippers) to warm her small (Pink) toes.
Her (Poppy) was an (Elder), who had a (Mint) of gold,
An awful old (Snapdragon), to make one's blood run cold!
His temper was like (Sour Grass), his daughter's heart he wrung
With words both fierce and bitter—he had an (Adder's Tongue)!
The lover's hair was like the (Flax), of pure Germanic type;
He wore a (Dutchman's Breeches), he smoked a (Dutchman's Pipe).
He sent (Marshmallows) by the pound, and choicest (Wintergreen);
She painted him (Forget-me-nots), the bluest ever seen!
He couldn't serenade her within the (Nightshade) dark,
For every (Thyme) he tried it her father's (Dogwood) bark!
And so he set a certain day to meet at (Four-o'clock),—
Her face was pale as (Snowdrops), e'en whiter than her frock.
The lover vowed he'd (Pine) and die if she should say him no,
And then he up and kissed her beneath the (Mistletoe).
"My love will (Live-for-ever), my sweet, will you be true?
Give me a little (Heartsease), say only 'I love (Yew)!'"
She faltered that for him alone she'd (Orange Blossoms) wear,—
Then swayed like supple (Willow), and tore her (Maidenhair)!
For (Madder) than a hornet before them stood her Pop,
Who swore he'd (Cane) the fellow until he made him (Hop)!
Oh, quickly up (Rosemary)! She cried, "You'll (Rue) the day,
Most cruel father! Haste, my dear, and (Lettuce) flee away!"
But that inhuman parent so plied his (Birch) rod there
He settled all flirtation between that hapless (Pear).
The youth a monastery sought, and donned a black (Monkshood)!
The maid ate (Poison Ivy), and died within a wood.

A "RILEY" ENTERTAINMENT

A "RILEY" party was recently held by one of our church charity organizations. It proved a decidedly unique affair and quite a profitable one also. The decorations of the church parlors consisted mainly of paper, which was most artistically entwined about pillar, post and picture. A large picture of James Whitcomb Riley was placed upon the wall facing the entrance, and over it in pasteboard letters,

"When the frost is on the pumpkin,
And the fodder's in the shock."

Almost all the young people who had gotten up the entertainment were dressed to represent Riley's characters, and several of the most important presided over the booths. At one, which was literally covered with paper flowers, "'Lizabeth Ann, she can cook best things to eat," sold cakes and pies. At another Riley's poems and photographs were sold, and at still another "The raggedy man! He works for pa," knocked down apples from an improvised apple tree as fast as he could sell them. And among the purchasers were "Little Orphant Annie," "Granny's come to our house," "The fishing party," "Max and Jim," "Pa and ma and me, all three," and many others.

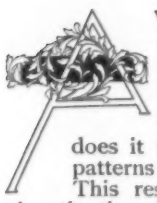
While all were busy buying and tasting the good things,

"'The old band' marched in—
And stylisher and grander tunes; but
Somehow—anyway
I want to hear the old band play
Sich tunes as 'John Brown's body' and
'Sweet Alice,' don't you know?
And 'The camels is a-comin'' and
'John Anderson, my Jo.'"

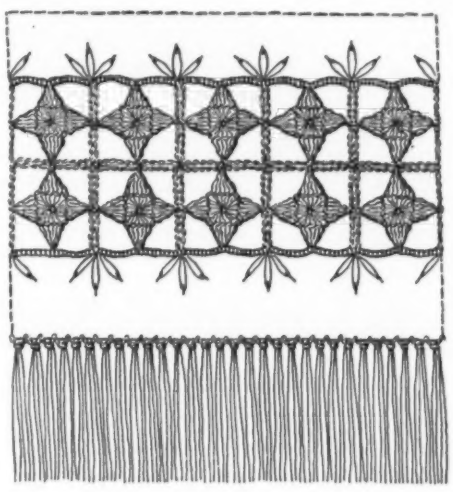
And the impromptu band played them. Later in the evening some of the Riley poems were recited.

DRAWN-WORK IN CROCHET

By Margaret Sims



VERY dainty novelty in crochet work is shown in the accompanying illustrations. At first sight one can hardly believe that it is crochet work, so closely does it resemble the drawn-work patterns from which it is copied. This resemblance is much closer when the thread employed is very fine—the French thread, for instance. Beautiful work of this kind may also be done in fine silk. For coarser work the Victoria knitting silk is preferable to crochet twist; it is softer, consequently the separate stitches are not so discernible. The patterns given can all be utilized for coarser work than that for which they are designed; they may be adapted for bureau-scarfs, table-covers, tidies, cushions, etc., in combination with linen, scrim or silk; but reproduced in their greatest perfection, they should be of fairylike texture as represented in the accompanying illustrations for dessert doilies.



EXQUISITE DESSERT DOILY

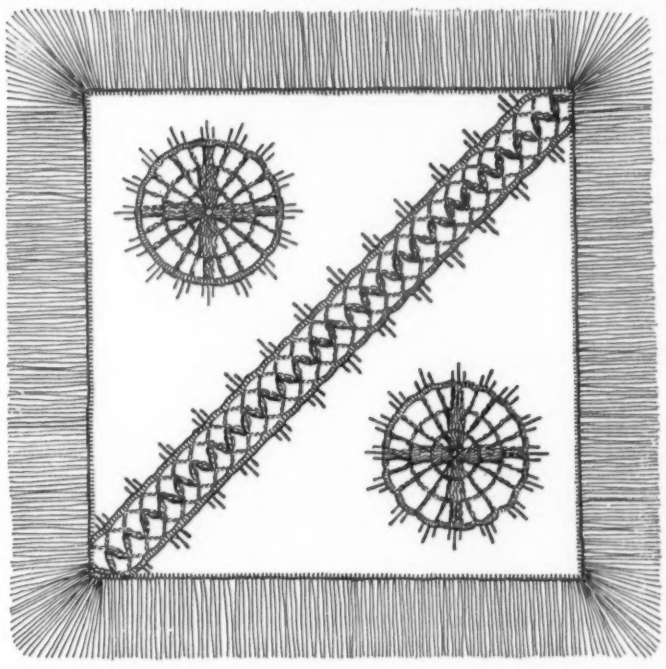
THE dessert doily shown in the illustration at the bottom of the page measures six inches square when finished, without the fringe, which is quite three-quarters of an inch deep. The wheel before it is mounted measures one inch and a half; the inserted border a little over three-quarters of an inch. For a similar doily begin the wheel with 6 chain, join in a ring, working into it 16 double treble with 3 ch between each. Second row—1 d c into each loop of 3 ch, with 6 ch between. Third row—1 d c into each loop with 5 ch between. Fourth row—Under each 5 ch work 5 d tre, keeping the last loops of each stitch on the needle and drawing them off together with the last stitch; make 7 ch between each group of d tre. Fifth row—1 d c into each loop with 9 ch between. Sixth row—1 d c into each loop with 11 ch between. Seventh row—13 treble into each loop. When the wheel is completed it should be basted in position on the linen, then buttonholed down with embroidery silk, the linen being afterward cut away from beneath. The insertion is treated in like manner, the embroidery being added as shown in the drawing. The insertion is made in two pieces. Begin with a ch the required length. First row—3 d tre in 3 successive ch; draw them off together at the top; 2 ch, 3 d tre, 2 ch, 3 d tre, worked in the same way, 9 ch, repeat. Second row—Into the top of each group of 3 d tre work 2 d tre, making 6 in all, draw them all off together; 4 ch, 1 d c in fifth of 9 ch, 4 ch, repeat. Third row—Work 3 groups of 2 d tre with 2 ch between into top of 6 d tre, 4 ch, 1 d c into d c of last row, 4 ch, repeat. Fourth row—Into each group of 2 d tre work 3 d tre. This insertion is also suitable for a large table centre, with or without the addition of wheels.

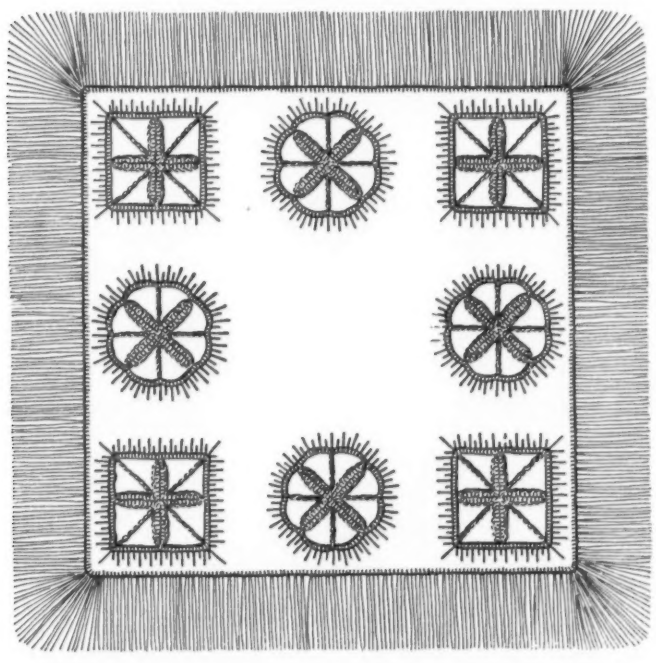
THE SPIDER WEB

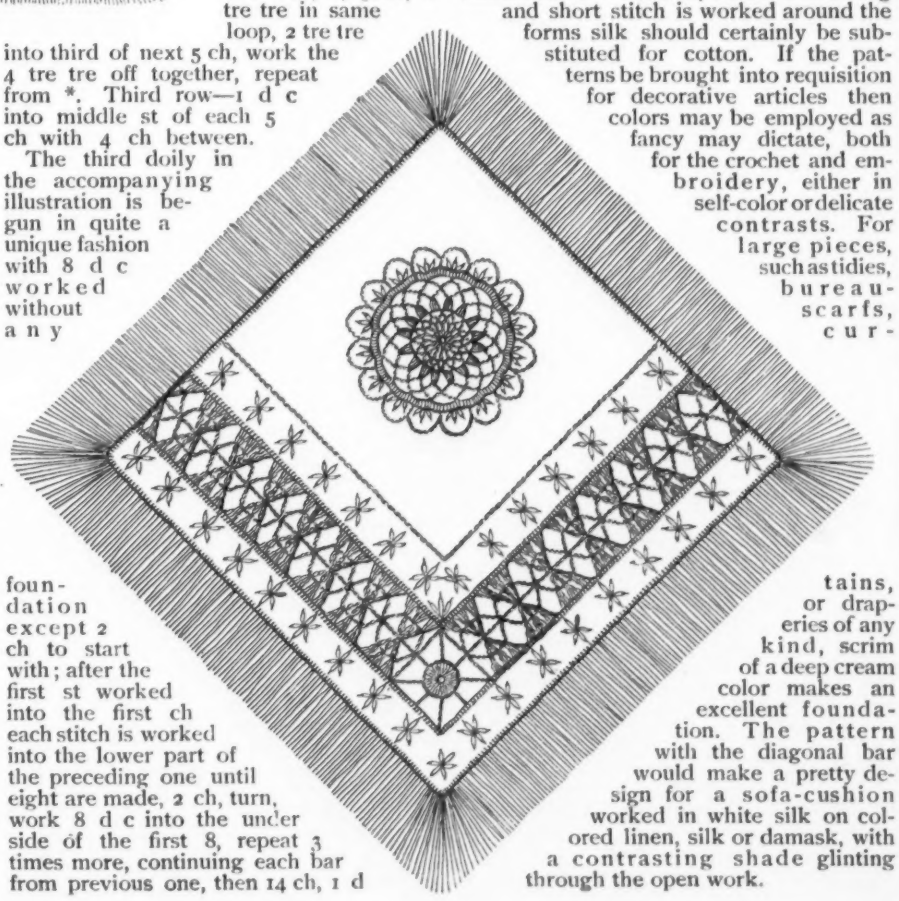
FOR the corner spider web work 32 tre tre into a ring of 6 ch, then at the given distances work stitches of the required length by turning the thread as many times as is needful around the hook, making a sufficient number of chain between to form the square. Attach the square in working to the two lengths of insertion. Buttonhole the outer edge, then fringe it out. Note that for a double treble the thread is passed twice around the needle, for a treble once and for a double crochet not at all.

The doily designed with the diagonal bar is, likewise, intended for another dessert doily. Begin with a ring of 6 ch, into this work 4 groups of 7 tre tre with 3 ch between each group. Second row—5 tre tre on top of 7, 4 ch, 1 tre tre into last of 7, then 4 ch, 1 tre tre into first of next 7, 4 ch, repeat. Third row—3 tre tre on top of 5, 4 ch, 1 tre tre on last of 5, then 4 ch, 1 tre tre on each long st in previous row with 4 ch between, 4 ch, 1 tre tre on first of next group of 5, 4 ch, repeat. Fourth row—6 tre into each space with 1 ch between. Over the 3 tre tre work 1 tre into the first and third stitch with 2 ch between. For the diagonal bar work a ch the required length. First row—1 d c, 5 ch, miss 4, repeat. Second row—Into third of 5 ch 2 tre tre, *, 5 ch, 2 tre tre in same loop, 2 tre tre into third of next 5 ch, work the 4 tre tre off together, repeat from *. Third row—1 d c into middle st of each 5 ch with 4 ch between.

The third doily in the accompanying illustration is begun in quite a unique fashion with 8 d c worked without any foundation except 2 ch to start with; after the first st worked into the first ch each stitch is worked into the lower part of the preceding one until eight are made, 2 ch, turn, work 8 d c into the under side of the first 8, repeat 3 times more, continuing each bar from previous one, then 14 ch, 1 d c in top of first bar, 7 ch, thread 4 times round needle, work out a quadruple stitch, 7 ch, 1 d c in next bar, repeat until reaching the 14 ch, then complete the circle with 1 d c in the seventh ch. Work 9 d c into each space. Work the square forms in the same way, passing the cotton 6 times round the needle, instead of 4, starting with 16 ch, putting the last d c into the ninth ch. In the last row work 1 d c into every stitch, increasing at the corners by putting 3 d c into 1 stitch.







DAINTY SIDEBOARD SCARF

THIS pattern may be made any desired width or length. Make a ring of 6 ch; work 4 groups of 5 tre with 2 ch between, join; this forms a square; work 5 d tre drawn off together at the top on each side of the square with 13 ch between; work 5 ch to form the first d tre. Break off, make another centre as before, but catch the first point to point in first square, 6 ch, join to 7 ch in first square, 6 ch, make another point and repeat with 13 ch between. The following squares have to be joined on two sides. When the required length is made work on each side 6 d c into each space, 1 d c into each point and 1 d c where the ch join. For the knotted fringe pierce holes in the linen close to the edge (which should be doubled as far as the insertion) by means of a sewing-machine, with the needle not threaded; set the stitch large. Work into the holes d c with loops of ch between; into these loops knot the fringe made of the same thread used for working.

FINISH WITH EMBROIDERY

IT will be seen that the slight ornamentation added in the way of embroidery gives great finish to the work, and greatly heightens the general effect. As a rule it will be found preferable for all pieces intended for table use to put in the embroidery entirely in white silk; one strand of filo-floss will answer the purpose. If preferred the buttonholing may also be put in with silk, taking two strands instead of one. Indeed, wherever the long and short stitch is worked around the forms silk should certainly be substituted for cotton. If the patterns be brought into requisition for decorative articles then colors may be employed as fancy may dictate, both for the crochet and embroidery, either in self-color or delicate contrasts. For large pieces, such as tidies, bureau-scarfs, curtains, or draperies of any kind, scrim of a deep cream color makes an excellent foundation. The pattern with the diagonal bar would make a pretty design for a sofa-cushion worked in white silk on colored linen, silk or damask, with a contrasting shade glinting through the open work.

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SPRING GOWNS AND COLORS

By Emma M. Hooper

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ABBY E. UNDERWOOD

ONE of the first subjects broached in the early spring are the new colors that are sent us from Paris. Nothing is lost in brightness, for vivid tints prevail and brilliancy abounds. Combinations will thrive, and the most prominent colors are orange-red, or nasturtium, golden-brown, green and cherry-pink.

The orange-red shades are very handsome in millinery, silk and velvet. They commence with a yellow tint redder than a golden, named *régent*, and continue as *duguesclin*, *capucine*, *giroflée*, *diavolo*, *Dante*, the last three being of a brick-red cast that is very rich in effect. Three shades of scarlet are *coquelicot*, cardinal and *grenat*. Rose and coral pink are represented on the new color cards, and a very deep coral shade called *lilium*. The vivid pink shades, now alluded to as geranium-pink, are shaded from a very reddish pink, *bengale*, flax and *reine* to *roi*, which is a regular cherry or cerise. A lovely bright pink is *achillée*. China-green tints are new. A water-green begins the list as *benvenuto*, *Palissy*, *ceramique* and *Saxe*. Less blue are two darker shades, *Palmyre* and *Delphes*.

A very pinkish mauve is *fleur de pêcher*, a damson tone is *gauche*, and a rich plum is *airelle*. Deep reddish-purple is called *duchesse*, and a lighter shade Ophelia. Four violet shades are *clématite*, iris, petunia and parme, the latter being more blue than the others. Nearly all of the browns are of a yellowish cast, except two *beige* or drab-brown shades, *beige* and *caille*. Golden-tan heads the list as *corée*, followed by *formose*, *kola*, *tabac*, *marron* and *loutre*. Yellow commences with a delicate cream called *ivoire*, then *crême*, *mais*, *génet* and *ebénier* deepening to a rich golden-yellow. The fashionable white is a clear—not bluish—white. A new bright blue of a purplish cast is *clochette*. Save one shade—*sauge*—there is not the slightest reminder of bluet left among the new shades.

THE DAINTY WHITE LAWN GOWN

THICK COTTON GOODS

SUCH fabrics as plain white, pink, yellow and blue piqué, and the same having an occasional rib of white and even a black hairline, will be worn more than ever. There will be blazer, coat and waist suits, and all will have a skirt with gathers at the back, five yards wide and well gored, the front narrow, as they are all cut nowadays. The pretty, girlish, white piqué dress shown in accompanying illustration has such a skirt, large leg-of-mutton sleeves, and a round waist gathered snugly at the waist-line in the back, and in front gathered to drop over the belt, and opened with a rolled collar and revers. A vest or plastron is worn of dotted white Swiss having a ruffle of yellowish Valenciennes lace down each side of a centre plait, fastening with studs or pearl buttons. White ribbon belt having a silver buckle, and a crush collar of plain white, colored, striped or figured ribbon tied in a butterfly bow at the back. Over this, and meeting in front, are two pieces of the Swiss, slightly gathered, with a lace edge and inserting.

THE USEFUL GINGHAM GOWN

THE pretty gingham in illustration is made of blue and white plaid, with the same skirt, and a round waist having a few gathers at the waist-line in the back, while in front it is gathered at the neck as well. The sleeves are in a large puff to the elbow, made separate from the usual sleeve, which finishes out the length, close-fitting to the wrist. A crush belt and collar of five-inch blue satin ribbon are finished at the back with short butterfly bows.

WHITE LAWN DRESSES

THESE are always in favor, owing to their good washing qualities. The skirts all have the gored front and sides, and gathered back, but a few gathers are also allowed across the front. A deep hem or facing is always a finish, though rows of inserting, from one to three, will also be worn. Cotton waists need the reënforcing around the armholes, but are cooler if unlined. The design given on this page for a lawn gown has a round waist, with the upper part in crosswise tucks back and front. The lower part of the front is in alternate lengthwise tucks and stripes of inserting. The top of each sleeve is a large puff over an ordinary sleeve, and this is tucked to match the yoke to the same depth. Two straps of embroidery are placed from the shoulder seam to two inches below the yoke, back and front, each ending with three fancy pearl buttons sewed through; two similar straps are over each sleeve top, to bottom of the tucks. Crush collar, and belt of ribbon five inches wide tied in a short, wide bow at the back.

Plain and elaborate gowns are fashioned out of the neat plaid, striped and checked Clitheroe zephyrs that are lighter in weight than the heavy goods sold under the name of gingham. Trimmed up with ribbon and embroidery they are cool for the afternoon, and plainly fashioned they are suitable for the morning.

THE PRETTY GINGHAM GOWN

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Hooper's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "The Home Dressmaker," will be found on pages 34 and 35 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

THE NEW GOWNS OF EASTERTIDE

By Isabel A. Mallon

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLEN PLAISTED

LIGHT-WEIGHT satins in black, golden-brown, Lincoln green, the new glaring blue and the most fashionable green shade, that which is called *peuplier*, and which is really the color of the stem of a rose, are specially chosen for the new Easter gowns. When I say "light-weight satins" I do not mean those backed by cotton, but the satins of good quality that are not as heavy as those which would be chosen for a bridal gown or a presentation dress. With these skirts of satin are worn jacket bodices of velvet or cloth, elaborately trimmed. Of course, it is not intended that any wrap shall be worn over these bodices.

A typical costume showing the most fashionable combination, that of black and stem-green, has a black satin skirt fitted closely over the hips, but flaring so much from the knee down that its fullness almost suggests a flounce. The jacket bodice is of stem-green velvet fitted very smoothly to the figure until the waist is reached, and then there is a short ripple skirt so full that the black satin lining is visible. The rolling collar and revers are faced with black satin, and just at the waist-line each side there is an emerald button framed in Rhinestones. The vest is of stem-green chiffon with a high stock collar of black satin ribbon. The sleeves of the velvet are quite full, but droop.

A PRETTY EASTER GOWN

The smart street gown is the one that has all the virtue of the tailor-made frock and the slight necessary suggestion of femininity about it. Frequently it shows braiding for its trimming, or it may be decorated with rows of gilt or pearl buttons, while it is certain to have a ribbon or crush silk stock as its neck finish. One costume, which is intended for general wear, is of rather bright blue cloth with a flaring skirt, not so full as it would be if it were silk or satin, but still quite full. The hip gores, and there are several of them, are braided for at least a half a yard down, two widths of black braid being chosen for the design. A broad braid, an inch wide, is in the centre, and a narrow soutache describes a circular pattern around it. The bodice is a close-fitting, double-breasted one with a braiding of black that starts quite wide at the throat and shapes into a point at the waist-line. The ripple skirt has five rows of narrow soutache braid that almost covers it, since it is very short. The full sleeves are shaped in to the arms by tucks, and each tuck is overlaid with a band of soutache braid. A row of small gutta-percha buttons extends from the edge of each sleeve up to the elbow on the outer side. The high collar is a crush one of black satin with its bows at the back, and they flare so much at each side that they show well from the front. The black straw hat is almost burdened with plumes. On one side is a high pompon of white lace.

AN EASTER BRIDE

A PRETTY EASTER COSTUME

AN extremely pretty Easter gown, showing not only the historical, but the fashionable, contrast that has obtained in Paris and London for two years, that of green and lavender, is of light-weight silk, the background being a rather dull lavender with a stem-green leaf thrown here and there upon it. The skirt flares prettily, and has on each side of the front, nearly half a yard from the lower edge, a bow of green velvet ribbon carefully tied, and then sewed so carefully, so securely and flatly to position that the effect desired is gained, *i. e.*, it seems appliquéd on the material. The bodice is a round one of the silk with the yoke overlaid with coarse écru lace. Just in the centre, in front, is a double box-plait of velvet the exact color of the ribbon bows on the skirt. The stock is of ribbon like that on the skirt, while the full sleeves shape into cuffs made of velvet ribbon and coarse écru insertion alternating. A narrow frill of the velvet ribbon is the wrist finish. The bonnet is of green sticks woven together in basket fashion, with a frill of lace defining the shape and a bunch of leaves on one side, with a velvet bow on the other side.

THE SMART STREET GOWN

SOME OF THE OTHER GOWNS

IT is undoubted that mohair, as we call it, alpaca, as it is more generally known, will, in all the fashionable shades, be liked for general wear during the early spring and through the entire summer. It is specially liked in gray and in mode. Both of these shades stand being trimmed with coarse lace, the first in white and the last in the écru shade. Yokes, waistcoats, cuffs and large round collars are all fancied, but if one can arrange a specially original disposition of the lace, then her gown will be stamped with individuality. Or, if one wishes, the useful alpaca can be made without trimming save that which is afforded by its design and its good fit.

A dainty little gown made of gray alpaca, intended to be worn by an Easter bride, has a plain flaring skirt absolutely without decoration. The bodice is a draped one, with a flaring collar and deep revers that extend far over the shoulder and shape into a sharp point at the waist-line; these are of white satin overlaid with écru lace and spangled with steel. The sleeves are large drooping puffs that shape into deep cuffs of satin overlaid with the lace, steel spangled, and on the outer side of each is a row of finely-cut steel buttons. A folded belt of white satin is about the waist, and is shaped so that it curves over the hips and comes to a point at the front and back. At each side of the front is a large cut steel button. The bonnet to be worn with this is a gray chip trimmed with white roses and green leaves, with a round pompon of lace.

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JUST AMONG OURSELVES

EDITED BY MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT

A department devoted to a social interchange of ideas among JOURNAL readers. Address all letters to MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 421–427 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

MARRIAGE is either sacred or degrading; the state of wedlock or matrimony, pure and blessed, or impure and miserable. There is no middle ground. In this case a golden mean is impossible. Now is an especially appropriate time for a serious consideration of this truth. Weddings and divorces make about equal demands upon the space of our sensational newspapers—divorces, perhaps, securing the larger share; and one might almost prophesy from the publicity given to personal details connected with a wedding, the probability of equally minute details of a most disagreeable sort, connected with the divorce of the newly-married people. Our young people have presented to them so much that must be repulsive to a pure nature, and the expense of a wedding has become so formidable, that it is not surprising to find the most serious minded indefinitely postponing marriage. Amidst this malarial atmosphere those pure and holy stirrings in the heart of youth, which would naturally lead first to friendship, and then to love, are either smothered, or, bursting the bonds of right, result in sin. We sometimes think that it is only among the very rich that this desecration of marriage is to be found. But the contagion has spread, and where we might have hoped that the security of a moderate income and comparative simplicity of living would have saved young people from so wretched a mistake, we are constantly seeing the peace of the family and the credit of its head sacrificed to a spectacle wholly out of proportion to the circumstances of the young people, who begin their life together under a cloud of insincerity. One voice after another is lifted up against the false ideas upon which many a new home is built. The humorist, the satirist, and the moralist utter vigorous protests. Experience strives to catch the ear of the maiden, but all the voices are drowned in the noise of social demands.

* * *

CAN you suggest to me some things which a lady might do to earn what used to be called "pin-money"? Several of us have been talking about the many things we want to do, for which we must have our purses replenished. Some of us are charitably inclined, and others have pet schemes which concern ourselves. We agree in one thing, we want to earn something, and we must do it in a ladylike way or our friends will be vexed. Please do not betray us. If you answer in the JOURNAL let us be incognito. When our plans are all made we shall tell our friends, but we do not want them to nip our scheme in the bud by objections which would spoil our enthusiasm.

URBAN.

This is a new form of a perennial question! Specialties in cooking form a very good means of making money. Orders for cake, salad, croquettes, rolls, sauces, candy, may be secured by a little effort, and furnished to regular customers at appointed times. Kerosene lamps may be trimmed and filled where there is not help enough for all the work in the house. The necessary outfit can be carried in a satchel and the work be done without leaving any trace of stain. A good reader can find occupation for an hour or two a day reading to an invalid. Shopping may be done for those who dislike it or cannot leave home, by one who has good taste and judgment. Pay for this sort of work is very good, for shopkeepers allow a liberal discount to the professional buyer. Then there are almost endless forms of teaching. Adults supplement a defective education by employing some one to "coach" them on special subjects. Children who study out of school must often be superintended, and are more eager in their work if a bright young woman is with them who knows how to make work cheerful. I have recently heard of a new profession for a young lady. She entertains children, aiming to make them happy in their own way, directing their tastes and keeping them pleased and good-humored. She has a regular system. A few days before conducting a party she finds out the age of the little hostess, and the number and ages of her guests. Then she talks over menus, decorations and games with the mother of the family. On the day of the party she goes to the house before the guests begin to arrive, and sees that everything is in readiness. When the little folks arrive she helps to entertain them.

Still another new occupation for women is trunk-packing. The traveler selects what she will need in the journey or visit. The packer is called in. Her experienced eye quickly determines the number of trunks required, and the busy woman, who has "a thousand and one things" to do before she can leave home, and the exiled invalid are not interrupted nor fatigued.

I HAVE been a constant reader of the JOURNAL for several years past, and have never requested the slightest attention from any of the departments until the present time; but noticing an expression made use of by you in the June number, "Use is the only justification for possession," as referring to muscles, I beg leave to ask whether you have ever studied the Single Tax, and if so, what your opinion of it is? Do you regard it as being the best use to which the earth (land)—one of God's greatest gifts—might be put, that it should be solely the means of adding to the wealth of the so-called owners? Should not the maxim quoted apply to this case also?

I am not a "New Woman," for I am opposed to equal suffrage, but being forced into comparative idleness, owing to the business depression of the past few years, I was led to seek the cause and the remedy for this sad state of affairs, and while other changes are necessary I certainly believe that if reform could be brought about in our system of taxation, the general public, and especially the farmers, would be greatly benefited.

I trust you will see fit to answer my communication, as I am very anxious to learn what the good and wise women who edit and read the JOURNAL think of this question, and would very much like to have it discussed by them, for I believe that the vote of the country can be swayed more readily by the influence of earnest, intelligent women well beloved by men, whether as mother, wife, sister, sweetheart or acquaintance, than by the votes of the same women at the polls.

L. M. Y.

The Single Tax idea has been brought to my notice, but I cannot say that I have studied it. I have great respect for any honest effort to improve the condition of mankind, and I believe the advocates of Single Tax are inspired by an earnest desire to equalize the distribution of God's "free gifts." But among the great and absorbing problems of the day the Single Tax reform does not seem to me to be sufficiently practical to make it wise for me to spend much time upon it. The objections are not, as they present themselves to me, easily answered. If the land belongs to the community—and obviously there cannot be the same free and general use of it as can be made of God's other gifts of light and air—what shall be the limit of the community, the village, the county, the State, the world? And in the fluctuations of society shall the new-comer benefit equally with the old settler?

The usage of thousands of years renders so radical a change almost impossible. The previous life of the world has deposited the results of industry in improvements to the land which it would be almost impossible to separate from the land itself in estimating what proportion of the value should belong to the community and what to the individual. There would be an injustice in depriving men of that inheritance of the fruits of industry as truly as if it were in ships or machinery. In making the ownership of land communal it would seem to be a necessity, in the interests of justice, to call upon the deposited industry in other things to recompense the loser of the land for that share of which he is deprived, and which would accrue to those—as members of the community—who had put their industry in other things than land. So far as I can see, the individual ownership of land, although presenting many serious difficulties to the social economist, is more expedient than the communal because it inspires better work and makes better men.

This would not be a proper place, even were there room, for a discussion of this question, but I am glad it has been suggested to us and I commend it for study.

* * *

DO you think that it would be well for wealthy persons to refrain from giving large church weddings? These weddings seem no longer to have any solemnity about them.

J. K.

That is a difficult question for me to answer, and yet only recently I was much impressed by hearing one of my kinswomen tell of a visit she had made to our ancestral home, where she was shown the room in which our great-grandmother was married. According to the fashion of the day and place, the sacred ceremony took place in an upper room, with the nearest and dearest friends, scarce a dozen or two, as witnesses. Other friends less closely connected, came a little later, to offer their good wishes in the parlor below. The quiet room in the plain farmhouse was more like a sanctuary than is the city church, with all its decorations, its vested choir, its priests, perhaps a bishop, and a crowd—one might almost say a mob—of spectators, scrambling upon the seats for a view of the clothes which the bridal party wear. One church, which, from its size and architecture, has become a favorite place for weddings, makes a charge to the parties thus using it, to cover injuries which the building sustains from the throng, who do not hesitate to climb upon book-racks and the tops of pews to view the scene. God grant that the sacredness of marriage may be saved from total extinction.

HAVING become acquainted with you through THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL I would like to have your opinion in a matter which is troubling me very much. I take it, from your writings, that you are not a narrow-minded person, and therefore I want your opinion. First, then, must a person believe in the doctrine of the Trinity in order to be saved? Second, must a person believe or accept as true everything in the Bible in order to be saved? I want so much the pardon and peace of God, but cannot seem to accept the doctrine of the Trinity. Therefore I do not know whether I have pardon and belong to God or not. I believe in God, but I always think of Him as a Supreme Being dwelling in one person. When I try to think of God as existing in three persons confusion is the result, and I seem to lose all sense of nearness to Him. I believe also in Christ—that He was divine—but I cannot think of Him as being the Son of God, and at the same time God Himself. Then the Holy Ghost to me is not a person, but the invisible presence of God, whereby He makes Himself known and felt among men. I am not a member of any church, but have always been brought up in the Presbyterian faith, and scarcely know how I came by these views. Nevertheless they seem to have become fixed in my mind. How am I to know whether my views are right or wrong? I am aware that the doctrine of the Trinity is almost universally believed, but there are some who do not believe it, and both, I suppose, use the Bible as authority in the matter. If my views are wrong how am I to eradicate them from my mind, for no one can explain the mystery of this doctrine fully? Again, must I remain unforgiven and away from God because I cannot believe this doctrine?

If you can give me any light on this subject or help me in any way I shall be very grateful indeed.

PERPLEXED.

You need not be troubled about your inability to understand and state the doctrine of the Trinity. You believe in God the Father, and you believe in Jesus Christ as the manifestation of God in a human body, and in the Holy Spirit as "the invisible presence of God, known and felt," now. That is a very good definition of the Trinity as many orthodox people would define their belief, but definitions are a continual source of controversy, and the disputations they provoke are very fruitful of mischief. Theology is a science, and may be studied and taught in the schools, but it has comparatively little relation to daily life. If we were required to understand God before we could worship Him acceptably we might well despair. What child would ever love his mother if he must understand her first? God never will require of His children anything impossible, and you need not fear that He will not receive you if you sincerely love and trust Him, because you cannot comprehend all the mystery of His greatness. He requires a great deal of us; we are not to rest idly on a sentimental idea of God's goodness, and imagine that it does not matter much how we live nor what we think. It does matter whether we believe that we have defaced the image of God in which we were created, that we are daily sinning against Him, that there is no power in ourselves to redeem us from the fatal sickness of sin, and that there is a divine power upon which we may call in the hour of temptation, and in the sorrow of repentance for strength and forgiveness. I wish you could read a sermon I have heard on the words, "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Just dealing is not easy, and to go beyond justice so far as to love mercy and to be in constant, reverent companionship with God—this plain, but high standard of life, is not to be reached without persistent effort. From the days of the prophet Micah till now men would rather discuss questions about God than to live with Him. They find it is easier to speculate about His plan than to accept His law. They evade the practical teaching of Christ, and multiply words without wisdom concerning the divine nature. They forgot that "doing His will" preceded "knowing the doctrine." Do you remember Whittier's poem, "The Eternal Goodness"? There is not room to quote it all but I advise you to read it carefully:

"Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

"I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

* * * * * * *

"More than your schoolmen teach, within
Myself, alas! I know;
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

"I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

* * * * * * *

"I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

* * * * * * *

"And thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee."

Feeling deeply one's sin and leaning close on God we shall not go far astray "in the doctrine," and when, having sought to deal justly and to love mercy in our relations with our fellow-men, and having walked humbly with God, learning daily more and more of His goodness, we awake from this troubled dream of life and find ourselves in His presence, we shall see Him as He is, not, as now, through a glass darkly. Now we know in part, but then we shall know even as we are known.

A. F. H. Abbott.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

Edited by Mrs. Margaret Bottome

HEART TO HEART TALKS

I HAVE so often read the words, "And He showed me a 'pure river of the water of life,'" and I have imagined what it would be to be shown one beautiful thing after another when we shall have reached the land "beyond the river," where "they lay the burdens down." But I cannot see why we should not see that it is God who is showing us the rivers, and the ocean, and the mountains, and all the beautiful of earth, when for a season we lay the burden of business down to enjoy a little recreation. Why not say, "And He showed me" the wonders of the sea? "He showed me" the beautiful Alps? I pity any one who can stand and see the sunset on the Jungfrau at Interlachen and not see God, not see the beauty of holiness symbolized by that rare sight. I felt on my trip last summer that God was showing me these sights of earth, and again and again I have said, "And some day He will show me the 'pure river of the water of life.'" And I want to tell you, dear Daughters, of lessons I have learned; for about all there is of life, as a friend once said to me, is what you get out of it. If you do not see the meaning of things, to my mind you have lost the real things themselves! More than all that I saw in beautiful Venice was the impression that Venice herself made on me. She is always represented as a beautiful woman, and so she will always seem to me like a beautiful woman, but one who has led a proud life and has failed to grow in true knowledge; and nothing in all I saw in Europe will stay longer with me than the fact that Venice symbolized to me that when an individual ceases to grow the glory has departed! The glory, the real glory, is in growth; not that I saw no glory in Venice; I did, but it was a glory of the past—it was a faded glory, and there was a lack of the vitality that you feel in the tremendous throb of London or New York, that made the contrast most sharp.

Maybe some of you will say, "Where did you think the most about us?" I thought of you everywhere, because the word "development" never meant as much to me as this summer, and you know our Order is for the development of spiritual life, or in other words, for the development of the soul; and I have felt that the one business of our lives is to see to it that we develop our souls, the immortal part of us. I met in London a son of our King who was a real gift of God to me, and in listening to him, and reading his sermons afterward, I was so deeply impressed with the work of "development" that I think maybe you were more on my mind when I heard and read him than at any other time.

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SOUL DEVELOPMENT

PARTICULARLY I thought of so many of you when I read a sermon of his from "Be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." He says, "Develop your souls in your social life and in your business. Never mind what anybody else does; never mind if they try to drag you down, and if they sneer and laugh at you and chaff you; never mind how ordinary your home is or how unintellectual your surroundings. In spite of it all say, 'I will be a saint, I will love God more, I will make my wings grow, I will become spiritual whatever it may cost me,' and it will cost us something and cost us much, I assure you." Nothing is valuable that does not cost. Again and again in seeing the jewelry and souvenirs of different kinds, as we looked in the shop-windows in London or Paris or Vienna, I would hear one of our party say, "Look in this window, the real things are here,"—but the real always meant the costly. And as I looked at the pictures of the world I was impressed as I had never been before: all the faces that have come down through the ages to lift us have been suffering faces—from the "Man of Sorrows" down. I think I must have grown in five years for I saw more deeply into the symbolism of the paintings and sculpture than I had ever seen before.

I think sometimes we can gauge our spiritual growth by seeing how much more art means to us from time to time. As I listen to the oratorio of "The Messiah" year after year I am impressed with the fact of how increasingly precious it becomes to me. After one has known suffering one listens to the words, "a man acquainted with grief," and all is real.

THE HEART'S NEED

I DID not understand the service that I attended in the Cathedral on Sunday, but it was the only place of worship we attended, and I could not refrain from kneeling and worshiping under the symbol of our sin and shame, for He suffered death for us. I might have been misunderstood in kneeling in prayer, but that is a small matter. There was One who understood me, and it helped me to offer a little prayer for the poor and ignorant that were around me, and I did not feel that I was better than they. If I had had no more than they had, should I have done any better than they? I think not. Am I more sincere than they who count their beads? Who can say? Anyway I had tenderness of spirit for the poor mothers who put their beads on the arm of the Virgin Mother in the shrines that I passed so frequently in a drive we took in Austria a few days after. God looks at the heart, and the tenderness, the pity, that a woman can give a woman was what they wanted. And sometimes it seems to me that God don't care much what we call Him. Maybe He wouldn't care if we called Him mother. I well remember after my mother died how I missed her, and one day I went into a secret place and all I could say was, "Mother! Oh, mother!" And God came into my heart and comforted me, and yet I was only thinking of my own dear mother; "Like as a mother comforteth so will I comfort you." I have no criticisms to make, I have no inclination to condemn, life is so hard and the human heart is so hungry for love!

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THE LIVING CHRIST

I THOUGHT of Madame Guyon when I went down into the dreadful dungeons just before leaving Venice. We had roamed through the great Palace of the Doges, and then we crossed over the Bridge of Sighs and went down into the dungeons where those who entered left hope behind as far as earth was concerned. I had read of the beautiful saint that had been shut up in just such a dungeon in the old Bastille of Paris, but I never realized the awfulness of the dungeons until I found myself in the dungeons of Venice, where the political prisoners—as the guide said—had been confined until their execution. And he laid his hand on the spot where they were guillotined, but the soul of Madame Guyon had been so developed that a light from her soul so illumined her dungeon that the stones became diamonds and rubies, and her soul sang! One sight was allowed these poor prisoners, many of them the noblest sons of Venice. After their last confession to the priest, made through the hole in the awful stone wall through which they received their food, a candle was held so that light fell on a crucifix, and that was the light, the only light, they saw. Ah, there was a light in Madame Guyon's soul that showed her the living Christ always with her, never leaving her for a moment alone in that dungeon. There are other dungeons beside the dungeons made of stone. There are fearfully dark places where you and I may be called to go, and we shall need a Christ that we can only realize as we have "developed" our souls so that we can see Him. Let us make no mistake here. The musician who can give the music the world wishes to hear must have practiced, must have known the meaning of the word "development." Not a grand picture that I looked at during the summer of 1895 but tells the artist's story of years and years of toil to become a painter. And do you think that Christians can be made in a day? There is nothing that takes as much time to develop as the unselfish, Christlike character.

In the Palace of the Doges in Venice I was struck with the appearance of a little child again and again. In one grand painting a little child was holding a very large cross, and the old familiar words came again and again to my mind: "A little child shall lead them." The spirit of a little child must eventually be the leading spirit of the world. Then I saw the wonderful crucifix suspended from the marvelous dome in the Cathedral at Milan as often as I could, for there were times when the light touched it and then it was a sight never to be forgotten. At the sunset hour people of different nationalities and different faiths stood side by side awed by the sight of a man hanging on a cross high up in full view, and some at least recalled His own words to mind: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

SEEING THE MEANING

A GENTLEMAN in our party said one thought must come to those who look on the Crucified Man: that the Cathedral, the pride of ages, owes its existence to that cross, that death, the eternal emblem of voluntary self-sacrifice. God only knows how many see the meaning of it all. Alas, none of us see it deeply enough or live the life so that we may understand. Perhaps the poor sons and daughters of toil that I saw go in and out of that Cathedral know more of the life than many who pity them. At least they have one comfort: they look and bow to a sufferer, a Man who had not where to lay His head, poor, became poor that we, through His poverty, might become rich. The last word that was said to me as I passed out of the Cathedral, as the glow of the sunset was leaving the cross, was spoken by one of the guides you get so tired of—he pointed in a certain direction and said, "Clothes?" I suppose some garments—robes—were on exhibition, but I had seen the cross and I didn't want to see clothes, so I shook my head no. Clothes! How they dwindled in insignificance. How different the shops with all their trinkets looked as I passed out. I had seen the fairest among ten thousand, and the One altogether lovely, the One who clothed the lilies of the field.

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A BEAUTIFUL DRESS

MOST of us like to be well dressed, and we like to please others by our dress. We enjoy hearing those we love say, "I like to see you in that dress," or, "How becoming that dress is to you." Now I am sure the deepest need with some of us, and the reason why we have not felt really comfortable in our spirit life, has been that we were conscious that in the sight of God we were not well dressed, were not pleasing to Him; and if you are not pleasing to persons, of course, you do not like to go where they are if you can help it, and so I think there is in the experience of many a shrinking from God. They know they do not appear well. Read the parable called "The Prodigal Son," and please don't think that the Prodigal Son means some poor lost creature, some poor drunken profligate—it means you, it means me. Your spirit dress is nothing but rags, and sometimes you catch a sight of it—a sight of yourself as you are, and your selfishness, your meanness, your contemptible pride looms up before you, and you know in that moment you are in rags. You come to yourself and you know you are in a far country. Don't say, as you read the story, "I am not as bad as that Prodigal, I have not squandered everything in riotous living." Yes, you have. You have squandered everything on yourself, and every one who lives for their own pleasure, lives a selfish life, and is in a far country. You would not like it if I should tell you you are a thief, but you are. You have been using goods that did not belong to you. "Ye are not your own" is eternal truth. Oh, I wish you could see that you have been stealing, and stealing from your best friend, which is the worst of it. Oh, if you would own up and break down, and say, "I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, 'Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy child.'" Then, oh, then, you would have the beautiful dress given to you I wanted to tell you about. The Father would say, "Bring forth the best robe and put it on her." Now, what is the best robe for you and me? It is Christ's righteousness—it is Himself. I cannot explain it to you—all I know is that it is so. You know how a robe covers you; if it is long enough it covers your feet, and the feet always indicate service to me—one feels so the imperfectness of the service we try to do, but the robe covers the service so that no imperfections are in His sight. He sees the robe. Now, I cannot be mistaken about the need of this robe, I know the deep need. I know the remedy, and all I can say to you is see your need and take the remedy. If you were ill and I knew a remedy I would bring it to you, and if you should say, "What are the compounds? Explain the medicine," I should have to say, "I cannot do it; I only know I was sick just as you are, and I took this medicine and it cured me." Oh, do take it!

You may be sure Christ would not have come if there had not been a deep need, and either He came to be a Saviour from sin or there is no meaning in the history, and in order to save us we must receive Him as our Saviour, acknowledging our need and gratefully accepting the remedy. So many of you write to me asking if there is any help for you, whether you can ever be saved from your sins. I have only one answer: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "*Only believe.*"

Margaret Bottome

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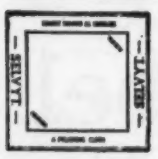

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ATTRACTIVE BORDER PLANTS

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

THE busy woman and the lover of flowers, whose time in which to give them attention has been limited, has grown annuals almost exclusively for so long a time—under the mistaken idea that by so doing she has saved time and labor—that she really thinks them the best flowers for her to grow. "I'm too busy, and too tired most of the time to take care of anything else in the flower line," she says, and goes on spading up beds and sowing seed spring after spring, and pulling weeds week after week through half the season, without realizing that she is expending a great deal more work and time on her annuals than would be necessary had she made a specialty of border plants. Were she to grow the latter she would be obliged to give them some attention in spring, of course, for no plant will grow, or should be expected to, without some care; but this attention will be slight compared with that required in making beds, and thereafter, all through the season, the hoe can be used in keeping the ground clean about them, thus doing away with the hard and continuous work of weeding by hand, which must be done among annuals to a great extent. I am safe in saying that a collection of one hundred herbaceous plants—and few collections among amateurs will come up to half that number—will require less labor and attention than a bed containing half a dozen kinds of annuals, each of which is grown in the ordinary quantity obtainable from the average package of seeds. The wider range secured by the use of herbaceous plants will be seen at a glance on looking over a good collection of them, and such an examination will make quite apparent one of the advantages of the border over the annual bed to the observant amateur.

ANOTHER advantage of the border over the annual flower garden is this: once planted it is good for a number of years. In fact, its full beauty is not developed until it is two or three years old, and it will not be necessary to do anything with it, except to keep it clean, for at least three years. Then it may be advisable to divide some of the plants or reset them, but this is easily and rapidly done, and involves less labor than that of transplanting annuals. Therefore it will readily be seen that in planting a border you are not only economizing time and labor for the present year, but for years to come, less of both being required each year after the first one, up to the time when it becomes necessary to reset or divide the plants in it.

ANOTHER reason is the dignity and stateliness of effect of border plants. Some of our annuals bear very beautiful flowers, but, planted away from the path or the house, they lose much of their charm because they cannot be seen to advantage. They are mostly low and spreading plants, and their ornamental possibilities depend largely on their being seen near by. Put them in the background, or at the distance afforded by the width of an ordinary yard, and they suffer a loss of their charms. But it is quite the opposite with nearly all herbaceous plants. They are mostly of comparatively tall growth, and at a distance of thirty, forty or fifty feet they are more attractive than when seen at close range. Distance lends a little enchantment to all flowers except those of most delicate texture and color. It is, therefore, not only possible to have these plants at one side or the rear of the lot without detracting from their charm, but in doing so their ornamental effects are heightened. By a careful consideration of their height and habit a border five or six feet wide may be planted in such a manner that it will appear like a solid bank of flowers and foliage, sloping down from Hollyhocks five and six feet tall, to such plants as Phlox *sublata*, which form a cushion-like mass not more than six inches in height.

Tall plants give a stateliness of effect not possible to obtain from anything of lower growth, and it will readily be understood that much more strikingly-ornamental results can be obtained from the use of them than from annuals. By an intelligent selection of varieties, based on a study of their habits and seasons of flowerings, it will be possible to have flowers from early in the season to late in the fall, therefore the annual has no advantage over them so far as the length of the flowering period is concerned. The annual blooms more profusely while its flowering season is at its height, but after that its brilliant display dwindles if seed is allowed to form and ripen, and but little in the way of adornment need be expected from it.

TO succeed well with border plants it is necessary to give them a rich soil. One cannot expect success with them unless they are well fed. Many persons are under the impression that it is only necessary to give them a place to grow in, in any kind of soil; this done, they will take care of themselves. After planting they are neglected. In a short time grass chokes them, or weeds dispute possession of the soil with them, and the result is: few and inferior flowers. This result, growing out of the kind of treatment described, has created a prejudice against plants of this class, which is most effectually dispelled by an examination of plants grown under the care of a conscientious gardener, such as the real lover of flowers—be he or she amateur or professional—will be. It is true that most of these plants are strong and robust enough to look out for themselves, after a fashion, if neglected, but it is not a fashion that the good gardener cares to follow. Plants of any kind, in order to give satisfaction, must have good care. Unless you can, and are willing to, give it, do not attempt to grow them. Let the soil be deep and mellow; spade it up to the depth of a foot at least—a foot and a half is better—and mix into it a liberal quantity of old, rotten manure, preferably that from the cowyard if such is obtainable; if it is not, use coarsely-ground bonemeal. A pound of meal to each five feet square of soil is not too much. While all of the plants mentioned in the subjoined lists are hardy at the North—all not proved to be perfectly so have purposely been omitted—I would advise giving them a covering of some sort in the fall. It may be thought unnecessary work to cover a plant able to stand the winter without it, but I advise it because a slight protection does much to keep the vitality of the plant up to the condition of highest vigor and health.

Plants not covered may come through the winter in apparently good condition, but they will be found, on comparing them with others to which some covering was given, to have suffered a considerable loss of vitality. This loss should be prevented, as far as possible, if we would grow our plants to perfection, which is, of course, what we would all like to do. It will, therefore, be understood that while a covering is not really necessary it is advisable. Plants exposed to the action of the elements in winter are frequently injured by heaving of the soil, consequent on freezing and thawing, and this danger is almost wholly prevented by covering their crowns with litter. It is an easy matter to apply it, and but little time is required in its application. All there is necessary to do is to throw a few forkfuls of whatever is used—coarse manure from the barnyard, hay or straw—about the plant, taking care to have the covering thickest over its crown. In spring, as soon as the plant begins to grow, the covering can be removed from it, and from the bed as well, if advisable, or it can be dug into the soil about the plant, to afford nutriment for its roots.

IN order to assist the amateur who may desire to begin making a collection of hardy plants I give a brief description of some of the leading sorts:

Achillea *filapendula*.—A showy yellow flower. Season, July to October; height, two to three feet. *A. serrulata flore plene* ("Pearl"), small white flowers in great profusion. July to frost; height, one foot to foot and a half.

Hollyhock.—This plant I would place at the head of the list for desirability. We have nothing making a finer display. Colors range from pure white through all shades of red and rose to darkest maroon and most delicate yellow; height, five to six feet; season, from July to October.

Aster.—A native plant of great beauty. *A. longifolium Formosus* is a very showy autumn variety, with bright, rose-colored flowers. *A. Novæ-Anglaie*, purple; height, from four to five feet. September to November.

Aquilegia.—Very beautiful. White, scarlet, yellow and blue; height, two feet. June to August.

Coreopsis *lanceolata*.—One of our best plants. Bright yellow flowers on slender stalks. An all-the-season bloomer. Fine for massing where a rich and solid color effect is desired, also for front rows; height, one foot and a half to two feet.

Delphinium (perennial Larkspur).—A noble plant. *D. Formosum* is the best variety. It blooms from June to August. It sends up a great number of stalks to the height of five or six feet, bearing its flowers of richest, most intense blue, in spikes often two feet long, and is so luxuriant in its growth that it well repays any attention paid to it at the start.

DICENTRA (Bleeding Heart).—An early bloomer, having very pretty foliage, and long curving racemes of drooping pink and white flowers. Very desirable.

Gaillardia.—A plant of low growth and spreading habit, having exceedingly brilliant flowers of rich yellow and red.

Iris.—This is, perhaps, our finest summer-flowering plant. It is wonderfully beautiful, rivaling the finest Orchid in richness of coloring. The Kæmpferi section includes a grand variety of colors, ranging from purest white through all shades of blue and purple to rich maroon. In some varieties the color is solid, in others there are most peculiar color combinations, making it seem that Nature must have outdone herself in her effort to give us a royally beautiful flower of wonderful brilliance and richness of tone. June and July; height, from two to three feet.

Peonies.—Magnificent herbaceous perennials, having very large and showy flowers, comprising many shades of color from pure white to crimson and purple; height, from two to three feet.

Phlox.—Is to the border what the Geranium is to the window garden. They are of a wide range of colors—white, rose, violet, mauve, lilac, crimson and scarlet. They begin to bloom in July, and many varieties continue to flower till late in the fall. The *decussata* and *paniculata* hybrids grow from three to four feet tall, sending up a great number of stalks from each plant, each stalk bearing an enormous head of bloom. A strong clump of Phlox gives a more solid color effect than any other plant I know of. The mauve, lilac, violet and purple sorts should never be planted alongside the delicate rose varieties. The latter are very effective when used with the white kinds. *P. sublata* (Moss Pink) is a low-growing variety suitable for planting in immediate foreground.

Pyrethrum *uliginosum*.—A very fine fall-flowering plant. Pure white, Daisy-like flowers, with yellow centre; height, from four to five feet.

Ranunculus (Buttercup).—Very showy, small, double, yellow flowers; free blooming; height, from one to two feet. June to August.

Campanula (Canterbury Bell).—Old favorites. Large, bell-shaped flowers, blue and white; height, about two feet. June to August.

Anemone (Wind Flower).—A most beautiful perennial, valuable for its late-blooming habit. *A. Japonica* has rosy carmine flowers. *A. alba* has flowers of the purest white, continuing until cold weather; height, from two to three feet.

Hemerocallis.—Plants deserving a place in all collections. The most desirable two sorts are *H. flava*, lemon yellow, and *Dumortieri*, orange; height, from two to three feet. June and July.

Helianthus (Sunflower).—A superb class of autumn bloomers. The flowers, which are a bright, rich golden yellow, are borne on long stems, and are of great value for cutting. They must not be confounded with the tall-growing, coarse Sunflower often seen in fields and about barns. While it is true that they are relatives of the same family they are quite unlike each other, the flowers of this class being about the size of small Dahlias, and quite double, showing no bare, brown centre, such as characterizes the old-fashioned Sunflower. These grow from three to four feet.

IT must not be understood that the above list is a complete one of desirable kinds. It is simply one in which the kinds best adapted to the use of the amateur, at the beginning, are named. As he becomes familiar with their requirements and culture he can add other plants to his collection until the number runs up into the hundreds, if he desires to do so. But he will do well to begin modestly, and enlarge his border from time to time, depending upon standard plants for early effects. Hollyhocks are seldom worth keeping over for a second season of flowering. Then it is advisable to provide plants for next season's use by sowing seed this season. Sometimes plants give a good crop of flowers at each blooming, but as a general thing they fail to do so. Our newer strains of this most magnificent flower are lacking in the vitality which characterized the old-fashioned single sorts. Therefore it is well to have a new set of plants coming forward each year for use the coming season.

When plants in the border become so large that they crowd each other, or when it is evident that some portion of them is not as strong and healthy as it ought to be, they should be taken up and divided. Cut away all but the strongest and most vigorous roots, and replant none that are not healthy. If, as is generally the case, young plants are taken away from the old plants each year, for friends and neighbors, it may not be necessary to divide or reset the plants for a number of years, as this annual removal of a part of their roots throws the strength of the plant into the portion left, thus enabling it to keep up its vigor without division or resetting.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Rexford's answers to his correspondents, under the title of "Floral Helps and Hints," will be found on pages 32 and 33 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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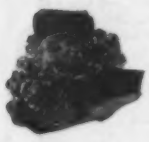

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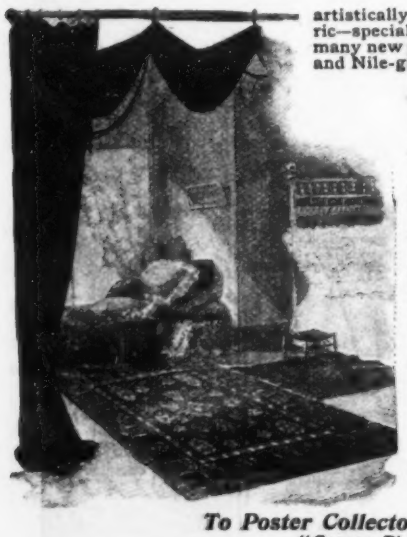

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THIS COUNTRY OF OURS

(CONTINUATION FROM PAGE 8)

consuls naturally take on the views held by them upon this question. We cannot have a permanent diplomatic and consular service until we can find diplomats and consuls who will leave their party politics at home. If they are to be aired or exercised abroad then it follows that they must be in harmony with the party in power at home. There is no other way as to officers whose work and expressions affect public or political policies—however much we may wish there were. But spite of all the difficulties that beset the question of removals and appointments it must be conceded that much progress in the direction of a betterment of the service has been made. The Civil Service Rules have removed a large number of minor offices in the departments at Washington, and in the postal and other services, from the scramble of politics, and have given the President, the Cabinet officers and the Members of Congress great relief; but it still remains true that in the power of appointment to office the President finds the most exacting, unrelenting and distracting of his duties. In the nature of things he begins to make enemies from the start, and has no way of escape—it is fate; and to a sensitive man involves much distress of mind. His only support is in the good opinion of those who chiefly care that the public business shall be well done, and are not disturbed by the consideration whether this man or that man is doing it; but he hears very little directly from this class. No President can conduct a successful administration without the support of Congress, and this matter of appointments, do what he will, often weakens that support. It is for him always a sort of compromise between his ideal and the best attainable thing.

A TRUE COLONIAL DAME

(CONTINUATION FROM PAGE 2)

dignities of his cousin, Robert, seventh Lord Fairfax), she was devoted and helpful, as her strong nature inspired her to be; and their married life was entirely happy and congenial.

A FEW years ago I visited the house in Lansdowne Crescent, Bath, to which this couple removed from Yorkshire for the benefit of the waters of the famous old spa, where he died, and which she continued to inhabit until her own death in 1811. The dwelling is one of a row in a sickle-shaped street high on the hill above the quaint old city, and from it one looks down upon the lovely old Abbey and the silver Avon far below. Its near neighbors are the twin houses connected at their second stories by a covered bridge, where once lived Beckford, the brilliant, eccentric author of "Vathek." In Lansdowne Crescent the smooth-worn pavements, the old brick houses, the wrought-iron railings and link extinguishers, the little gardens still well kept, speak eloquently of the aristocratic past of England's favorite watering-place. One can understand why it was the chosen retreat of many another like Sally Fairfax, who went there to pass the placid evening of her protracted days.

Under the escort of a little maid with pink ribbons in her cap I went over the house, some of whose former furnishings I had been familiar with in childhood in Virginia.

MISTRESS SARAH, and her husband, "the Honorable George," sleep in a vault sealed with their armorial bearings, at Writhlington Church, ten miles out of Bath. She was buried there with a pomp befitting a wealthy widow of her condition, and the bills for the pageant, the like of which was unheard of in quiet Virginia, drifted over the sea to be conned with wonder by her heirs. These bills, indeed, rendered to her executors, are pretty much all that now remains of the imperious young beauty who swayed the pulses of George Washington as no other woman ever did.

. . . . . .

Sitting once in the little "breakfast parlour" of the house in Lansdowne Crescent, two letters were handed to Mrs. Fairfax, both dated at Mount Vernon, May 16, 1798. One of them, from Martha Washington, contained this sentence:

"I assure you that although many years have elapsed since I have either received or written one [a letter] to you, my affectionate regard has undergone no diminution, and it is among my greatest regrets now I am again fixed (I hope for life) at this place, at not having you as a neighbor and a companion."

THE other letter, as long, as full, as kind, was writtten by Washington himself.

"*My Dear Madam:* [it ran]

"Five and twenty years have nearly passed away, since I have considered myself as the permanent resident at this place, or have been in a situation to indulge myself in a familiar intercourse with my friends by letter or otherwise.

"During this period, so many important events have occurred, and such changes in men and things have taken place, as the compass of a letter would give you but an inadequate idea of. None of which events, however, nor all of them together have been able to eradicate from my mind the recollection of those happy moments, the happiest of my life, which I enjoyed in your company."

* * *

Here (no doubt) the letter dropped from her hand, and the lady fell to musing. Then (perhaps) she was interrupted by the maid coming in with her calash and the reminder that it was time to go and drink the waters. And that, of course, made her remember that she was only a wrinkled old woman with the gout, while his glory filled the world. And so, with a sigh, she went on to read what he had to say about politics and crops, and the future of the new city of Washington.

THE VIOLET

(CONTINUATION FROM PAGE 12)

screened from view by great branches of palms and ferns. Each heart, knowing its own joy, as it knew also its own bitterness, was throbbing fast, and there was a strange new something in the breast of each which they felt would endure as long as that waltz should last—and, it might be, no longer! So they glided on and on, as if skimming the surface of some fairy lake, each in a dream of enchantment too perfect to be touched. Any movement beyond those swift motions of their feet, any sound beyond that entrancing music would have broken the spell of enchantment which surrounded them.

Suddenly the sound came and the spell was broken. They stopped short; they almost ceased to breathe as they looked for one brief, and never-to-be-forgotten, instant into each other's eyes.

Then reality came back. The magic hour had struck, and Violet stood like a suddenly transformed and awakened Cinderella.

Voices reached them from the hall. Aunt Caroline had arrived, and Louie was welcoming her and talking in rather a loud key, as she insisted on taking her first of all to the dining-room. This left the hall clear, and taking advantage of this fact Violet hurried out, wrapped herself quickly in her cloak which a servant held out for her, and a moment later was passing under the awning out into the street, and waiting for the carriage to draw up to the curb.

In the instant that she stood there she perceived that Jerome, who had followed her, had on his overcoat, and was standing beside her, apparently determined upon accompanying her home.

"You must let me go alone," she said in a low tone.

"I must go with you," he said.

"I forbid you to do it," she said, with a certain haughtiness in her voice.

"I rebel utterly," he answered in a tone of reckless defiance.

The carriage was drawing up. The footman sprang down as the carriage reached the sidewalk. The door was held open.

She turned and looked at Jerome with sorrow in her eyes.

"I beseech you," she said half-brokenly, as she put her foot upon the step.

The next instant she heard the door close behind her, and knew that she was alone.

It was the boon she craved. She must have a little space of silence and self-communing to see where she stood. The spell of that waltz was on her still. One instant she was facing this moment, in its practical, actual aspect. The next she was floating back to that dream of fleeting, impalpable, unreal, but thrilling joy.

What was the secret of that joy, she asked herself, and then shrank instinctively from confronting the answer.

She was done with men—done with the thoughts of love and marriage—nothing was more positive to her than this, and yet to-night, during that wild, sweet waltz, old longings and desires had come to her—old dreams that love and joy might be even yet in store for her.

Well, to stifle back and conquer these was now her task. Another might be involved in the disappointment that must follow such imaginings, and that must never be. Her way was plain before her and she must not shrink. She must not bring suffering into another life, since it was clear that she could not bring joy into her own. Her duty was abundantly clear, and she knew that she must not falter nor fail in her resolve—but ever across the strength of this purpose would come, like whiffs of perfume from a blooming rosebush, little gusts of remembrance that made it clear that pursuance of her resolution would be a hard and an almost impossible task.

(CONTINUATION IN APRIL JOURNAL)

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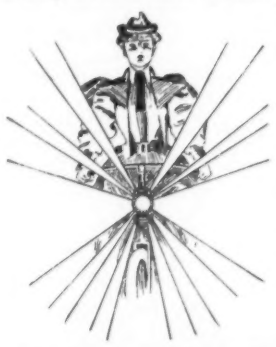

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Some Girls Who Have Made Their Mark

IT is a peculiar fact, as the Chief Director of the New England Conservatory of Music writes us, that not one of the girls sent to that institution by the JOURNAL has proved a failure. On the other hand he writes, "A number of those sent to us two years ago are now in different parts of the country supporting themselves, and in many cases aiding in the support of their families, and we have yet to learn of one who has been unsuccessful in her teaching. Several have been able to pursue the full course of study and have graduated with much credit." Other girls have become public singers in concerts and church choirs. This possibility is open to every girl if she will avail herself of it. The JOURNAL stands ready to help the humblest girl train her voice or cultivate her musical talents without a penny of expense to herself or parents. An inquiry of the Educational Bureau of the JOURNAL will disclose the simple plan.

A MAILING DEVICE

SUBSCRIBERS who are in the habit of receiving the JOURNAL in rolled form are notified that the thread running the length of the roll is a device for opening the package without injuring the magazine. The wrapper can be readily removed by simply pulling this thread.

EUGENE FIELD'S LAST POEM

THE last important poem, representing Eugene Field at his best, was written for the JOURNAL, and published in the October issue. It was called "The Dream-Ship," and, as many of our readers will remember, was beautifully illustrated by a full-page drawing by W. L. Taylor. A very wide request for this poem in a form other than that in the JOURNAL has been met by striking off one hundred copies of the illustrated page on the finest plate paper, and, until the supply is exhausted, the JOURNAL will supply copies, carefully prepared for mailing, for twenty-five cents each, postpaid. This reproduction is admirably adapted for framing.

THE BOOKS MOST TALKED ABOUT

CAN all be supplied by the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau, as can any standard book, no matter when or where published. The Literary Bureau has now reached its fully-equipped state, and can meet not only any order for books, but will supply, cheerfully and without charge, any information that may be desired concerning books, or literary men and women, as well as about other subjects connected with literature. Its price for a single book is that which up to the present time has been the price given only to large book-buyers on extensive orders.

Two Unpublished Washington Portraits

WILL appear in the next (the April) issue of the JOURNAL. The portrait of Washington is reproduced from a pastel portrait in the possession of the Wadsworth Athenæum, of Hartford, Connecticut, by James Sharpless, the celebrated English painter, whose portraits in pastel were so much in demand between the years 1794 and 1809. The portrait of Washington is an exceedingly beautiful representation, showing not only his powerful head but also his benevolent expression. It was taken in profile in Philadelphia, by Mr. Sharpless, in 1796, and has always been estimated as a very correct likeness. The portrait of Martha Washington, by the same artist, is quite as interesting as that of the General.

MR. PADEREWSKI'S COMPOSITION

IT is with considerable regret that the JOURNAL finds it impossible to present the promised composition by Mr. Paderewski in this issue. The composition, as finished and as it stands at present written, failed to meet with Mr. Paderewski's entire satisfaction, and rather than publish it with this feeling he asks a postponement for a month or two until he has time to "polish" it. Our readers will, therefore, gain rather than lose by the present postponement. We are extremely sorry for the temporary disappointment that we know will be felt by this delay, but it is confidently hoped that it may be possible to present the composition in the May issue.

IN the April issue of the JOURNAL there will be given

A WALTZ BY JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

Mr. Sousa is justly known as "The March King," from the marvelous popularity attained by his soul-stirring marches. But while thousands know of his capacity to write a great march only a few are aware that he can be equally as strong and melodious in the composition of a waltz. This fact his waltz in the next issue of the JOURNAL will demonstrate. Mr. Sousa has named his waltz "The Colonial Dames Waltz." It will be printed in this magazine in its entirety.

A SUCCESSION OF SHORT STORIES

SHORT stories, complete in one part, have not appeared in the JOURNAL as often as its editors have wished. This has been principally due to the numerous serial attractions, which have required much space. Now, however, special attention will be given to presenting a succession of short stories. A splendid collection of them, by such authors as Bret Harte, Sarah Orne Jewett, Sophie Swett, Lilian Bell, Caroline Leslie Field, Jerome K. Jerome, Sarah Parr, and Jeannette H. Walworth, is in the JOURNAL'S safes, and will appear in rapid succession.

RUTH ASHMORE'S BOOK FOR GIRLS

IS meeting with that large sale which was expected it would have. Our readers may not know that the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau supplies this book for eighty cents, postage paid. Miss Ashmore took for the title of her book the familiar one of "Side-Talks with Girls," and the best of all the sweet and helpful articles written by her to girls are in this book.

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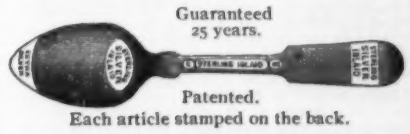

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These 10 pkts. of seed and 13 choice bulbs (worth $1.50), will all flower this season, and make a wonderful flower bed of many colors. I will send them with my 1896 catalogue, Pansy Calendar, full instructions for prizes and how to get the most colors, for **50** cents (silver or M. O.). Order at once, and you will be more than pleased. My catalogue shows a photo of such a bed. 2 seeds **"Cupid"** Sweet Peas, the **Floral Wonder, Free** with each order.

F. B. MILLS, Box 110, ROSE HILL, N. Y.

FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

Under this heading I will cheerfully answer any question relating to flowers or their culture. EBEN E. REXFORD.

J. S.—The specimen sent is Hepatica.

MAUD—You can kill the tree by girdling it in June.

MRS. L. H. J.—The leaf sent seems to be that of a Lemon.

MRS. E. E. B.—Your Calendula is inclined to "sport."

MRS. J. C. T.—The proper name of "Musk" Plant is Mimulus.

M. A. D.—Propagate hardy Roses and California Privet by layering.

D. F.—Consult some practical Violet grower for the information wanted.

I. M. F.—Your Sword Fern is covered with scale. Apply Fir-Tree oil soap.

A. E. L.—The specimen sent is a Spirea. Prune immediately after flowering.

MRS. J. F. N.—Climbing Roses must be laid down and covered during the winter at the North.

MRS. E. F. H.—Consult a florists' directory for the address of cut flower dealers in the large cities.

A. A. McC.—The specimen sent is Saxifrage, a good basket plant, requiring only ordinary care.

A. H. H.—The Croton is not adapted to culture in the living-room. It requires a greenhouse temperature.

B. W. A.—If your plants are doing well it is quite conclusive proof that the angle worm is not injuring them.

K. McV.—Apply Tobacco dust to your Asters. This will usually kill the black lice which often trouble these plants.

MAY—It is not safe to sow seeds in the ground the first of May at the North. (2) Pot Tuberose bulbs for winter about June.

MRS. J. E. W.—Treat Little Gem Calla the same as the large kind. (2) Your Russellia will bloom in time. Have patience.

C. H. T.—Your Sword Fern will have the desired droop to its leaves if you give it rich enough food to cause a strong growth.

C. B. M.—The specimen sent is some variety of Hibiscus. (2) Cut off top of Manetta Vine before putting the plant in pit.

SUBSCRIBER—Try kerosene emulsion on your trees when you find that beetles are attacking them. Apply it with a sprayer.

M. H.—Start Tuberose bulbs into growth in the house in March or April, and do not put them out in the beds until first of June.

M. F.—Winter your Hibiscus in the cellar, keeping it dry and cool, but free from frost. (2) Passifloras are not hardy at the North.

MRS. W. R. Y.—There must be some defect in your soil if the tops of your Hydrangeas die while the roots keep sending up new shoots.

MRS. L.—The Lily-of-the-Valley is not adapted to amateur culture. (2) California Violets require the same treatment as the ordinary sort.

D. S. J.—I suspect the injury to your Iris is caused by the work of some worm. If you will write a little more definitely I may be able to help you.

MRS. F. S. C.—Clematis *paniculata* is the best of the three vines you name for your purpose. (2) Halleana Honeysuckle is a most desirable vine for training to veranda posts.

MRS. H. R. H.—Abutilons, Geraniums, Begonias, Heliotropes, Lantanas, Chinese Primroses, Primula *Obconia*, Callas, Plumbagoes and Eupatoriums are all good winter-flowering plants.

E. H.—Root Begonia cuttings in clean sand, which should be kept wet and warm. (2) The holes in leaves doubtless come from the ravages of some insect. (3) The specimen sent is the Ivy-leaf Geranium.

A. M. C. P.—I do not know what particular variety of Rose was used at the dinner given by the President to the Supreme Court Judges. Inquire of some of the Washington florists. They will doubtless be able to answer your question.

M. E. B.—The Sword Fern is of drooping habit. (2) Caladiums should be started in the house and put in the ground about the first of June. Give them a very rich, moist soil. (3) I do not know what variety of Lily you refer to as "August Lily."

E. C. M.—I know of no magazine that answers your requirements. (2) I cannot recommend any particular seed firm. (3) I think you will find Persian Yellow and Provence Roses hardy in your locality. (4) Gloxinias are grown from tuberous roots.

MRS. J. M. M.—The Spider Lily is not hardy in your latitude. (2) I know nothing about the Mary Washington Rose from personal experience, but those who have tried it write me that it fails to come up to the recommendation given it by its introducer.

MRS. E. E. C.—I cannot tell why your Geraniums do not perfect their buds. If you had given me any information as to the care given them I might have been able to help you, but as it is I am completely in the dark. (2) I do not think muck a good soil for ordinary plants.

W. B.—Complaints come in from all quarters about the blighting of Narcissus buds. I cannot tell what causes this. (2) Your Peonies ought to do well in the same soil. Some sorts are strong growers naturally, while others seem to have a weak habit. Your two plants may belong to these opposite classes.

MRS. L. R. M.—Your plant is Hoya *carnosa*, sometimes called Wax Plant. If it sends out long, tendrilly-looking branches with very small leaves, be patient with it, for after a time the tiny leaves will develop into good-sized ones. (2) I would not use sawdust of any kind in the soil of pot plants.

N. B.—If you have had no experience in Rose growing you could not expect success enough with them to make it worth while to attempt growing them on a large scale for the market. Successful Rose growers, if not born, like poets, have to be developed by experience and intelligent study of the plant and its requirements.

C. L.—If your Azalea has dropped its leaves it is too late in the season to do anything for it, as its annual growth has been made and nothing will be likely to bring about another growth before next spring. Plants which have received such injury are not worth keeping by the amateur. Throw them away and try your skill with new ones.

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The Roses we send are on their own roots, from 10 to 15 inches high, and will bloom freely this Summer, either in pots or planted in yard. They are hardy ever-bloomers. Please examine the below list of **20** choice fragrant monthly **Roses**, and see if you can duplicate them anywhere for an amount so small as **$1.** They are nearly all new kinds. We guarantee them to reach you in good condition. We also **GUARANTEE THEM TO BE THE BEST DOLLAR'S WORTH OF ROSES YOU EVER PURCHASED.**

Augusta Victoria, pure white, always in bloom. **Champion of the World,** (New) rich bright pink, finest rose grown. **Star of Gold,** the queen of all yellow roses. **Marion Dingee,** richest velvety crimson in clusters. **Colthilde Soupert,** everybody's favorite, always in bloom. **Bridesmaid,** rich pink, none better. **Pearl of the Gardens,** deep golden yellow. **Scarlet Bedder,** the richest of all red roses. **Senator McNaughton,** lovely canary yellow. **Sunset,** yellow, highly colored. **Franciska Kruger,** coppery yellow and peach. **Marie Guillot,** the greatest of all pure white roses. **Duchess de Brabant,** amber rose, tinged apricot yellow. **Madame Camille,** beautiful salmon and rosy flesh. **Grace Darling,** clear maroon red passing to lake, elegant. **Catherine Mermet,** everybody's favorite. **Md. de Watteville,** rosy blush, bordered deep crimson. **Rheingold,** beautiful shades of saffron and tan. **Md. Welche,** amber yellow, tinged with copper and orange. **Md. Hoste,** immense, large, double, pure white, very fragrant.

We will also send our Iron Clad Collection of 14 Hardy Roses, all different colors, $1. Try a set. 20 Chrysanthemums, all prize winners, $1. 16 Geraniums, double and single flowered, and scented, $1. 15 choice Begonias, different kinds, $1. 40 packets choice Flower Seeds, all different kinds, $1. Our handsome illustrated Catalogue, describing above Roses, Plants and all Seeds, mailed for 10 cents stamps. Don't place your order before seeing our prices. **WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY.** We have **large two-year-old roses for immediate effect.** Liberal premiums to club raisers, or how to get your seeds and plants free. We are the **LARGEST ROSE GROWERS IN THE WORLD. Our sales of Rose Plants alone last season exceeded a million and a half.** When you order Roses, Plants and Seeds, you want the very best. **Try us.** Address

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1 pkt New Japanese Imperial Morning Glory (as shown in cut). This grand new variety is truly Wonderful; flowers very large, all colors, red, green, marble fringed, white spotted with blue, and all of incomparable beauty. 1 pkt Mammoth Pansy, 1 pkt Cosmos, 1 pkt Crimson Eye Hibiscus, 1 pkt Chinese Pink, 1 pkt Aster, 1 pkt Gaillardia, 1 pkt Godetia, 1 pkt Larkspur, 1 pkt Giant Coxcomb, 1 pkt Sweet Alyssum, 1 pkt Candytuft, 1 pkt Mignonette, 1 pkt Phlox, 1 pkt Sweet Pea. 15 large packets choice vegetable seeds, all different kinds 15 cts. 15 bulbs New Gladiolus 15 cts. We will send the three collections for **Only 35 Cents.** Remember we refund your money if not as represented.

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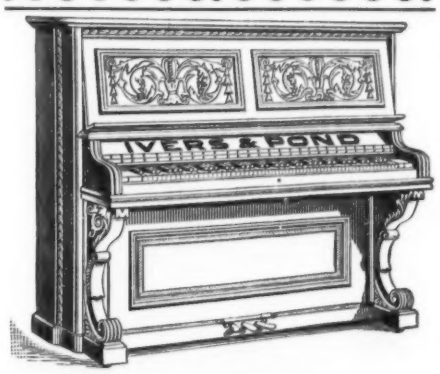

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FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

Under this heading I will cheerfully answer any question relating to flowers or their culture. EBEN E. REXFORD.

FLORIDA—Plant your Pansies in open ground.

MRS. P. T.—The specimen sent is called Tecoma.

MAUD W.—The Easter Lily comes from Bermuda.

G. B.—Gray's Botany is the best one I have any knowledge of.

MISS L. H.—Write to some professional grower of the plant mentioned.

ANXIOUS QUERIST—The Ricinus is an annual. Its roots cannot be kept over winter.

M. S. J.—I do not know the plant of which you send specimen. It seems to be a sort of Orchid.

H. C. H.—For full instructions regarding Hyacinths consult the fall catalogues of any dealer in bulbs.

L. M. F.—Wash the Ivy with a decoction of Fir-Tree oil soap, going over it leaf by leaf with a brush or sponge.

SUBSCRIBER—The Chrysanthemums mentioned are not hardy enough to stand our Northern winters in the open ground.

W. H. S.—I cannot answer your question because you give me no knowledge of what your treatment of the plants has been.

MRS. J. T. H.—The white, woolly creature of which you complain is called mealy bug. Apply kerosene emulsion or Tobacco soap.

K. C.—The spotted leaf sent is from a Farfugium. The thick and waxy leaf is from a variety of Begonia —*Washingtoniana*, I think.

MRS. H. J. N.—Give the Begonia a light, spongy soil, good drainage and keep moderately moist. Do not put it in strong sunshine.

MRS. J. W. H.—I have but little knowledge of vegetable gardening, and would advise you to write to some practical grower of garden vegetables.

B. M. B.—Sawdust is not a good ingredient for plant compost. It is not at all a substitute for sand. (2) You will find your other questions answered above.

DAISY—Mildew is caused by dampness and too low temperature, or from draughts. The best remedy is flour of sulphur dusted over the plants while slightly damp.

N. S. A.—I know so little about the Cactus that I dare not attempt to advise you in regard to your Night-Blooming Cereus. Write to some Cactus grower about it.

C. B.—I cannot tell what causes the rusty look of your hedge, of which you complain. I would advise you to go over it, clipping out the dead wood and enriching the soil.

M. A. H.—Pansies will do well in the same bed year after year if the soil is kept rich. Nothing is better for a fertilizer than well-rotted cow manure, well spaded into the soil.

J. E. L.—Both specimens sent are Begonias. The small-leaved one is called *Weltoniensis*, the large-leaved one Clemintina. (2) Well-developed plants will require seven or eight inch pots.

M.—Hydrangeas require rich soil, a good deal of water when making growth, and considerable root room. Give some reliable fertilizer at least twice a week during the growing and blooming period.

C. O.—All plants should be turned about frequently so that the sun can get at all sides of them. Whoever tells you that to shift a plant interferes with its blooming knows nothing about intelligent floriculture.

CARRIE B.—Farfugium often has leaves entirely green. Later ones show variegation. If you wait awhile I think you will find that the florist did not impose on you by sending something you did not order.

MRS. J. B. G.—You did not let your Calla rest long enough; three months would have been better. (2) I do not know of anything that can be put in the water in which you grow Lilies to kill "wigglers" that will not injure the plants.

J. H.—I would try Lycopodium in the fireplace. It might not flourish there, but it would be more likely to than any other plant I have any knowledge of, if kept moist. For your windows I would advise Aspidistras, Palms and Ficus.

MRS. H. N. C.—The plant you call Clevia is doubtless Clivia. It is a sort of Lily, and should, like the Agapanthus, be kept growing the year round. The Imantophyllum is a member of this family. Give a rich soil of loam, and water well.

MRS. W. R. P.—I would keep the tuberous Begonias and Gloxinias in the pots in which they grew during the summer. Let them get quite dry and keep them so. Start them into growth again in March, first repotting them. (2) Spring is the best time to move Shrubs.

C. A. M.—I presume there was not enough moisture in the ground, for one thing; for another, the ashes were not suited to the needs of the plant. (2) Give Night-Blooming Jasmine a soil of sandy loam, considerable water while growing, and keep in pot the year round. Cut back sharply each spring, and keep rather dry during the early part of the season in order to give the plant a chance to rest.

M. M. E.—Hydrangeas can be wintered in the cellar. Keep them somewhat dry. (2) If by Elephant's Ear you mean a Caladium, store the tuberous roots in the cellar, where they will be free from frost, and not damp. (3) I cannot tell what the trouble is with your Begonia. You gave no particulars about it, except to say that it is not doing well—a rather slight foundation, you will readily see, on which to base an opinion.

MRS. M.—You say you give your Rubber Plant, which is in an eight-inch pot, a pint of water every third day. No wonder it drops its leaves. You do not give enough to saturate the soil, and examination will show you that the bottom of it is as dry as dust. Give enough water whenever the surface of the soil looks dry to thoroughly wet the soil in the pot. You can tell about this by the escape of some through the drainage hole in the bottom of the pot. (2) See reply to other correspondents about mealy bug.

H.—If your Amaryllis grows well it will certainly bloom in time, provided you give it a chance to rest well after each period of growth. In order to bring about as complete a rest as possible, withhold water as soon as it ceases to produce leaves, and keep quite dry until new growth begins. (2) Your description applies well to *A. Johnsonii*. (3) *A. Formosissima* can be wintered like a Gladiolus. (4) Leave your Cannas in their pots, simply keeping them dry. (5) Your Abutilon can be cut back with benefit to the plant.

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Growing in sun or shade, possessing the hardiness of the Oak, with a distinctive charm entirely its own, the **Memorial Rose** (*Rosa Wichuraiana*) will be found a singularly appropriate plant for beautifying Cemetery plots. It creeps along the ground just as an Ivy does, growing ten feet in a single season, forming a dense mat of dark green lustrous foliage, with thornless stems. The flowers are single, snow-white with a golden-yellow disc, are from 5 to 6 inches in circumference, and have the delicious fragrance of the Banksia Roses. The flowers, in clusters, are produced in the most lavish profusion, and are in their fullest glory just after the June Roses are past. Seen then the clusters look like great masses of snow, and are a sight long to be remembered. But its use is not confined to Cemeteries, for not only is it also perfectly adapted for garden culture, but for screening rocky slopes, embankments and such places as it is desirable to quickly cover with verdure it is unsurpassed. Indeed, it adapts itself to every condition of growth, whether barren or fertile soil, rocky ledge, shady nook or sun-kissed slope.

Prices (*free by mail*), good plants, 40c. each, 3 for $1.00, 7 for $2.00, 12 for $3.00; extra strong plants, 60c. each, 2 for $1.00, 5 for $2.00, 12 for $4.50.

All purchasers of the **Memorial Rose** who will state where they saw this advertisement will be sent our MANUAL FOR 1896 of "EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN" (160 pages, 6 colored plates and over 500 engravings). To those desiring the MANUAL only, we will mail it on receipt of 20 cents (in stamps), which is less than cost.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST. *NEW YORK*

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GEM BURPEE'S COLLECTION for 1896

Price 25 cts., contains **TEN packets** best seed of most beautiful and rare new flowers, which, purchased at regular retail prices, **are worth $1.20.** We prepared for this special offer last season by growing large areas of all these, and guarantee all full-size packets of same finest quality as if purchased at regular retail prices. ☞ This is a *bona fide* offer. It is well known that we do the largest mail seed business in the world, and this offer is made to still further extend our trade.

FOR 25 CENTS we will mail to any address one packet each of all the following:

AMARANTHUS—Coleus-leaved
Entirely new; large, brilliantly-colored leaves.

ASTERS—Fordhook Favorites
The finest varieties only, including *Pæony-flowered Perfection, Improved Victoria,* and all colors of the magnificent *New Comet Asters*

BALSAM—Burpee's Defiance
Of wonderful perfection, unequaled in the world. Beautiful colors; double as a Camellia.

HELIANTHUS—Double Multiflora
A very distinct, peculiar new Double Sunflower from France, of unusual beauty.

MIGNONETTE—Giant Gabrielle
Handsome, large flower-heads of the most delicious fragrance.

NASTURTIUMS—Fordhook Finest
A superb mixture of brilliant colors, including beautiful new hybrids of *Madame Gunter.*

THREE NEW PANSIES
The bright *Meteor,* showy *Kaiser Frederick,* and dainty, iridescent *Peacock.*

THREE LARGEST-FLOWERING NEW PETUNIAS
The *Giants of California, Burpee's Defiance,* and *Giant Emperor* in unequaled mixture.

PHLOX HORTENSIÆFLORA
Immense flower-clusters, like the Hydrangea.

RICINUS ZANZIBARENSIS
The new gigantic variety from Africa. Really a noble plant. Leaves measure *four feet across.*

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS buys the entire ten varieties as above, with directions for culture printed on each packet. Five Complete Collections mailed for $1.00, or 10 Collections for $2.00

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W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Protection to the baby and help for the mother. Ready, by pulling open, which adjusts duck floor. 40 in. sq.; 21 in. high.

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Ornamental Spindles, **$3.50 each**
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THE HOME DRESSMAKER

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

Under this heading I will cheerfully answer, each month, any reasonable question on Home Dressmaking sent me by my readers.

EMMA M. HOOPER.

MRS. DELLIE M.—Read answer to "Mrs. B. A." (2) Get a blue reefer jacket for a spring wrap for a boy of three years, and a cloth sailor hat to match.

M. R.—Use blue, cherry or tan Henrietta; line with quilted sateen of a contrasting color, and trim the neck and collarette with black or white thibet fur, or a ribbon ruche.

MRS. B. A.—A large silk Tam o'Shanter is the prettiest early spring cap for a boy of twelve months. Then later on have a straw Tam for best and piqué washable hats for every-day use.

HEADGEAR—Read answer to "M. M. A." A black hat is very stylish, and can be made becoming to any one, with flowers under the brim or rosettes of colored ribbon. Have the outside all black.

MARGARET—Infants' flannel skirts and pinning blankets, or pinners, are made of a mixed cotton and wool fabric to prevent shrinking. The shirts should be of all wool or mixed silk and wool in any climate.

LOUISE W.—Read answer to "Mrs. E. C." Then try wash silk, the Japanese Kaikai, for similar waists, only they will have soft collars and cuffs, while the cotton ones have soft bodies and starched collar and cuffs.

KATHLEEN—A bright, vivid pink called *flament*, geranium and Magda pink, is very fashionable at present with black, brown or dark green, but it is not for all, as it is only becoming to a brune-blonde of clear skin.

MRS. B. S.—You can obtain very neat blue and white French flannel for a room wrapper for thirty cents a yard. Trim the wrists, collar and belt with feather-stitching done with wash embroidery silk or Irish flax threads.

MARCH—Have a traveling suit of covert, tweed or cheviot trimmed with braiding on the jacket-basque. Vest of ladies' cloth, covered with braiding, also the collar. Get brown, French blue or green effects, with black and gilt braiding.

MISS ETHEL S.—Wash the crocheted white shawl in flour, rubbing it in well, then shaking and hanging it in the wind for all of the white particles to blow away. (2) You must strain the cold coffee with which you are going to sponge your black silk.

GUSSIE T.—Piqué, gingham, organdy, crépon, linen and mixed lawns, percales, cheviot, etc., are among the fashionable cotton materials for spring. (2) Green, brown, tan, gray, French and navy blue are the colors now thought to be the spring shades.

FLORENCE W.—I regret extremely that it is not possible for me to accede to your request. For obvious reasons I cannot give addresses in this column. I can give you the school address privately if you send me an addressed and stamped envelope.

MRS. MAY R.—Your striped silk skirt is worth cleaning and making into a waist, which will need only a crush collar and belt of five-inch satin ribbon tied in a short, wide bow at the back. Clean the silk in a bath of naphtha, remembering that it is very explosive.

MRS. E. C.—Cotton shirt-waists will be more in vogue than ever the coming summer. They will be worn with club, De Joinville, four-in-hand and white lawn ties. (2) Black mohair is the most useful odd skirt to be found. You can get an excellent quality for a dollar a yard.

W. R.—A valuable white India shawl should be intrusted only to a professional cleaner. Then let the dressmaker design the tea-gown out of it, using the border as a trimming and adding a loose Empire front shirred at the neck of soft Persian, yellow, blue or pink Japanese silk.

MRS. CHARLES V.—Henrietta makes a pretty morning or dressing sacque. Line it with percaline and trim with a ribbon belt from the side seams and bows. A turned-down sailor collar edged with Valenciennes lace is a pretty finish to one in pink, blue or violet Henrietta at seventy-five cents a yard.

MRS. MARY K.—As your furs are valuable it would be safer to send them to a furrier to keep next summer. The usual charge for this is five per cent. of the value. (2) I certainly would not allow a dressmaker to remodel a fur cape at any time. Fur sewing and cutting are entirely foreign to dressmaking and form a separate trade.

FANNY W.—A leg-of-mutton sleeve is more becoming to a full figure than a puffed design. (2) A black and white striped silk would be stylish for a waist, with collar of black ribbon, revers of white lace and a soft vest of black or white chiffon. (3) The latest slipper toe is narrow, and then cut straight across in place of being sharply pointed.

M. M. A.—You are taking time by the forelock with a vengeance, as it is too soon to talk of "next summer's fashions." (2) Have a cape rather than a jacket for early spring. (3) A small hat is always in better taste for traveling. A large hat, shading the face and worn with a becoming veil, is said to take from five to ten years from a woman over thirty.

APRIL GIRL—For the latter part of April a bride will find a fine wool crépon dress trimmed with chiffon fichu and white satin ribbon as inexpensive as the sum named. The two bridesmaids should wear white organdy, with white or colored ribbon belts and collars, white gloves, organdy hats, and white ties and hose. Such dresses can always be worn later in the season.

L. F. G.—Round waists are not at all suitable for a maternity gown. Have a jacket effect extending below the waist-line, basque with added circular piece, or loose sacque, as it is for home wear, close-fitting at the back and without darts, the fullness being held by a ribbon from the side seams. (2) Bright red would answer, with belt and crush collar of number forty black satin ribbon.

MRS. T. J.—White *guimpes* will always be worn as they have become as standard as black hosiery. (2) White piqué for the boy, and shrink it before making it up into the plaited dress, which has three box-plaits, back and front, caught to a short distance below the waist-line. Moderately full sleeves, a turned-down collar and a belt of the goods. The dress fastens in the back with pearl buttons.

CAROLINE—Have a bias band of bright green velveteen on the bottom of your skirt to lengthen it; then use the green for a crush belt, ditto collar, large square sailor collar and a plait down the centre of the round waist. (2) Brown, tan and gray gloves are worn on the street for general use, with white, pearl, light tan and pale yellow for dressy occasions. (3) Your letter was too late for the issue named, as all must take their turn in this column.

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Mention THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

Under this heading I will cheerfully answer, each month, any reasonable question on Home Dressmaking sent me by my readers.

EMMA M. HOOPER.

ALICE J.—Put a binding on a petticoat as you would on a dress skirt for protection against wear.

SARAH J.—Lace ruffles over the shoulders are worn and called epaulettes, but the all-around bertha frill is decidedly *passé*.

C. H.—To be sure of a fashionably wide skirt remember that it must be at least five yards wide, and need not be over six yards and a half, even for an extreme dresser.

MRS. S. H.—Crépon is newer for an infant's cloak than cashmere. In a warm climate for summer it will need only a Japanese silk lining. (2) Lawn caps for spring and summer.

MISS MARIE—Read answer to "Bride." (2) Black satin lined with colored taffeta, and trimmed with jet and silk mousseline, neck ruche having boa ends, will form a stylish cape.

K.—A second choice in capes would be golden-tan cloth. (2) Put sheets of white tissue paper between the layers of velvet when putting it away and do not place anything heavy upon it.

A. B. C.—Wash your white China silk skirt, and make it up in a fancy waist trimmed with cherry, pink, green or turquoise blue velvet and lace; line with white percaline for the summer.

MISS M. A. G.—If your corset fits about the waist the upper and lower parts will fit themselves to the form when aided by the lacing. A corset should widen at the top when laced and be drawn in at the waist-line and hips.

JANE GREY—For an ocean trip in April wear heavy flannel underwear, a serge dress and your fur cape. Tie a heavy veil over your steamer cap or carry a fancy hood. Certainly take your rubber overshoes and a warm traveling rug.

ECONOMY—The antique silk skirt will make a pretty waist, but will not look well for an entire dress finished out with panels, sleeves, etc., as you suggest. Use velvet for a crush collar and belt, as the dull silk needs brilliancy.

MRS. K. C.—Cover your slightly-soiled silk waist with chiffon put on full. Add a collar and belt of five-inch satin ribbon the color of the brilliant cherry silk or the black chiffon. The latter is forty inches wide and sixty cents a yard.

G. E. M.—Ammonia often removes grass stains, but it also removes the color of the goods, so one stain is as disfiguring as the other. Upon turning to a stand-by authority upon this subject I find that it says "nothing can be done."

DORA R.—Make your gingham dresses rather plainly, and wear with them removable yokes or collars of piece embroidery, inserting, edging, etc. Ribbon collars are also in vogue, and either a belt to correspond or one of belting with a silver buckle.

MAY D.—A very handsome skirt is illustrated in this issue. (2) A slightly stiff lining is better for the skirts having the godet plaits, but this does not obviate the necessity of a haircloth interlining, which, in the skirt referred to, is twenty-five inches deep.

CALLIE R. S.—Narrow edgings and inserting of yellowish Valenciennes lace will, as a rule, turn white when washed. (2) Line your dotted white Swiss with plain white, and trim with the yellow lace, and white or light-colored satin ribbon collar and belt.

MRS. WILL C.—Round waists are more suitable for cotton goods than any other design. (2) You can buy colored cotton waists in plain and fancy styles from fifty cents to twelve dollars. (3) Shrink piqué before making it up. Do not put an interlining in a piqué skirt.

MISS LUCY—Your address, written in pencil, was so indistinct that I could not read it, consequently I was unable to answer your letter. You will find an answer to your inquiry in the illustrated page of neckwear in the January JOURNAL. (2) Grasscloth or linen will be fashionable this coming summer.

MRS. T. W.—Little girls' low-necked gingham frocks, worn with a white lawn *guimpe*, have square revers or collar ends, back and front, and epaulette pieces slashed in the middle. These are all edged with Hamburg embroidery. Gather the skirt all around, and for a three-year-old child gore the front breadth.

DEBORAH AND DINAH—Yes; from ten to fifteen inches deep. (2) Misses of the age you mention are not supposed to attend balls. For an evening dance among girls of their age white wool crépon or such cotton goods as organdy, Swiss, etc., are made up with ribbon collar and belt, using white or colored satin ribbon five inches wide.

P. E. R.—All of your inquiries relating to renovating silk and lace were answered in the February JOURNAL. (2) "How much should be spent a year for dress" is entirely too general a question. Spend all you can afford to. (3) Black satin duchesse at a dollar and fifty cents a yard will make a very handsome skirt. Get ten yards for the style you describe.

MRS. A. W. R.—Excellent washing directions for all-wool garments are as follows: Soak for forty minutes in hot, soapy water containing a little ammonia. Do not rub, but cleanse by drawing through the hands. Rinse twice in luke-warm water, and force out the water with the wringer. Hang the garments up full length to dry, and do not allow them to freeze in the winter. Iron on the wrong side while damp.

BRIDE—A small-figured white taffeta silk at a dollar a yard, for the skirt and sleeves, round waist of chiffon put over plain silk, and a satin ribbon belt and collar will be the least expensive white silk gown. You will need white suède gloves, a tulle veil, white hose and satin slippers, as well, out of the thirty dollars. (2) The bride presents her bridesmaids with some little souvenir, and the groom thus remembers his best man and the ushers. (3) The bride usually selects one usher only out of the number serving.

M. M.—Your letter has been forwarded as requested. (2) Many thanks for your kind appreciation. (3) Make up your waist with a slight point back and front, close-fitting back, and front loose, with a double box-plait in the centre. On this set three Rhinestone buttons. Have very large elbow sleeves and a crush collar and narrow belt of pink velvet. Add a strap over each shoulder at top of sleeve gathers, ending, back and front, about four inches below the top of the shoulder, with an upright bow. Or you can omit buttons from box-plait and use them at back of straps without a bow, and in front in the centre of the bow.

WISE VIRGINS, these Débutantes. They had the skirts and sleeves of their ballroom gowns interlined with FIBRE CHAMOIS, and see how fresh they look at the last dance after a gay season.

MORAL: young women prepare in time for the crush at the seashore.

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LITERARY QUERIES

BY THE LITERARY EDITOR

Under this heading the Literary Editor will endeavor to answer any possible question of general interest concerning Literary matters. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

DOON—A. Conan Doyle was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1859.

W. L. N.—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is at present residing in England.

COUNTRY JAY—The home of Edward Eggleston is in New York City in the winter, and at Lake George in the summer.

RUSTICUS—If you will send your name and address we can reply to your inquiry more fully and satisfactorily by letter.

A READER—"A Fool's Revenge" was written by the eminent dramatist and critic, Tom Taylor (born in Scotland in 1817).

L. R.—"Charlotte Cushman: Her Letters and Memoirs of Her Life," by Emma Stebbins, will give the desired information.

MALDEN—The poem, "Jack Frost," beginning, "The frost looked forth one clear still night," was written by Hannah F. Gould.

SUBSCRIBER—Reginald Heber wrote the lines:

"I see them on their winding way,
About their ranks the moonbeams play."

I. F. H.—The recently-published book, "Li Hung Chang," by Robert K. Douglas, gives a careful and interesting account of the great Chinese statesman.

ELIZABETH C.—"A Mortal Antipathy," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, is the story of a man with a physical antipathy for woman, who finds himself in a town dominated by a flourishing woman's college.

DIXIELAND—"Denis Duval," by W. M. Thackeray, was one of the latest productions of the author. It was in progress in the "Cornhill Magazine" at the time of the author's death, on the day before Christmas, 1863.

PEARL—The lines mentioned,

"How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot,"

are from the poem, "Eloise to Abelard," by Alexander Pope.

LEROY C. F.—Marie Corelli is the real name of the author of "A Romance of Two Worlds." She was adopted by Dr. Charles Mackay, of London, England, and is, consequently, only the adopted sister of the poet, Eric Mackay.

TENNESSEAN—"Cension," the title of Maude Mason Austin's new book, is an abbreviation of "Ascension," the Mexicans being much given to names with holy suggestions. The correct pronunciation is "Cen-see-ón-e."

J. H.—"A Doctor of the Old School," by "Ian Maclaren" (pseudonym of Rev. John Watson), comprises the last five chapters of "The Bonnie Brier Bush," with over sixty illustrations from drawings made in the vicinity of "Drumtochty," the scene of these stirring and pathetic tales.

GERTRUDE L. K.—Among the best-known women poets of America are Alice and Phœbe Cary, Emily Dickinson, Julia Ward Howe, Helen Hunt Jackson, Lucy Larcom, Emma Lazarus, Louise Chandler Moulton, Nora Perry, Sally M. Bryan Piatt, Margaret E. Sangster, Celia Thaxter, Edith M. Thomas and Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A. W. M.—Among collections of Bible stories for the young there is none better than Charles Foster's "The Story of the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, told in Simple Language." This uses the Scripture phraseology very largely. While easily understood by the young it is impressive to all readers. The illustrations, some three hundred in number, are well chosen and add greatly to its value.

G. A. R.—Among books helpful in writing verse are Walker's "Rhyming Dictionary, Hood's "Rhymester," and "Nature and Elements of Poetry," by E. C. Stedman. The most important thing, however, is to read diligently the best poets and the best prose, such poets as Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Lowell, Whittier and Longfellow, and such prose writers as Ruskin, Macaulay, Emerson, Irving and Curtis.

MARGARET P.—"Thelma," by Marie Corelli, like most of this author's work, is marred by a sensational plot and untrue characterizations. "Thelma," a Norwegian farmer's motherless daughter, attracts the notice of a young English baronet, who carries her off in his yacht. The early chapters of the story contain delightful descriptions of Norwegian scenery and life, but the unfolding of the plot and the concluding scenes in London are neither pleasing nor natural.

C. M. F.—The figure of "dropping buckets into empty wells" has been used so often as to become almost common property as a proverb. Thus it occurs in Cowper's "Task," Book III,

"From reveries so airy, from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells
And growing old in drawing nothing up,"

and again, in Lady Holland's "Memoirs of Sydney Smith": "He has spent all his life in letting down buckets into empty wells, and he is frittering away his age in trying to draw them up again."

N. W. M.—The author of "In Memoriam" is said to have referred to Goethe in the lines quoted, although unable himself to identify the passage in which the idea was expressed by the German poet:

"I held it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp, in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

Longfellow, in "The Ladder of St. Augustine," attributes the same idea to Augustine:

"Saint Augustine, well hast thou said
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame."

LILIAN A.—Among the best novels and tales descriptive of life in New England are the following: "Twice Told Tales," "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House of the Seven Gables," by Nathaniel Hawthorne; "Merry Mount," by J. L. Motley; "The Bay Path," by J. G. Holland; "The Minister's Wooing," "Old Town Folks" and "The Pearl of Orr's Island," by Harriet Beecher Stowe; "Doctor Johns," by Donald G. Mitchell; "The Lady of the Aroostook" and "The Rise of Silas Lapham," by W. D. Howells; "Standish of Standish," by Jane G. Austin; "In Old Quinnebasset," by Rebecca S. Clarke; "A Woman of Shawmut," by E. J. Carpenter; "Winterborough," by Eliza Orne White; "Pembroke," by Mary E. Wilkins; "Deephaven," "A Country Doctor" and "A Marsh Island," by Sarah Orne Jewett.

SEVERAL INQUIRERS—We prefer not to reply in this column to inquiries for the prices of books. Please send all such inquiries, with your name and address and return postage, to the Literary Bureau, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and you will receive reply by letter.

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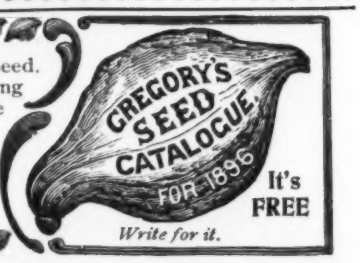

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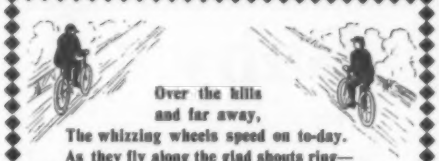

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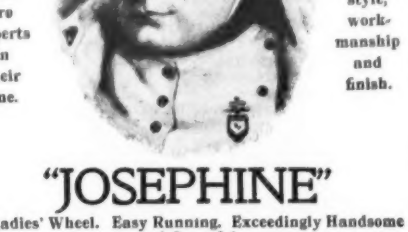

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MUSICAL HELPS AND HINTS

Questions of a Musical nature will be cheerfully answered in this department by a special corps of Musical experts. Any books mentioned may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

SYBIL—Melba sang in "Faust," at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City, on Monday evening, December 30, 1895.

LOUIS PHILIPPE—When a man's voice is such that he can sing the music allotted to the woman soprano voice it must be a tenor voice.

INQUIRER—There are four songs published by Ditson & Co. under the title "Twenty Years Ago." You may find that one of these is the song for which you make inquiry.

FAIRY—If you will send us a stamped and addressed envelope, with a request for the list which you desire, we will send it to you. For obvious reasons we cannot give addresses on this page.

A.—Early vocal cultivation is very desirable, although it is quite possible for one commencing vocal study at the age of twenty-seven to attain great proficiency with good instruction and hard work.

MRS. A. W. K.—Chopin, the pianist, was the son of a Frenchman, a resident of Poland, and it is for this reason, probably, that the French pronunciation of the name, "Show-pah" is preferred to the Polish, "Ko-peen."

BERRIE DOBSON—We cannot tell the meaning of the signs and figures over the notes in the example which you submit, without an examination of the composition from which it is taken, as a whole. It is possible that they are arbitrary signs peculiar to some special edition.

COUNTRY—The only way in which you can obtain a knowledge of chords is by the study of "harmony." It is perfectly possible, if a person has sufficient application, to secure a certain familiarity with the commoner chords or harmonies in the several keys by the examination and study of standard compositions, but a real knowledge comes only as the result of the study of harmony.

MARGUERITA—We know of no conservatory where pupils are admitted upon the basis you mention. (2) A famous authority upon the study of harmony says, "It is difficult to study harmony without a teacher," thereby implying that it is, however, possible. (3) François Frederic Chopin was born at Zela Zorva Wola, a village six miles from Warsaw, in Poland, on March 1, 1809.

GUITARIST—The term "Ländler," used so frequently in music written for the guitar, signifies a melody in three-four or three-eight time of a lively, graceful character. The original "Ländler" is a dance popular among the Styrian peasants. (2) Carcassi's "Method for the Guitar," also "Twenty Studies for the Guitar," by the same composer, will probably contain the kind of music which you desire.

MRS. JOHN MERCER—You will find a description of the contralto voice in the article on the "Uses of a Contralto Voice," by Jessie Bartlett Davis, published in April, 1895, issue of the JOURNAL, a copy of which will be sent you on receipt of ten cents. The terms alto and contralto are synonymous. We explained this fact at considerable length in reply to "A. T.," in the July, 1895, column of "Musical Helps and Hints."

BASSO—It is perfectly possible for a person having natural talent, determination and application, to become a good pianist under competent instruction with only two hours of daily practice. (2) A male voice which ranges from E flat below the bass clef to C sharp above it, is excellent in its range of notes. Only a person hearing it can, however, judge of its quality. We would advise you to consult a singing teacher in regard to its cultivation.

ELIZABETH—Grove's "Musical Dictionary" is the standard work of its kind. (2) Your voice must be a low alto if you can sing as low as the D below middle C. (2) It is, of course, proper for you to sing the air an octave below the soprano when singing a duet with that voice, unless there is an alto part written or unless you can harmonize an alto part yourself. This gives a much more musicianly and a better sounding effect than your method.

TREBLE—The fundamental requisite to the reading of music is a knowledge of musical notation, with all that that implies, and the first and most important step toward attaining such knowledge is the securing of a competent music instructor. (2) We cannot afford the space in this column to discuss the comparative qualities of "talent" and "genius." You will find the distinction between the two defined under the head of "genius" in Webster's "International Dictionary."

K. L. N.—The chord in the fifth measure of the second movement of the Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 12, beginning at the bass should read E, B (not D), G sharp, B, D sharp, G sharp. (2) The pedal could be used with good effect when the second chord is struck (in the sixteenth and eighteenth measures), but should be released before the third chord is played at the end of the scale passage. (3) We understand that Mr. Albert Morris Bagby can be addressed at Steinway Hall, New York City.

E. A. B.—It is perfectly possible for a fine organist to be at the same time a fine pianist and *vice-versa*. Usually, however, the greatest proficiency can be attained by application to only one branch of the musical art, and yet there is no reason why a person having the determination, application and natural talent should not be successful in more than one line of music. The effect of organ work on the piano touch is to increase the legato, a very desirable result. It may also, unless care be exercised, cause a corresponding decrease of brilliancy in touch, but this can be prevented by watchfulness.

H. L. C.—We append a short list of a few well-known barytone songs:

Rubinstein	"Good Night"
Gounod	"The Fountain Mingles"
Hatton	"Bid Me to Live"
Hiller	"In May Time"
Colyn	"The Persian Serenade"
Handel	"Where'er You Walk"
Schubert	"Who is Sylvia?"
Gottschalk	"Oh, Loving Heart, Trust On"
Moir	"Best of All"
Chadwick	"Bedouin Love Song."

MRS. J. P. T.—The phrase marks in a composition indicate, as nearly as may be indicated in writing, the proper interpretation, the correct rendering of the composer's meaning. By a close following of these a performer can approximate with a greater or less degree of success—as the composer is remarkable for peculiarities of style—the spirit and intention of the composer. However, the characteristics of each composer's style, as well as the traditions attaching to the interpretation of certain famous compositions—such as those which you enumerate—can best be learned from a teacher familiar with these characteristics and traditions.

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ART HELPS FOR ART WORKERS

BY EMMA HAYWOOD

Under this heading questions of general interest relating to Art and Art work will be answered. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

MARGERY—I should advise you to enter on a course of study in a public art school in the city where you are about to reside.

L. B.—Schools for photography are sometimes advertised. Any art store would doubtless be able to recommend a teacher.

M. W. A.—I should advise your friends to place the picture in question for sale with a picture dealer of repute, and to place a reserve price on it.

M. H. T.—If it is not necessary for you to earn a living in the near future, then I think you might with advantage take up the study of art; your sketches show some natural talent.

V. B.—Your sketches are crude, but a course of study will soon determine if your latent talent is worth developing. I should advise you to enter a good art shool and be content to start from the beginning.

BESSIE—I do not think that you could teach yourself to be a practical designer for wall paper; there is the technical as well as the artistic side of the work to be considered; moreover, it is difficult for an amateur to dispose of the designs even when sufficiently meritorious for reproduction.

YOUNG SUBSCRIBER—Would it not be better to do your outlining with marking ink since the goods are washable? I have seen whole sets of doilies, either in figure, fruit or flower subjects, put in entirely with marking ink; there is no way to keep it from spreading, except great care, such as would be exercised in marking linen in the ordinary way.

F. E. T.—Certainly it is necessary for you to have good instruction in order to become an artist in any branch of the profession. Therefore, to become an illustrator one must go through the usual art training before turning attention to any special technique. Books are only useful in helping to develop a knowledge of the principles of art, and so to assist practical study.

C. B. H.—I should advise you to take your torn oil painting to a professional picture restorer, but if of little value try to repair it by placing strips of gum paper at the back of the split parts, being careful to join them accurately, then touch up the join in front with oil paints exactly matching the subject. Read article on "Restoring Oil Paintings" in the JOURNAL of November, 1895.

L. O.—The French charcoal paper can be bought in blocks or sheets, either tinted or white; it is quite cheap, costing only from three to five cents a sheet, according to the make. Michelet paper is that generally used by students for practice. Vine charcoal is the best; it is not at all gritty; it comes in sticks about five inches long. There is a handbook entitled "A Guide to Pencil and Chalk Drawing," which may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau, which will help you.

M. T. McG.—I do not encourage you to expect success in your scheme of transferring pictures from magazines and then painting them without any previous knowledge of art. No school would give instruction on such lines. As to the method of transferring an outline by means of black or colored transfer paper it is simple enough: place it between the drawing paper or canvas and the picture, then go over the outlines with a bone tracer, and the impression will come off on the surface beneath.

A. W.—A book on still life would not give any system for measurements. A knowledge of object drawing is necessary to the correct delineation of the several parts of a group; the arrangement of the group is another matter, depending on a cultivated decorative sense or perception of the harmony of lines. (2) Private addresses cannot be given in this column. (3) The studies you mention are original and are exactly reproduced. (4) You can rent good studies of colored roses and other flowers from the leading stores for artists' materials.

L. N.—There is a preparation by Newman for sizing photographs for the removal of grease, which may be used by moistening the surface with a little saliva applied with the finger; or one can make a weak solution of isinglass, adding a few drops of alcohol. In any case it will be necessary to use a little gum-arabic, but this will crack and bring off the color if overdone. It is not desirable to remove the burnished surface; if a dull surface is called for order the photographs to be printed on salted paper, which is quite dull and easy to paint on, but not popular.

L. J. W.—Some mineral colors fire out much more than others and *café au lait* is one of them, but the pale dove color that results after firing makes a very pretty background for some subjects. You can get a very pretty light pink that stands firing well with Pompadour red and a very little ivory-yellow mixed with it; for the shadows add some deep blue-green to the local color strengthened. For pale yellow flowers take mixing yellow, deepen very sparingly in parts with silver-yellow, shade with silver-yellow, ivory-black and a touch of deep blue-green mixed.

HOPE—I do not think any photographer would allow retouching to be given out for home work; that would involve the risk of damage to the negative. Such work is done on the premises by persons regularly employed; there would, therefore, be no opportunity for any kind of art study except at a night school. (2) The morning hours are devoted to the free school at the Cooper Institute, but there are so many applicants that your name might be down for a year or two before obtaining admission. (3) The technique of your sketch is not fit for reproduction.

E. N.—I am not surprised at your want of success in painting on glass. Why use boiled linseed oil? What you want is a quick dryer; some recommend siccative. Paint thinly and see that the glass is clean and dry; to insure this it is a good plan to wipe it over with fresh spirits of turpentine before beginning. Your other questions are not clear. (2) The canvas you buy for oil painting needs no extra preparation. You must not paint your background all over as a foundation for the subject, it would lose thus all texture and freshness. (3) To paint in oils on cardboard or paper prepare the surface by immersing it for a few seconds in a thin solution made by melting a small lump of glue in boiling water.

REBEL—Any color except the three primary colors, red, blue and yellow, can be obtained by judicious mixing, but it is not worth while to try to mix such colors as you name that are in constant use ready made. Mauve, however, is not reliable; this tint you can get by mixing Antwerp blue and crimson lake; in oils you must add white. Water-colors with fancy names are better avoided; buy the colors bearing the stamp of a good maker; if for mineral painting it would be so stated. The pale lemon chrome made by Winsor and Newton closely resembles pale lemon-yellow; it is much cheaper and in some cases may be substituted, but certainly not for face painting, where a little pale lemon-yellow comes in useful for the high lights.

Baby's Clothes

(as well as the baby) should be washed with pure soap for two reasons — First: for the sake of the baby's health; Second: for the sake of the clothes. You can safely wash them with

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TRADE MARK.

the *perfect* soap. It will make them sweet and *clean* without doing any damage. It is really the only soap with which to wash fine fabrics or delicate laces. Sold by all dealers at the price of common soap. Made only by

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
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By mail, postpaid, safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed. Order by the letters and the numbers from this advertisement NOW, as these are introductory sets, not in catalogue, **an Elegant Annual of 168 pages,** which will be sent free with first order. If none of these sets suit you and you want anything in our line send for **CATALOGUE, FREE. About 60 pages devoted to VEGETABLE and FLOWER SEEDS, 70 to PLANTS and the balance to the CREAM OF THE FRUITS.** Trees and plants in these sets are all thrifty and well rooted. Try them.

Set J—10 Elegant profuse blooming **Roses,** including one of the new famous **Crimson Rambler** 50c
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" U—2 Elegant **Palms,** strong plants, 2 sorts . . 50c

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Set 103—8 **Peaches,** 4 sorts 50c
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" 107—10 **Grapes,** all Concord 50c
" 108—4 **Gooseberries,** 4 sorts 50c
" 109—10 **Currants,** 3 sorts 50c
" 110—30 **Raspberries,** 5 sorts 50c
" 111—50 **Strawberries,** 5 sorts 50c

One-half each of any two sets, 50c.; any three sets, $1.25; five sets, $2.00.

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ALL FOR TEN CENTS

Aster—NEW COMET, 10 colors.
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Complete Mixture—1,000 sorts, giving a daily surprise all Summer.

☞ **10 cts.** pays for these **13 pkts.** *first-class warranted Seeds,* enough for a whole garden of choice flowers; also cultural GUIDE and PARK'S FLORAL MAGAZINE 3 months on trial. They are not cheap seeds, but the best to be had; WORTH A DOLLAR. Large-flowered Phlox, Indian Pinks, Nasturtium, Gaillardia, or Salpiglossis for club of two, or all for club of five. Club with friends. This is my best offer. Don't miss it. Order at once.

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Seeds packed inexpensively by steam machinery, hence this bargain. Bargains also in **TUBEROUS BEGONIAS**

HALF A MILLION ROSES NOW READY

Six Lovely Roses For 25 Cents

For only **25 cents** (silver or stamps) we will send one each of following **Everblooming Roses,** strong one-year-old plants on their own roots, all will bloom freely this summer: **Snowflake,** pure white; **Maurice Rouvier,** pink shaded crimson; **Star of Gold,** the queen of yellows, **Mad. Sadi Carnot,** bright cherry red, very fragrant; **Mlle. F. Kruger,** coppery yellow; **Mad. Schwaller,** best pink known.

For **50 cents** we will send 13 ROSES, including the above six and seven more of our selection, all **extra choice** varieties, no two alike.

15 Prize Chrysanthemums	50c	10 Fragrant Carnation Pinks	50c
12 Geraniums, single and double	50c	12 Bright Colored Coleus	50c
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ANY 3 OF ABOVE SETS FOR $1.25, ANY 5 SETS FOR $2.00

These are samples of our stock and you may be sure we will send no inferior plants.
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Hot Water or Steam

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are the product of long training, costly experiments and the development of the highest possible intelligence in the study of house-heating.

It will pay any one to send for "How Best to Heat Our Homes." As a work of art on house-warming it is unexcelled, and tells about the best heating system in the world.

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Know Enameline?

It is the modern, ready-to-use Stove Paste.
As clean to use as soap and water. A bright gloss with half the work of other polishes.

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DEALERS can have large books by express with TRADE DISCOUNTS

A MILLION ROLLS—An Unlimited Variety.

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On receipt of **35 cts.** we will send you by return mail a package of **Russian Violet Sachet Powder,** which keeps its strength a long time and emits a most refreshing and delightful odor to laces, handkerchiefs, the corsage, stationery, etc. Address

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Mail us a Photograph and **$1.00** and we will make from it one of our beautiful MINIATURES ON PORCELAIN.
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Every Inch of It Fits

At your dealer's, or sent anywhere, postpaid, on receipt of price, $1.25.

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75c.

For this Nainsook Dress. Has pointed yoke of hemstitched tucks, and one insertion in centre. Full sleeves and neck trimmed with ruffle of fine embroidery. Sizes, 6 mos. to 2 yrs.

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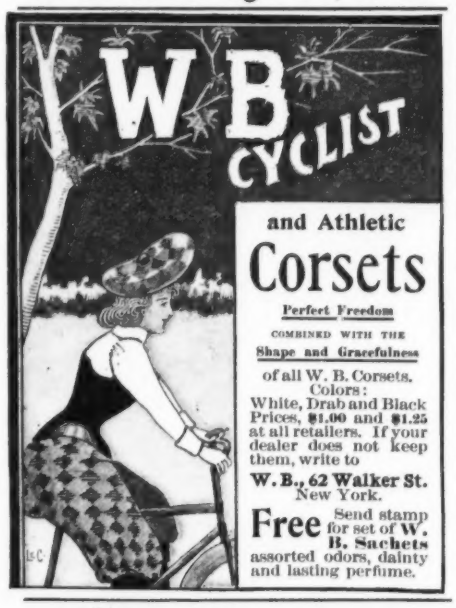

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Better and cheaper than Dress Shields. Being a complete garment, always ready to wear with any dress. **The only protector** that can be worn with **Shirt Waists** without sewing in. The only perfect protection from perspiration. One pair does the work of six.

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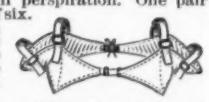

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For 5 years my patterns have pleased Journal readers.

Complete outfit, 30 cut patterns infant's long, or 25 for first short clothes, with full directions, by mail, sealed, 46 cts. Free with patterns, book, Hints to Expectant Mothers. Beautiful Trimmed Baby Basket, $2.50. Send stamp for description of my New Maternity Nightdress.

Mrs. J. BRIDE, P. O. Box 1265, Boston, Mass.

SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS

BY RUTH ASHMORE

I would ask of my girls that, when they write to me desiring an answer by mail, they will be careful to write clearly, not only their own names and the name of the town in which they live, but the name of the State as well. Also, before their signatures, when they do not send addressed envelopes, will they please put in brackets either "Miss" or "Mrs." to prevent me from seeming rude? I want to thank my girls for all their kindness to me, and especially for the appreciation they have shown the little book which I consider belongs to them.

MAY—It is not considered in good taste for a girl of eighteen to drive out alone with a young man.

LILIAN—In sending wedding invitations or announcements the outer envelope should be sealed.

GRACE—In addressing a letter to a young unmarried lady, "Miss" should always precede her name.

A SUBSCRIBER—It would be in very bad taste to appear at an informal afternoon card-party in full dress.

E. C. R.—A lady should always thank a gentleman for showing her any courtesy, no matter how slight it may be.

COUNTRY GIRL—The gentleman usually chooses the engagement ring that he presents to his betrothed.

RETLAW—In making an introduction the gentleman is presented to the lady, and not the lady to the gentleman.

ALICE E. D.—I do not think it wise, even if you are teaching these young men, to give them your photograph.

INDIANA GIRL—A gentleman walking with two ladies should take the outer side and not walk between them.

VIOLET—Finger-bowls and the tiny doilies under them are removed from the small plates on which they are placed.

FAWN—In signing your name to a letter written to a man friend let it be "Yours very cordially, Mary Stuart Calvert."

MAY W.—When a man friend has taken you to a concert thank him for his kindness in giving you a pleasant evening.

GRAY ROCK—"The Misses Smith" includes as many daughters of Mrs. John Livingston Smith as are out in society.

HOPE—Rub vaseline on your nails every night before going to bed. The white spots are said to come from bruises.

BEATRICE—I think it very proper for young girls to read good novels, but care should be taken that the right kind are selected.

J. K.—It would be in good taste to hemstitch the narrow hem on sheets and finish the wide hem with a more elaborate drawnwork.

KANSAS CITY—It is more than wrong for a young girl to receive visits from a married man with whose wife she has no acquaintance.

T. A. L.—Olives are eaten from the fingers. (2) An invitation to an "at home" calls for one's presence or one's visiting-card.

STENOGRAPHER—It is not in the best taste to write letters of friendship on the typewriter, but it would always be excused in the busy woman.

H. R.—If your only acquaintance in a family is the oldest daughter or son the invitation would be sent to that one, and not to the entire family.

IGNORAMUS—If, as you say, escorting the young lady home has been a pleasure to you, tell her that when she thanks you for your kindness.

P. W.—The Christian name is omitted on the card of the eldest daughter, so that the world at large may realize that she is the eldest daughter.

M. L.—A dark wrapper, made of warm flannel for winter, or some light wool material for summer, is the best garment to assume in the sleeping-car.

MARIE E.—The old idea that something must be left on the plate "for manners" no longer obtains. (2) As I have often said before, I am a woman.

S. C.—Business letters requiring your signature should have your Christian name written out, so that your correspondent may know that you are a woman.

E. A.—A young lady does not have visiting-cards until after she has made her *début*. (2) The right or wrong of dancing must be decided by each one for herself.

MABEL—When you call on a friend who lives in a flat you should, immediately after ringing, call your name and that of the person you wish to see, through the tube.

BERTHA—It is very dishonorable to read a letter belonging to any one else, and such an action cannot be excused on the ground that it is a joke nor in any other way.

INNOCENCE—It is very bad taste, even for a frolic, for a young girl to assume boy's clothes, or get herself up in any way that will tend to make her look masculine.

VIOLET—It is not necessary to thank a caller when she leaves her visiting-card, nor should you express a desire to see her again. The courtesy due is a visit from you.

AN IGNORANT SUBSCRIBER—You should write a note of acceptance or regret to the gentleman whose name is underlined on the invitation to the college entertainment.

EDITH—It is courteous to acknowledge all invitations. (2) I cannot recommend any depilatory, as many of them, in removing superfluous hair, take the skin with it.

D. S. AND OTHERS—The youngest daughters, no matter whether they are the second or fourth, have their cards engraved after this fashion, "Miss Virginia Hamilton."

N. G.—There would be no impropriety in making the fancy pillow for the room at college of a man friend. (2) No jewelry should be worn when one is in deep mourning.

PRUDENCE—Until two people are engaged to be married it is wisest for them to be as formal as possible, and never to speak of or to each other without the prefix of "Miss" or "Mr."

CADET—As your husband is named "Philip" and his father is named "Philip," your baby son "Philip" is "Philip Calvert, Third," while your husband is "Philip Calvert, Junior."

MARIE—At a morning wedding the bridegroom and ushers should wear frock coats, the scarf in fashion and gloves. The trousers and waistcoat should match or contrast with the coat.

FERNER—The bride's family furnishes everything except the carriage which takes the bridegroom and best man to the house or church, the clergyman's fee and the bouquets for the bride and bridesmaids.

BESS—If the lady to whom you are introduced is elderly while you are young, is a matron while you are unmarried, then you should rise to bow, but if she is of your own age and position a bow without rising is sufficient.

M. C. H.—"Father" and "mother" are the best and sweetest names to give to one's parents. (2) It is never in good taste to take a lady's arm unless she is an invalid, very old, or needs assistance in crossing a crowded street.

BOY—I do not think it in good taste to ask permission of the young lady to whom you are not engaged for the privilege of calling her by her Christian name. (2) A letter should not commence "Dear Miss Nellie," but "Dear Miss Smith."

B. G. R.—Most writers are overwhelmed with requests for autographs; at the same time, there would be no impropriety in writing to that one whose works you enjoy, and asking this favor. Inclose in your letter a stamped and addressed envelope.

SAN ANTONIO—I cannot advise the use of peroxide of hydrogen on the hair. It certainly does it no good, and the color obtained by it gives a woman a very undesirable appearance. (2) A girl of seventeen should be thinking of more important things than corresponding with a young man.

WILHELMINA—It is not necessary, because your table is dressed in green and white, to have your own costume show the same colors, although it would be wise to have it harmonize with the color scheme of the room. (2) The best authority on cooking, to my way of thinking, is an experienced cook.

I. M. B.—Knives are placed on the right and forks on the left of each place, while a small piece of bread or French roll is folded in the napkin and laid between the knife and fork. (2) When tea or coffee is served a spoon is in the saucer of each cup. Spoons are no longer put on the table either in dishes or holders.

BON—If you wish to see a good play or hear some fine music, and cannot arrange for a companion, there would be no impropriety whatever in your going alone to a matinée. (2) The reading of the newspapers and magazines of the day and talking about them will tend to make you versatile in conversation.

RALEIGH—In walking with a lady a gentleman chooses the outer side without any regard as to its being either the right or left. In walking with two ladies he chooses the outer side also, and never walks between them. (2) A white lawn tie is considered in better taste with evening clothes, although a black satin one may be worn.

PEARL J.—When your friends are invited for a certain hour they are not expected to appear earlier than five minutes before that time. (2) Regular exercise in the open air, preferably walking, care as to bathing, and possibly some simple medicine will do more to keep your skin in good condition than all the pastes and liquids ever applied.

THELMA—A red nose may result from lack of exercise, tight lacing or indigestion. I do not think external applications would make it any whiter. Instead, consult a physician as to the cause and so rid yourself of the effect. (2) In sending manuscript to a magazine write your name and address on the top of the first page and inclose a sufficient number of stamps for its return.

VARINE—As the only daughter you should have "Miss Hamilton" on your visiting-cards. The number of the house and the street should be upon the card, but not the city in which you live. (2) A lady precedes a gentleman both in ascending and descending a stairway. (3) In a flat house a gentleman would take his hat and coat into the apartment where he is going to visit, and not leave them in the hall on the first floor.

M. K.—If you are unable to attend the tea send cards by mail to the ladies receiving with whom you are acquainted. (2) The hostess calls on those who leave cards on her when she gives a tea. (3) It would be permissible for a daughter to receive with her mother, even when her friends are not invited to the "at home." (4) Olives are eaten from the fingers. (5) Cheese is conveyed to a bit of bread by a knife, and eaten on the bread from the fingers.

ONE OF YOUR GIRLS—Honest work is never disreputable, and a gentleman is always a gentleman, no matter what he may do to earn a living, providing the method is honest. Society may not recognize him, but certainly those who know him, and know what and who he is, will not permit themselves to turn the cold shoulder toward him because, through misfortune, he has been forced to take the work he could get, and not what he could do.

C. R. T.—It is quite proper, as your mother is unable to accompany you, for you to leave her card with yours. Cards may be given to the maid who answers the door. (2) Until a young lady has been introduced in society she has no visiting-cards of her own, nor should she have an "at home" day. (3) Finger-bowls are brought upon the table immediately after the dessert. (4) Chicken or lobster salad is not a proper dinner dish. (5) Croquettes should be served after the fish.

C. M.—Write your story plainly, or better still, have it typewritten, put your name and address at the top of the first page and inclose a sufficient number of stamps for its return. If it is suited to the magazine to which it is sent and considered worth publishing you will be paid for it. All copy sent magazines receives consideration, for editors are only too anxious to find something new and good. Fold your manuscript carefully; rolled manuscripts are seldom examined.

ST. LOUIS—If a gentleman takes you to an entertainment he would pay your car fare, and for this you need not thank him, though when the evening is over it is proper to thank him for the pleasant time he has given you. (2) The birthstone for September is a sapphire. (3) I do not think, even if a man friend had asked me to do so, that I would call him by his Christian name. (4) I think a man most admires in a woman gentleness and those traits that are particularly womanly.

PERPLEXED—No matter how informal the wedding is, if the bride wears a white gown she should wear white undressed kid gloves, and the bridegroom and best man should wear white gloves, and the bridesmaids with their pink gowns can wear either white or pink. The bridegroom should be waiting just beside the clergyman, and the bride should enter the room on the arm of her father, preceded by the bridesmaid. The wedding invitations may be informal notes written by the bride's mother, while engraved announcement cards should be sent out as soon after the wedding as is possible.

YOUR Prominent Dealer Will Supply

FLEXIBONE

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Or address us with $1.50, $2.00 or $3.00, as to quality desired. Write for Illustrated Booklet

CORONET CORSET CO., Jackson, Mich.

Waist ruined for the want of the Canfield Dress Shields.

A Ruined Gown

Caused by perspiration is generally the result when inferior dress shields are used. The only certain remedy is the use of the

Canfield Dress Shields

These shields are guaranteed—the manufacturers agreeing to replace any waist damaged by perspiration under the arms when the Canfield Shield has been properly attached.

For sale by dealers everywhere. Ask for and insist upon having "Canfield Dress Shields."

CANFIELD RUBBER COMPANY

New York
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Canfield

Trade-Mark on every Shield.

The Double Ve Waist

TRADE MARK.

Boys' Underwaist

with patent Shoulder Brace, Stocking Supporter attachment and *detachable*

Elastic Suspender Buttons which allow a boy to move naturally **without tearing off buttons or pants band. A PERFECT BOYS' GARMENT.**

Materials, workmanship and fit perfect.

Send for illustrated price list.

Sold by Leading Dealers.

The C. N. CHADWICK CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Gives Such Comfort."

G-D

Chicago Waist

Price $1.00

Wear one, and discover what real comfort means.

It allows perfect freedom of movement and perfect development of the body. Gives grace to the form and imparts to the entire person a sense of absolute ease. Made of Sateen, white, drab or black. All dealers, or sent, postpaid, for $1.00.

GAGE-DOWNS CO., 262 Fifth Ave. CHICAGO

A STOCKING FOOT PATTERN

for footing worn-out stockings, and cut so that the seams will not hurt the feet, will be mailed you on receipt of 10 cents

TRY IT.

ECONOMY PATTERN CO.
P. O. B. 457. Reading, Pa.

Thirty-Five Cents a Year

is all it costs to sweep with the very best—very best, understand—carpet sweeper ever made, a genuine *nickel-plated*.

"BISSELL"
Carpet Sweeper

This is *three times cheaper* than the cheapest kind of a broom and then

Think of the Comfort!

Our Liberal Offer. The January issue of this magazine contains a Special Offer that expires March 31, 1896. If you need a carpet sweeper it will pay you to accept it.

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Box 10 (Largest Sweeper Makers in the World.)

with a very big brush and yet not be a great painter.

CARLYLE.

The secret of good painting is good paint—one-half the secret is right materials, the other half right proportion. Patton's Paint is made as only the best paint can be made—with unchangeable pigments and unadulterated linseed oil.

PATTON'S
Pure Liquid Paint

covers twice the surface, lasts twice as long, holds its color and gloss better than any "pure white lead" paint made.

Regular house colors $1.50 per gallon, freight paid to your nearest railway station, if you live east of Denver. A booklet, "How to Increase the Size of your Home (with paint)," free for the asking, or 18 actual combinations of proper house coloring for four 2-ct. stamps or free from our agents.

JAMES E. PATTON CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

The word "TYRIAN" on Rubber Goods is a guarantee of their quality

"Tyrian"

Combination Fountain Syringe and Hot Water Bottle

Six Hard Rubber Pipes
Holds 2 Quarts

Sold at Drug and Rubber Stores. If you fail to find it, we will send one direct for $2.00

Under our trade mark "TYRIAN" we manufacture a full line of **Druggists' Rubber Goods.**

Our pamphlet, "WORTH READING," Free

TYER RUBBER CO., Andover, Mass.

ESSEX
Flower Food

To Raise a Plant is a simple matter—yet if you are not a florist, you may fail. For **eight two-cent stamps** we will mail you the

Certainty of Success

ESSEX FLOWER FOOD will abundantly nourish 50 plants three months, or send your address and we will mail you pamphlet which tells all about it.

Russia Cement Co., GLOUCESTER MASS.

PERFECTION CAKE TINS

LOOSE BOTTOMS
PERFECTION
CAKE TINS

Delicate Cake easily removed without breaking. Require no greasing. All styles—round, square and oblong. 2 round layer tins by mail 35c. Write for prices. **CAUTION**—Our Trade Mark, "Perfection," on all Improved Tins. Can't leak batter. Made with a groove. Look for it. **Agents Wanted.**

RICHARDSON MFG. CO., D Street, BATH, N. Y.

MUSIC SALE To reduce our stock we send by mail 70 pieces, full sheet music size, all parts complete, all for **20c.**; or 4 lots, **50c.** Money back if not suited. 100 songs, 5c. *L. Hathway, 339 Wash. St., Boston, Mass.*

BY MAIL. Catalogue Free

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

WM. G. McTEAR, Princeton, N. J.

EVERYTHING ABOUT THE HOUSE

The Domestic Editor will be glad to answer, on this page, questions of a general domestic nature. Any books mentioned in this department may be ordered through the JOURNAL'S Literary Bureau at advantageous prices.

LADY D.—Royal Worcester china is made in England.

GRETA—The day for tying cakes, sandwiches, etc., with ribbons has passed.

LANOLIN—Linoleum is much to be preferred to oilcloth as a covering for kitchen floors.

ROGERS PARK—Make bags of heavy ticking to hold your clothes-pins and clothes-lines in.

JESSIE T.—Powdered borax scattered freely about the infested places will destroy cockroaches.

SALEM—Piano keys may be cleaned with diluted alcohol applied with a piece of very soft muslin.

TARRYTOWN—Equal parts of fine salt and fine white sand, moistened with vinegar, will clean brass faucets.

MUSKEGON—Either a complete dinner set of one sort of china or one composed of odd pieces is correct.

LONGPORT—Dinner invitations should be sent out two weeks before the date on which the dinner-party is to occur.

ANDOVER—Beef's liver should always be scalded before being cooked. (2) Flour should be kept in a cool, dry place.

BATON ROUGE—Table etiquette requires that anything that may be separated with the fork should not be cut by the knife.

NANTUCKET—Creamed fish of any sort will answer for a second course at dinner. It should be served in shells or paper cases.

M. H. DE H.—The etiquette observed at weddings is the same no matter at what hour of the day the ceremony is performed.

COUNCIL BLUFFS—Steel knives should be cleaned with powdered bath brick, and polished on a board covered with chamois skin.

BRADFORD—An invitation to a dinner should be acknowledged and either accepted or declined just as soon after its receipt as possible.

M.—Spots of iron rust may be removed from table linen by placing some salts of lemon upon the stains and placing the articles in the strong sunlight.

GRANDVIEW—Lobster should be thrown as quickly as possible into a pot of boiling salted water, covered lightly and cooked for about half an hour, then taken from the fire and placed on ice.

HARRIET—Two grouse, or six quails, or six squabs would be quite sufficient to allow for the game course of a dinner for six persons. With either partridge or quail bread sauce may be served.

HOSTESS—When sending out invitations for evening parties it is customary to write the form of amusement in the left-hand corner, as, for instance, "Dancing," "Cards," "Music," etc.

MOUNT HOLLY—Do not accept invitations to dinner-parties if you cannot find time to call upon your hostess. It is not necessary that you should call in the afternoon. A call in the evening will answer every purpose.

NETTY—Oyster salad is made by parboiling oysters and chilling them on ice. They are then laid on lettuce leaves, and over them is poured a mayonnaise dressing, to which has been added some finely-chopped crisp celery.

C. V. R.—Mushrooms should always be served hot, and eaten as soon as possible after being cooked. If mushrooms are large they should be peeled before they are cooked; the small ones may be rubbed off with a soft cloth dipped in vinegar.

ADDIE—When making meringue use one heaping tablespoonful of powdered sugar to the white of each egg. Allow the pie or pudding to become quite cool before placing the meringue upon it. The meringue must be browned in a very moderate oven or it will surely fall.

T. A.—Caper sauce, to eat with boiled mutton, is made by adding a tablespoonful of capers to each half pint of thick sauce made either from milk or starch. The capers should neither be cooked nor chopped, but added to the sauce just before it is sent to the table.

JOSETTE—Living as you do in a soft-coal district it would be well to use as curtain material only that which will stand much and frequent laundering. Cheesecloth in white or cream is very pretty and very inexpensive, and makes very serviceable and graceful sash curtains.

BLANCHE—Take a quart of very strong coffee and while it is hot mix with it some boiling milk; set aside to cool and serve in cups with shaved ice and powdered sugar. On the top of each cup place a spoonful of whipped cream. This iced coffee makes an inexpensive drink to serve at afternoon teas.

GARRY'S FORD—Eggs that are to be used as a garnish should be put into boiling water and allowed to boil steadily for half an hour. They should then be placed in ice water until perfectly chilled, when the shells may be removed. It will then be found that in cutting them into slices the white will not break nor the yolk crumble.

GIRLIE—A simple menu for a wedding breakfast is the following: Scalloped lobster in individual shells, chicked salad, rolled bread and butter, very carefully-prepared tongue, chicken and lettuce sandwiches cut into pretty shapes, bread sticks, ice cream and fancy cake, the wedding cake, hot tea, coffee, chocolate and iced lemonade.

F. D. S.—Each wedding present should be acknowledged by the bride in a very brief note of thanks. These acknowledgments should be made as soon after the receipt of the presents as possible. As the presents come in, memoranda should be made so that none of the donors may be slighted when the notes are being written.

MABEL—Almost all brides fit up their guest chambers in pink, which is dainty, pretty and inexpensive. As your means are limited why not leave the guest chamber until you have all you need for the rest of the house? If you do not wish to do this make up your mind just what amount you can afford to spend and be guided accordingly.

MAURICE—Many men have made successful cooks, and I can see no reason why you should not attempt to earn your living as one, if, as you say, you are quite sure that you have the gift of preparing food so that it is "appetizing, wholesome and satisfying." There is no department of work, probably, in which skilled labor is harder to be found, nor one in which the demand so far exceeds the supply.

CICELY—Bread for sandwiches should be at least one day old. (2) Afternoon tea may be served in a variety of ways. The hostess may brew it herself in a teapot upon her tea-table in the parlor; she may make it by pouring boiling water over a tea-ball, or it may be served by either a man or maid servant in the dining-room. Its proper accompaniments are sugar, cream, sliced lemon, and either wafers, thin sandwiches or cake.

TIPTON—To make cheese straws, put half a pound of sifted flour in a mixing bowl. Make a hollow in the centre and in it put four ounces of butter, two ounces of cheese, an egg, a pinch of red pepper, and one gill of milk, added slowly. Mix all well together. Roll out the paste till it is about one-eighth of an inch thick; cut it into strips one-quarter of an inch wide and six inches long, and place in a moderate oven until colored a light brown. Serve very hot.

GREENSBURG—The following receipt will answer for your daughter's birthday cake: Cream together one cup of butter and three cups of sugar; the yolks of four eggs beaten thoroughly with one cup of sweet milk; then add slowly four cups of finely-sifted flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a little spice, a cupful of seeded raisins, and lastly, the well-beaten whites of four eggs. Put into a rather shallow cake tin and bake in not too hot an oven. Just before putting in the oven drop in the ring, thimble and the sixpence.

SCHOOL NO. 13—The following is Mrs. Rorer's most excellent receipt for mayonnaise dressing: Put the yolks of two eggs in a perfectly clean bowl or plate. Add a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, and add gradually, drop by drop, one gill of salad oil; add a few drops of vinegar, and continue adding oil until you have the desired quantity of mayonnaise. Add a very [illegible] quantity of red pepper. Allow in all one tablespoonful of vinegar to each gill of oil. If you wish the dressing light in color a few drops of lemon juice will give the desired result.

M. A. K. D.—Pillows are made in three sizes: twenty by twenty-seven, twenty-seven by twenty-eight, and twenty by thirty inches. (2) Pillow-slips should be an eighth of a yard longer than the pillow after they are hemmed, and wide enough to slip easily over it; they may be either plainly hemmed or hemstitched. (3) Pillow-shams should be larger than the pillows that they are to be used for. (4) Sheets should be made two and three-quarters of a yard long. (5) The prettiest and most serviceable bedspreads are those of white Marseilles.

WINTER PARK—Philadelphia scrapple is made as follows: Stew two pounds of fresh pork until thoroughly done. Take the meat up and add enough water to the liquor in the kettle to make a quart. Remove the bones and chop the meat, then put it back in the kettle. Season, adding sage or summer savory and onion, if desired. Then sift in cornmeal, boiling slowly and stirring as if for mush. Make it thick enough to slice when cold. Turn into a dish, and when wanted for the table, slice and fry in drippings. The quantity may be increased, as it will keep a long time in winter.

LITTLE NELL—The following receipt for iced rice pudding has always proved satisfactory: Take one-half cupful of rice, a tiny pinch of salt and pour over it a pint of cold water, and boil thirty minutes (that is, thirty minutes after it commences to boil). When the water has all boiled away add two cupfuls of milk, and put in a double boiler. When the mixture has cooked very soft, and no milk is left on the rice, rub through a sieve and put back in the boiler; thicken with three eggs, beaten light, and a half cupful of sugar. Set in a cool place. Flavor with vanilla. Whip a pint of cream and add to the pudding. Freeze as you would ice cream.

ITHACA—The following receipt if followed closely will be found a satisfactory one for doughnuts: Beat the whites and yolks of two eggs with one cup of granulated sugar, and stir in gradually three cups of finely-sifted flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-half cupful of milk; flavor with grated nutmeg. Sprinkle your pastry-board with flour and knead this mixture very softly; then roll it out about half an inch thick, cut with a doughnut cutter and drop into a kettle of boiling lard; turn frequently with a wire spoon, being careful not to allow the lard to stop boiling. They should cook in about four minutes. Sprinkle with powdered sugar.

LETITIA—If you wish to cook a cauliflower so that it shall be unbroken in appearance, wash it thoroughly, remove all the outer leaves and place it with the flower down in a deep dish of water, to which a good handful of salt has been added, and allow it to remain there for three or four hours. Then shake it free from water, tie it in a piece of fine muslin and drop it into a pot of briskly-boiling salted water; allow it to boil slowly for forty minutes; then remove the cloth, place the cauliflower with the flower side up in a deep vegetable dish, and cover with a rich white sauce made in the following manner: Cream together one tablespoonful of butter and two of flour, and stir it slowly into one pint of boiling milk until it is almost the consistency of thick cream; season with salt and a dash of white pepper.

NEW-MADE BRIDE—The most attractive color for a library is dark green. (2) The table for a high tea is usually arranged without a table-cloth, particularly if the hostess happens to possess a handsome table. At each place is laid a plate doily and a tumbler doily. In the centre of the table an embroidered centrepiece in colors in harmony with the table decorations and the flowers it is intended to use. At the head of the table upon an embroidered square are laid the tea service, the urn, the cups and saucers, the cream-pitcher, sugar-bowl, etc. At the other end another embroidered square, upon which may be placed the *piece de resistance* of the high tea. Scattered about on circular doilies are the dishes of jelly, preserves, pickles, sweet and sour, olives, butter balls, cakes, etc. At each place, resting upon the plate doily, should be a pretty plate and the necessary silver, a goblet, a bread-and-butter-plate and a salt-cellar. All the cold dishes are placed upon the table before the meal is announced, and the hot ones served immediately upon the guests being seated. Broiled chicken and waffles, fried oysters and hot biscuit, scalloped oysters, creamed oysters, broiled oysters and creamed chicken are always in order. Hot buttered and hot dry toast belong properly to the high tea, as do chicken and lobster salad. The tea and coffee are served with the meal. Generally the sweet portion consists merely of cake, jelly and preserves. Ice cream is sometimes served, and whipped cream or Charlotte russe. Thin slices of white and brown bread carefully buttered make a welcome addition to the menu. Daintiness should be the keynote of the high tea, but more than all it is necessary that there shall be an ample supply of everything, as so many people are accustomed to an evening dinner, and consequently take their dinner appetites with them to the high tea.

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